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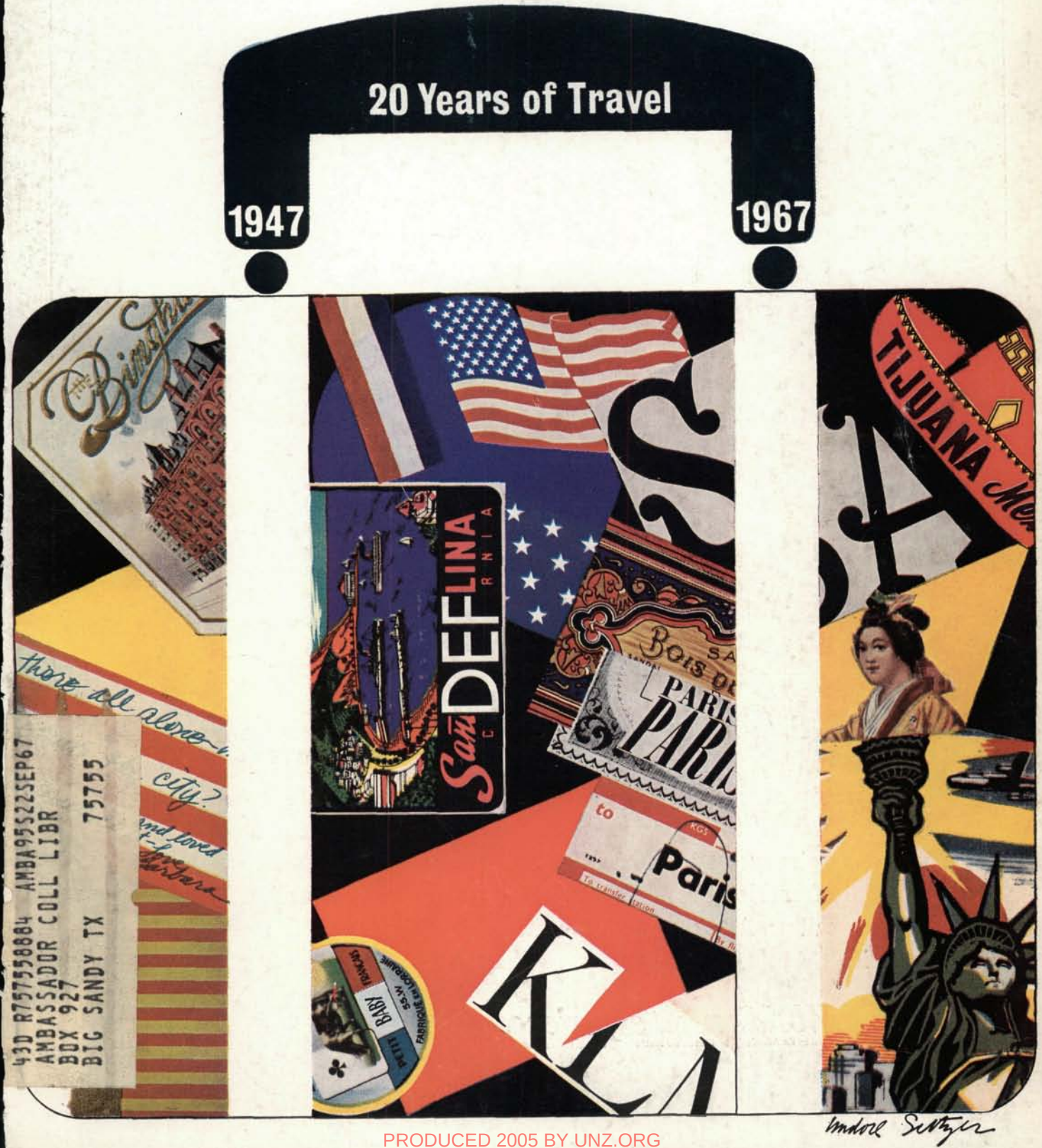
Saturday Review

April 22, 1967 35¢

FROM MOTION TO MOBILISM



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A Hertz girl in Oklahoma City sewed a button on a customer's coat.

A Hertz man in Brownsville, Texas took a customer with a toothache to his dentist.

A Hertz man in Greenwood, Mississippi drove five miles to get a quart of milk for a customer with ulcers.

No, Hertz people don't have to do these things.

But when you're number one in rent a cars and have a competitor who's just dying to see you become number two, you do things you don't have to do.

If you have a pleasant experience when you rent from Hertz, don't thank us. Thank our competition.

They're making us so good, they'll never catch us.

Hertz

It's the underdog that's keeping the top dog on top.

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(Advertisement)

Last fall I had the opportunity of spending a few days in the Pacific Northwest. In the past when I visited this section of the country, I always seemed to run into bad weather. But this year the air was crisp and bright and for the first time I got to see not only Oregon's Mount Hood, but also Washington's Mount Rainier, about whose existence behind the clouds I had always been a little dubious.

One of the most interesting places I visited was Reed College, a fine liberal arts college whose reputation is not unknown even here in the parochial East. I was at Reed on something known as Canyon Day, when the students clean the campus in the morning, and have fun in the afternoon. This particular afternoon, they were having fun by barbecuing a pig, a feat which they managed to bring off without burning down any of the college buildings on the Portland campus.

With such obvious interest in food at Reed, I was not surprised to find in the college bookstore a paperback cookbook which had been written by an undergraduate and published by the Reed College Alumni Association. It was called *The Impoverished Students' Book of Cookery, Drinkery & Housekeepery* by Jay F. Rosenberg, and decorated with appropriately collegiate illustrations.

It is such a practical book, so full of sensible advice (purchase second-hand utensils, get a good spice shelf to disguise the cuts of meat you can afford to buy, put yourself through graduate school on the money you can save on cheaper peanut butter during your undergraduate years) that I persuaded the people at Reed to let Doubleday take over the national distribution. It can now be found at book and department stores across the country. I recommend it as the perfect gift for anyone who has moved out of the college dining hall and into rooms of his own. It's equally good for anyone who may be impoverished without being a student.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Impoverished Students' Book of Cookery, Drinkery & Housekeepery ($1.25), by Jay F. Rosenberg, is distributed by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Boulevard, Clayton, Missouri 63105.

Saturday Review

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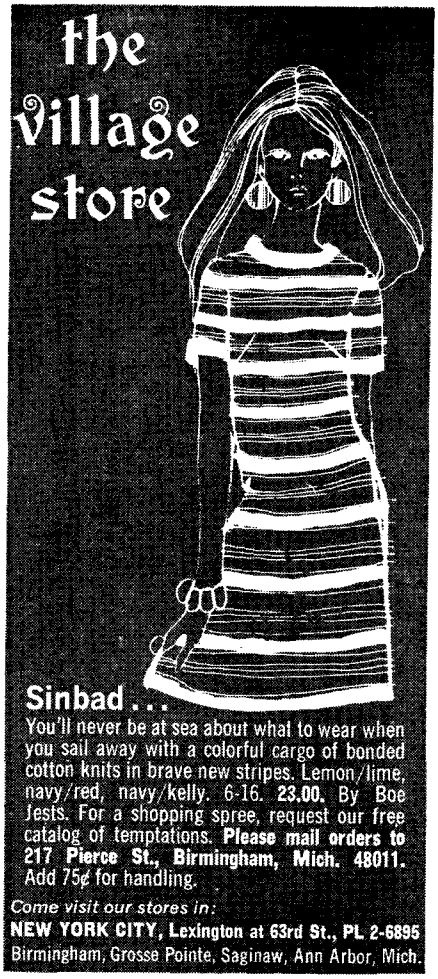
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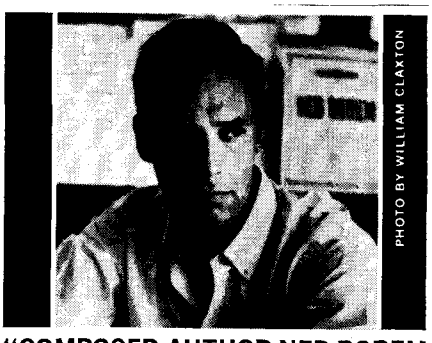

"COMPOSER-AUTHOR NED ROREM has followed up last year's successful *The Paris Diary of Ned Rorem* with a miscellany—seven lectures on music delivered at Buffalo University . . . and some new excerpts from his diary. The sections on song writing are especially perceptive; no surprise, since Mr. Rorem is considered by many to be the best living composer of art songs. The brief musical musings from that now famous diary are engrossing enough to make the reader wish for more."
—*New York Times Book Review*

MUSIC FROM INSIDE OUT
by Ned Rorem
At your bookstore
$4.00

George Braziller New York

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Are you travelling on business, Mr. Tannen?

Mr. Tannen may be nine years old to his mother but he looks like a professional traveller to us.

And a pretty big spender when it comes to plane tickets.

So we've put in any number of services he won't find down the street.

A 30-million-dollar reservations computer, for instance.

Just to keep people from wandering around our terminals muttering.

This computer keeps track of every seat we have and everybody with a ticket and everybody on standby.

And the bowl of chili you ordered. And the rental car you want waiting. And even the airline you're connecting with.

We run this airline with the heavy traveller in mind.

The "full treatment" is the only treatment we have.

So the moment a Travel Agent booked Mr. Tannen on American, he looked big for his age to us.

All right, Mr. Tannen, put down that cocktail list and drink your ginger ale.

American Airlines

The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)

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It's a wonderful town
when you
SHUT OUT
SOOT, DIRT
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TRAFFIC NOISES
WITH
Deluxe, guaranteed
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window paneling
and
terrace enclosures
by Steel Glide.
—*Advertisement in The New Yorker.*

New York! New York It's a wonderful town.
But the soot and dirt come drifting down
And the traffic noise offends the ear,
So stay inside throughout the year.
Your terrace enclosed, your windows paneled,
From soot and dirt so neatly trammeled,
Encased in steel, you can take your ease.
Avoiding the dirt which causes disease,
Shunning the soot and eluding the noise
Is the only way to maintain one's poise.
It's a wonderful town to be safe inside
Enclosed by panels of steel which glide.

—F. W. Goodrich, Jr.

Comparative Literature

What Is Littature?

TODAY the world of littature is little understood outside the advertising and sales departments of large manufacturing companies, but the quarantine is temporary. Soon everyone will be involved, and the curricula of our universities will have to incorporate a sixty-to-seventy-credit course called "Survey of English Littature." There is far more at stake here than a mutation in spelling.

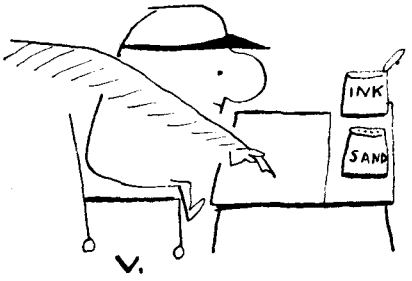
"Littature" began as "product literature," which was soon shortened to plain "literature" and often hastily pronounced "litteture," "litterchure," or "littacher," a metamorphosis that will not surprise anyone who has heard an army sergeant describe a howitzer in terms of its "normanclature."

It should be pointed out here that the "unprecedented offer" you receive from a record club and the cents-off coupon sent to your home by a soap company are *not* littature. They are mailers. Their proper genus is "direct mail," a term by which the advertising industry anticipates the long-awaited invention of *in*direct mail, the end of civilization as we know it.

Littature is different. It has some kinship with the fat packet of booklets and instruction sheets that came with your stereo; but for the most part it is produced by industrial companies and sent *to* industrial companies, to be read by engineers, purchasing agents, and—when the material is not difficult—by management. Littature describes products such as pig iron, pipe fittings, plasticizers, fork-lift trucks, blow-molding equipment, and extruded aluminum window sashes.

One further distinction may be helpful. Unlike *literature*—which takes such forms as plays, poems, essays, and novels and may be collected in anthologies, selected writings, complete works, and libraries—*littature* comes only in pieces and is collected only in files. There are no exceptions. You cannot obtain *The Complete Works of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing* or *Selected Writings of U.S. Gypsum*. All you can do is get a piece of littature and put it in the file.

Let's say that a manufacturer develops a new industrial product: a new valve, coupling, or vinyl-acetate molding compound. He must then do three things: 1) put out a publicity release; 2) run an ad; and 3) prepare a piece of littature. When a prospective buyer is intrigued by the publicity or the ad, he writes to the manufacturer and is *entitled* to a piece of littature.



Thus the initial piece is mandatory, and beyond this point the littature cycle becomes self-sustaining because the first littature on a product always includes a reply card. The prospect who returns this card is promised a "color-

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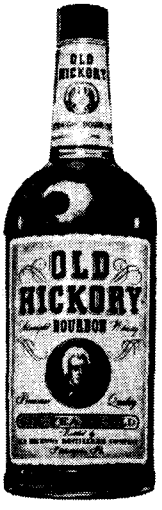
Just made for big shots.


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SKID COMPRESSOR—
Bergstrom paper is placed on skids under 10 tons of mechanical pressure. The result is a more compact skid that translates into a number of important advantages to the customer. First, it means two to six more reams per skid depending on size, weight and finish of the paper. On a long run this could result in a saving of two or three skids . . . or up to 10% saving in warehouse space. Handling time is also reduced as is cost and waste. The compactness of Bergstrom skids protects against changes . . . the paper is less affected by atmospheric conditions during shipment and storage. It is also a safety feature because Bergstrom skids are solid and lend themselves well to being tiered in storage. All in all, the Bergstrom skid compressor means savings to you . . . in handling, in storage, in waste, in a more dependable paper.

The process used in this photograph is in 1-color posterization. For detailed information, send for the four-part series of "Variations On A Color Theme."

America's Cities are Bergstrom's Forests

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There are over 600,000 words in the English language. But not one can really describe just how good J&B is. So when it comes to *anyone's* word on J&B—don't take it.

Take a drink of J&B instead.

Savor its special taste for yourself. You'll discover the flavor of J&B is unique. Far better than any words can convey. Far better than the scotch you used to think was great.

And you'll be anxious to pass the good word along. When you do, do it right. Forget all the superlatives; all the glorious adjectives. And simply insist they taste J&B for themselves.

Because now you know that only tasting is truly believing.

no man can really tell a woman about it

The unique flavor of J&B Rare Scotch

pennies more in cost
worlds apart in quality
the premium product of
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
founded 1749

fully illustrated brochure" or an "informative booklet."

When the brochure or booklet is sent, it is accompanied by a second reply card that offers "full details." Heaven help the purchasing agent who sends for full details. Catalog sheets, laboratory reports, design manuals, technical papers, comparative test data, and reprints of articles from *Engineering & Mining Journal* pile high in his In-basket, each in a large glossy folder with another reply card.

A quick glance at the Malthus formula will show that littature must eventually encroach on literature and crowd it out of print. The world supply of paper and the output of new novels increase arithmetically but littature increases geometrically and must one day occupy every printing press on earth. At present growth rates, the accumulation of littature will be piled to a depth of 220,000 miles by 1994 and the moon will roll around the surface of a huge ball of colorfully illustrated brochures.

These projections, however, ignore the potential of microfilm and of tight writing. They also miss the real issue of the littature explosion: the question of who is going to *write* this torrent of prose. The supply of writers might already be critical except for the fact that most pieces of littature are not actually "written." They simply accrue. Someone circulates a list of product benefits (e.g. "superior wet-rub resistance" or "greater design flexibility") to various marketing, advertising, and production executives for their approval. Each writes comments in the margins and attaches favorite photographs of the product, the plant, or of higher executives, and the whole accretion is typed and sent to a printer.

For more ambitious littature that does require writing, the reservoir of talent is ample. Magazine editors report that each major periodical receives between 20,000 and 50,000 unsolicited manuscripts a year. A few of these come from writers of literature. Many come from suburban housewives. The rest come from people who work in the advertising departments of manufacturing companies, and this awesome legion can be harnessed exclusively for the production of littature, once littature replaces magazines.

Nor will the editors and housewives be excluded. They will be able to get full details on careers in littature simply by sending for a free, colorfully illustrated brochure.

—Alan C. Van Dine.

Samaritan

I saw a stick of butter
  Lying fallen in the gutter.
It was sadly soft and dead
  So I covered it with bread.

—Gary Stradling.

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With technological triumphs like this, it only takes 4½ hours for 2 men to make one Karmann Ghia convertible top.

It used to take longer, till we discovered that curved needles sew around corners faster than straight needles.

That's important to us, because we want to make cars as efficiently as possible. What slows us down is that we also want to make cars as good as possible.

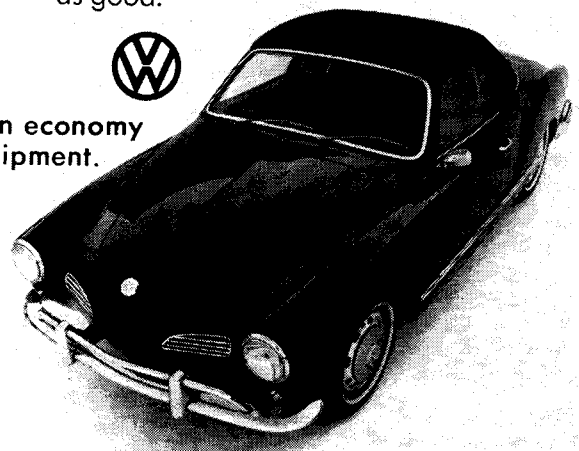
For us to do that, a Karmann Ghia convertible comes out costing you $2445.* Which sounds like a lot of money coming out of your pocket. Until you realize what we put into the car.

Our convertible top, for example, has a vinyl interior that covers up the cross braces you see in most other convertibles. It has a thick pad of insulation in the middle that keeps out heat, cold and noise. And it has a vinyl outside that really fits because we really hand-fit it.

We could skip all that handwork, trade in all our curved needles for a couple of machines, and make convertible tops as efficiently as everyone else.

But we'd rather be less efficient and better. Instead of just as efficient and not as good.

Volkswagen economy is standard equipment.



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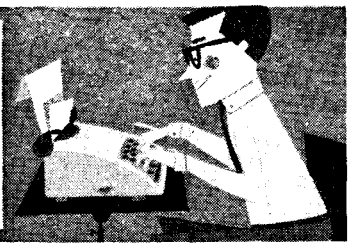
Top of My Head



Turning Mother On

DR. JOSE M. R. DELGADO of the Yale School of Medicine told a convention of electronic engineers that he had taken a rhesus monkey which had been coddling her infant child and by implementing some fine wires carrying an electrical radio signal into the mother's brain had, in seconds, made her lose all interest in her offspring.

The mother monkey thrust the infant from her, and for the next fifteen minutes during the signal she adopted an offensive attitude and wheeled angrily around the cage. When the signal went off she went back to nursing her child.

Let us examine how this would work on a human, overprotective, possessive mother who, at the sound of the signal, would thrust her child from her and go wheeling around a cage at some discothèque. We will concoct a playlet in two scenes—the first with a mother who has not submitted to the test.

The scene is the kitchen, early morning. Mother is brewing coffee and trying to shake off the effects of a sleeping pill that didn't work. Her daughter Carol enters:

CAROL: Mummy, last night I decided that as soon as I finish art school this year I'm going to leave home, move to California, find a job, rent an apartment, and meet some new and glamorous people.

MOTHER: Sit down and eat your Cheerios.

CAROL: Mummy, did you hear me?

MOTHER: Drink your milk, baby.

CAROL: Mummy, I am not a baby. I am twenty years old.

MOTHER: You are five years old.

CAROL: Mummy, will you stop saying that? I am twenty years old.

MOTHER: You were born February 29. How many February 29ths since you were born? You are five years old.

CAROL: Oh, mother!

MOTHER: Oh, so suddenly I'm mother. What happened to mummy? This is the thanks I get after five long years of looking after you in sickness and in sickness. Here, eat your eggs.

CAROL: Mother, you've got to learn there comes a time in a mother's life when she has to learn to cut the umbilical cord. And this is the time.

MOTHER: Later. Right now I'm slicing the bacon.

We will abort this painfully identifiable scene and move to the next. For those of you who expected a happy ending up there I can report that Carol, although she did put up a strong fight, did not move to California. She did meet a glamorous boy in mid-Manhattan, however, a boy who *was* from California, where he worked in the movies as an assistant cameraman. They were married. Later divorced. And she is now working in a beauty shop in Glendale, California, and is doing very well. With tips. Are you happy?

THE scene changes. The mother has submitted to the tiny radio implanted in her mid-brain—which the doctor says controls the maternal instinct. The scene is the kitchen again. Mother is getting breakfast as Carol enters.

CAROL: Mummy, last night I decided that as soon as I finish art school this year I'm going to leave home, move to California, find a job, rent an apartment, and meet some new and glamorous people.

MOTHER: It's about time.

CAROL: Mummy, will you listen to my plans?

MOTHER: Not now. I'm listening to a radio signal. Yeah, yeah, yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah!

CAROL: Mummy, will you stop that dancing and listen to me?

MOTHER: Stop that mummy business. You act like you're still five years old. Don't you know you have to cut the umbilical cord some time? Well, now is the time. Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Want another happy ending? OK. Carol, when she found out there was no objection to her leaving home, lost all her enthusiasm for it. But in New York, she did meet a glamorous boy from California who was an assistant cameraman and they were married and . . . (SEE ABOVE).

This neurophysiological experiment seems distasteful to me. The doctor, in an interview, said he didn't want people to think he is against the natural relationship between parents and their children. But somehow all these new discoveries seem to be making a rhesus monkey out of motherhood.

—GOODMAN ACE.

So you're not a pro... but the Nikkormat FT is. If you were a professional, you could probably guess exposures, estimate distances, and still get good pictures. But that's the hard way.

The easy way is to eliminate the uncertainties. And that's the first thing the Nikkormat FT does for you. It has a thru-the-lens reflex finder that lets you focus and frame the picture exactly as you want it. Its thru-the-lens meter system shows you clearly when you're set for correct exposure.

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Will he follow in his father's footsteps?

For many men, having sons follow in their footsteps is a fond dream.

For others, it's a nightmare.

Unfortunately for the poor and unskilled, the nightmare all too frequently becomes reality through no fault of their own. Their children start out so far behind only the extraordinary ones catch up. The others drop out. Losers. And the loss isn't only theirs. The country loses, too, every time one of these children can't realize his potential to make his full contribution to society.

The problems are large and complex and the solutions are not easy. But headway is being made. Thanks to the combined efforts and ingenuity of concerned people everywhere: in government; in education; in local communities; and in private industry.

At McGraw-Hill, new techniques have been developed to minimize the effects of social, racial, and ethnic factors in testing. The results? The natural learning abilities of children are discovered *before* testing to get more accurate predictions of their readiness and learning potential.

There's a new series of school books that take into account the experiences and environment of slum children. The stories unfold in settings where people have black skins. Or Spanish names. Or where daffodils are unknown. The result is new interest in books and new incentive to develop reading skills.

And there's a wide variety of films to deal frankly with the special social problems of these children so that they can better understand their world.

These are just a few examples of what we are doing. There are many more, and they all have a common denominator. They reflect an awareness of social problems. A willingness to explore scientific and technological advances to improve education, training and understanding between neighbors and nations. And a readiness to experiment with new ideas, techniques, and systems, if they promise to be better than the old ones.

What's new and better may come in a variety of packages. Improved books. Magnetic tapes. Records. Films. Instructional systems. They're all part of our business. Part of an exciting revolution that offers a chance to make tomorrow better than today.

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY
A publisher who doesn't always go by the book

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Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

State of Affairs

European Notebook—II

LONDON.

TO APPLY or not to apply for membership in the European Common Market, that is the tantalizing question now before the British Government. An application now almost certainly would meet with a negative expression from General de Gaulle. Can Britain afford another rebuff, politically or psychologically? Those who favor applying now say that what Britain cannot afford is not to act. This would give the Europeans and Harold Wilson's critics an opportunity to say that he is not a leader and that he has no serious intention of joining the Common Market.

The case for submitting an application as soon as possible is that it would once again show up General de Gaulle as the obstacle to a united Europe; it would encourage the other five nations in the Common Market to use their influence; it would remove all doubt that Britain wants to be part of Europe. Those supporting an immediate application also have some hope that when actually faced with a positive British decision, General de Gaulle will relent; that his aim now is to make Britain shy away from applying.

Britain's best hope is that General de Gaulle will not actually say no, but delay a decision and thus keep the issue open. If his answer is no, then the search for alternatives will begin. The trouble is that there are no practical ones. An Atlantic Free Trade area has great attraction as a concept but experts in London came to the conclusion that it was not a promising alternative.

Those who counsel delaying application think another rejection could have an adverse psychological effect and lead to a disenchantment with Europe. They believe that if the Kennedy Round negotiations end with a reasonable compromise Britain's economy could stand waiting for three to four years—and a lot can happen during that time.

There is a slight majority in the British Cabinet for immediate application. The odds, therefore, are that Britain once again will take the plunge and try for a landing in Europe.

* * *

THE QUIET REVOLUTION of the lower middle classes is also a revolt against the upper-class English accent. What used to be one of the best and quickest recommendations for any job is now becoming something of a handicap. Nowhere was an accent as much the symbol of class difference as in England, and it looked as if this class symbol would forever remain a mark of superiority. But now the process suddenly is reversing itself and more and more job applicants without the so-called Oxford accent are getting preferences. Even on the stage kings and princesses can now be played by actors with a middle-class accent. It is all part of the social leveling that is now in progress in England—or is it just a new form of social snobbery?

* * *

LONDON TODAY has taken the place of Paris in more ways than one. It surprises everybody, including the English, but England is now the cultural center of Europe. The effervescence of the Mod style—the fashion for the younger set—gets most of the publicity, but creativeness in painting, sculpture, the stage, and movie-making is far more important. Something of an earthquake has occurred; the thick old surface of tradition, conformity, and conventionality has broken, and from below a new sap seems to have infused life in England. And this new inspiration has not been impaired by the austerity imposed by various stringent economic restrictions, the pedestrian style of the Labor Government, or the growth of unemployment.

Although the Osbornes, Pinters, and Weskers have not produced anything startling in the last few months, where else are there today two such outstanding stage companies as the National Theater and the Royal Shakespeare Company—one offering some of Britain's great actors in seasoned plays, the other experimenting with new plays, new ideas, and unknown actors. Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade* or his *US* may not be to everybody's taste, but both strike in new directions. And Laurence Olivier, in August Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, produces a great dramatic experience. Hate-love is Strindberg's theme; it is like an old-fashioned but more powerful *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Although the second half is weaker, it shows Strindberg to be a superior dramatist to Edward Albee. For Olivier, it is an exciting opportunity to play the whole keyboard of his talents.

When I went to see him in his dress-

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FIRST I TURN TO STEPHANIE HARRINGTON, SALLY KEMPTON, AND SUSAN BROWNMILLER TO FIND OUT WHAT'S NEW WITH POT, PORNOGRAPHY, AND THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. THEN I TURN TO BARBARA LONG FOR THE LATEST IN SPORTS. AFTER THAT I SWITCH TO THE **CULTURAL** SECTION TO GET ANDREW SARRIS' VIEWS ON WHY PREMINGER IS MORE TALENTED THAN FELLINI; AND TO READ JONAS MEKAS EXPLAIN WHY THIS WEEKS UNDERGROUND MOVIE THAT EVERYBODY WALKED OUT ON WAS REALLY A **TEST** TO SEE IF WE DARED FACE THE **TRUTH.** NEXT I CHECK THE THEATRE PAGE TO SEE IF MICHAEL SMITH IS FEELING ALL RIGHT. THEN I READ NAT HENTOFF TO SEE WHO SOLD OUT, FOLLOWED BY JACK NEWFIELDS LATEST EXPLANATION OF THE NEW LEFT, FOLLOWED BY IRVING HOWE'S CORRECTION OF NEWFIELD. THEN I READ THE MAIL WHICH CORRECTS HARRINGTON, KEMPTON, BROWNMILLER, LONG, SARRIS, MEKAS, SMITH, HENTOFF, NEWFIELD, AND HOWE. THEN I CHECK FEIFFER TO SEE IF HE'S LEARNED HOW TO DRAW YET. I USUALLY FINISH WITH THE EDITORIAL ON DE SAPIO. THEN I WRITE MY LETTER ACCUSING THEM OF GOING ESTABLISHMENT.

SR 4/22/7

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ing room after the play, he seemed as fresh and relaxed as if he had just stepped out of his bath. Great actors, especially when they know they have had a success and enjoy the part, are exhilarated when a performance is over, not exhausted. Four other friends had come to congratulate him. One was an older, gray-haired lady who clearly did not seem to belong to his world. He was extraordinarily attentive and charming to her. I was a little confused until it began to dawn on me that this was Olivier's first wife, who bore him a son who now is in his mid-twenties. In this company a large color photograph of Joan Plowright, the actress who is now his wife, and their tiny tots made Olivier look much younger than sixty, which he will be soon.

* * *

MR. WILSON has been extraordinarily successful so far in maintaining the wage and price freeze and in keeping more than 500,000 workers unemployed. It has kept demand and, hence, imports down, and exports have improved. Sterling, as a consequence, has remained steady and firm. It also looks as if the Prime Minister will be able to maintain this situation for the rest of this year. His problem now is to improve productivity, to make industry more efficient, and to persuade the trade unions to give up their old featherbedding practices and to accept modern techniques, such as more automation.

* * *

A GREAT DEBATE over Barbara Garson's *MacBird* has developed in London among literary and theater critics, with Peter Brook stoking the fires here as well as across the Atlantic. Walter Kerr of *The New York Times* called the play "desperate" vaudeville, "tasteless and irresponsible." That aroused Brook, and he raised the provocative question of whether taste is truly "a yardstick for assessing the quality of a living event."

Nicholas Tomalin, the literary editor of *New Statesman*, reviewing *MacBird* as a text, dismissed it as "pure schoolboy." Alan Brien, who saw the play in New York, mounted the barricades with Brook, also in *New Statesman:* "Good or bad taste is not applicable—it has the authentic taste of this moment of our age."

In the Soviet Union the director of one of the leading theaters told me not long ago that he had been refused permission to produce Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* because it ridicules dictatorship. In Britain the Lord Chamberlain refused permission for *MacBird* to be performed in a regular theater because it is insulting to President Johnson. That is why the performance in New York, it seems to me, has assumed real political significance. —HENRY BRANDON.

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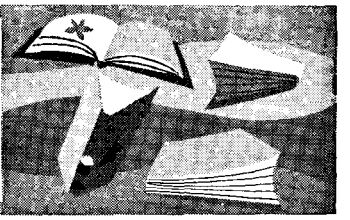
Trade Winds



Now that it is National Library Week it might be a good time to call attention to the Good Neighbor Bilingual Public Library in La Paz, Baja California. The Library was founded in 1960 by Charles C. Carmona, an American war veteran of Mexican parentage, who campaigned in the San Diego area for books, which were delivered to La Paz by the U.S. Navy.

Mr. Carmona, a University of California graduate, teaches English in La Paz schools. He and his pupils rebuilt an old, unused building into the library, and it is an unusual one. It offers, in addition to what you might expect, a translating and interpreting service, periodic distribution of used clothing, Christmas and Easter parties for poor children, Spanish courses for Americans, a haven for stranded Americans, a social meeting place for Mexicans, a Thanksgiving Day dinner for Americans away from home, and the first and only public drinking fountain in town. That's where the action is!

The Good Neighbor Bilingual Library would like to be able to offer more: a bookmobile, theatrical productions in Spanish and English, a periodical room, and an animal farm for stray dogs and cats. The library can use much equipment: typewriter, piano, rugs, magazine subscriptions, and children's books. This library is one of the most exciting things that has ever happened in remote Baja California and we wish them well. If you want to help you've got the address.

Since 1958 the Book Review Editor of this publication has been Miss Rochelle Girson. Of the 20,000 books published each year, she assigns about 1,700 to be reviewed in *SR*. Now she has written *her* first book ("and I believe my last"), and is sitting on pins and needles waiting for the reviews to come in.

She needn't worry. I should like to predict that *Maiden Voyages*, published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., and written by Miss Rochelle Girson, will be favorably received. For quite a few years Rochelle has been using just about all her spare time to travel from one end of the world to the other. She has gone by camel, kayak, and airplane, and she has been from Angkor Wat to Reykjavik. Lots of people travel, but she is one of the few young American women who do it all by their lonesome. She gets up her own itinerary, makes her own reservations, packs her own baggage, cuts her own corners, and acquires or drops her own traveling companions as she goes.

Maiden Voyages is the story of what happened to her and what she learned. On shipboard, for instance, one must immediately give a cocktail party. It's permissible to invite ship's officers and

passengers one hasn't met. That gets things started. On the other hand, in many cities abroad if a girl window-shops or reads the menu outside of a restaurant at night, in international sign language it means, "I want to be picked up." Rochelle had to learn the international sign language for "no."

She has managed to be entertained by numerous men, however, even though some have been overly enthusiastic. In Cairo a wealthy sheik took her to dinner, after which she found herself in his chauffeured limousine headed for his tents in the desert. Luckily, he passed out and she got back to her hotel. In a dark restaurant in London she was befriended by a gentleman she could barely see but who turned out to be important enough in the theater to get her a seat at an SRO play. Well aware of Amy Vanderbilt's admonition that "a woman never accepts the hospitality of a strange man . . . by accepting an invitation to lunch or dinner," Miss Girson cheerfully writes:

"Perhaps it's no credit to my person that I have from time to time enjoyed, without inspiring objectionable advances, the hospitality of male dinner companions from Aswan to La Paz." (That's Bolivia, not Mexico!)

Our own Rochelle, a quiet girl in the office, is absolutely intrepid when traveling abroad. It has been a delight to read about her adventures in *Maiden Voyages*.

Sharps and Flats: On the second floor of the Hayden Planetarium a sign points

Grace

Simplicity need not be austere. An intelligent approach to dressing is compatible, as here, with grace and delicacy. The roll-sleeved cotton shirt is close-pressed flowers, mostly True Blue, Buttercup, Clover Pink, Fresh Green. Sizes 8 to 16. In a soft homespun cotton and acetate to match, have the smoothly moving skirt, triple tucked. Sizes 6 to 16.

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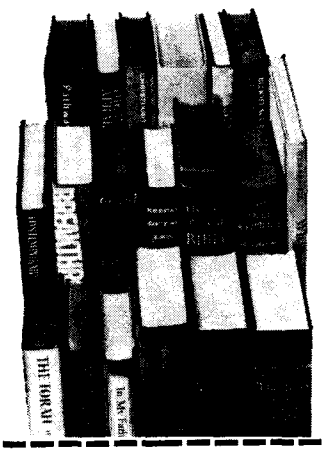

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downstairs: TO SOLAR SYSTEM AND REST ROOMS.

► The $200,000 which Atlantic-Little, Brown and Company advanced to Bertrand Russell for the first half of his *Autobiography* went to his Peace Foundation, which will use the money to finance Russell's War Crimes Tribunal, at which President Johnson and other American leaders will be tried in absentia.

► A story in *The New York Times Magazine* calls the president of the Horticultural Society of New York "a gardener's gardener." *Newsweek* just labeled David Rockefeller a "banker's banker."

► Louis Ginsberg heard one Southern delta gentleman greet another: "How's bayou?"

► At Harvard the final exam in Anthropology 103 asked, among other things, for a scientific review of *African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*, both by Robert Ardrey. Ardrey's son Dan was one of those who passed the course.

► Sign in a Junction City, Kansas, furniture store: TODAY'S SPECIAL: CHIP & DALE MIRROR.

► Doug Andrews of Doubleday can lock and unlock his office door with his Playboy Club key.

► General Foods executives should hang their heads in shame, declares Mrs. Margaret Williams, teacher of English and Latin in Garrison, Maryland. She is up in arms over the latest ad campaign that reads: "Two new Jell-O flavors that taste like they just escaped from a fruit bowl."

► Lakenan Barnes has a definition. "Japanese troubador: hitch-haiku."

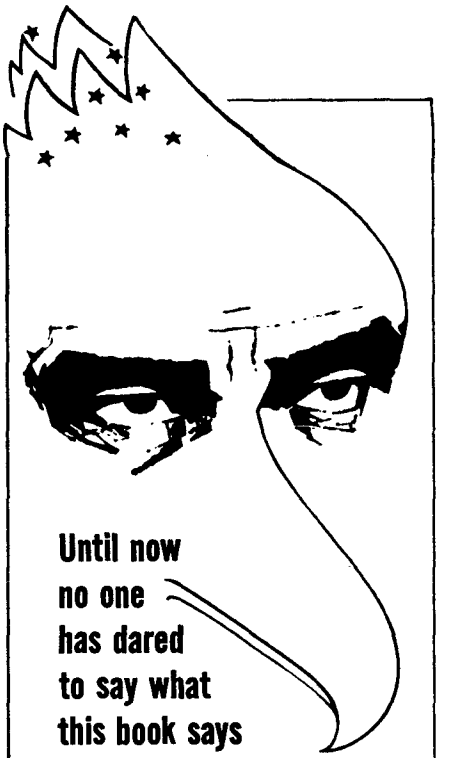
► Ralph Newman wants to know if Stalin's daughter wears a svetshirt.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1723)

EDITORIAL:
TARDY JUSTICE
(From the N.Y. *World Journal Tribune*, January 22, 1967)

Leakey says conclusive evidence shows that our ancestor, Protoman, co-existed with the ape as a separate species, since virtually the dawn of time. Tardy justice—but at least and at last the ape stands cleared of an ancient libel. Paternity case dismissed!



Until now no one has dared to say what this book says about LBJ.

"A withering, explosive investigation of Lyndon B. Johnson."—WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"All this is explosive stuff."
—DONALD STANLEY, *San Francisco Examiner*

"ROBERT SHERRILL has written a fast-paced, disturbing book . . . provocative and challenging . . . sharp and tough as befits the situation . . . He goes far beyond a mere discussion of Johnson's quest for and use of power. He faces frankly the question many other writers avoid: 'In whose interest is the power exercised?' "
—WALTER JOHNSON, *Saturday Review*

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Checklist of New Books

Anthropology

THE COCAINE EATERS. By Brian Moser and Donald Tayler. Taplinger. $6.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE BIG STILL. By Roderick Wilkinson. Walker. $3.95.

EXTREME REMEDIES. By Miriam Borgenicht. Doubleday. $3.95.

OTLEY PURSUED. By Martin Waddell. Stein & Day. $4.95.

RIOT '71. By Ludovic Peters. Walker. $3.95.

THE WARLOCK. By Wilson Tucker. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

BEHIND THE LINES—HANOI. By Harrison Salisbury. Harper & Row. $4.95.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS: Policy, Press, and Public Opinion in Asian-American Relations. By John Hohenberg. Praeger. $8.95.

CASTRO'S CUBA, CUBA'S FIDEL: An American Journalist's Inside Look at Today's Cuba—In Text and Picture. By Lee Lockwood. Macmillan. $9.95.

THE CHANGING AMERICAN ECONOMY. Edited by John R. Coleman. Basic Books. $5.95.

FRANCE, GERMANY, AND THE WESTERN ALLIANCE: A Study of Elite Attitudes on European Integration and World Politics. By Karl W. Deutsch, Roy C. Macridis, Lewis J. Edinger, and Richard L. Merritt. Scribners. $6.95.

LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS. By Norman A. Bailey. Walker. $7.50.

LET'S END THE DRAFT MESS. By Colonel George Walton. McKay. $3.95.

THE NATION IS BURDENED: American Foreign Policy in a Changing World. By Roger D. Masters. Knopf. $6.95.

PATHS TO WORLD ORDER. Edited by Andrew W. Cordier and Kenneth Maxwell. Columbia Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.75.

THE POLITICAL SYSTEM OF PAKISTAN. By Khallid B. Sayeed. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

THE SOVIET BLOC: Unity and Conflict. By Zbigniew K. Brzezinski. Harvard Univ. Press. $9.95. (Revised and enlarged edition.)

Evolution

THE CHANGING MIND. By John Roddam. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Fiction

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: Sixteenth Series. Edited by Edward L. Ferman. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE BETTER PART. By Kit Reed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

THE COMPLETE NOVELS OF STEPHEN CRANE. Edited by Thomas A. Gullason. Doubleday. $5.95.

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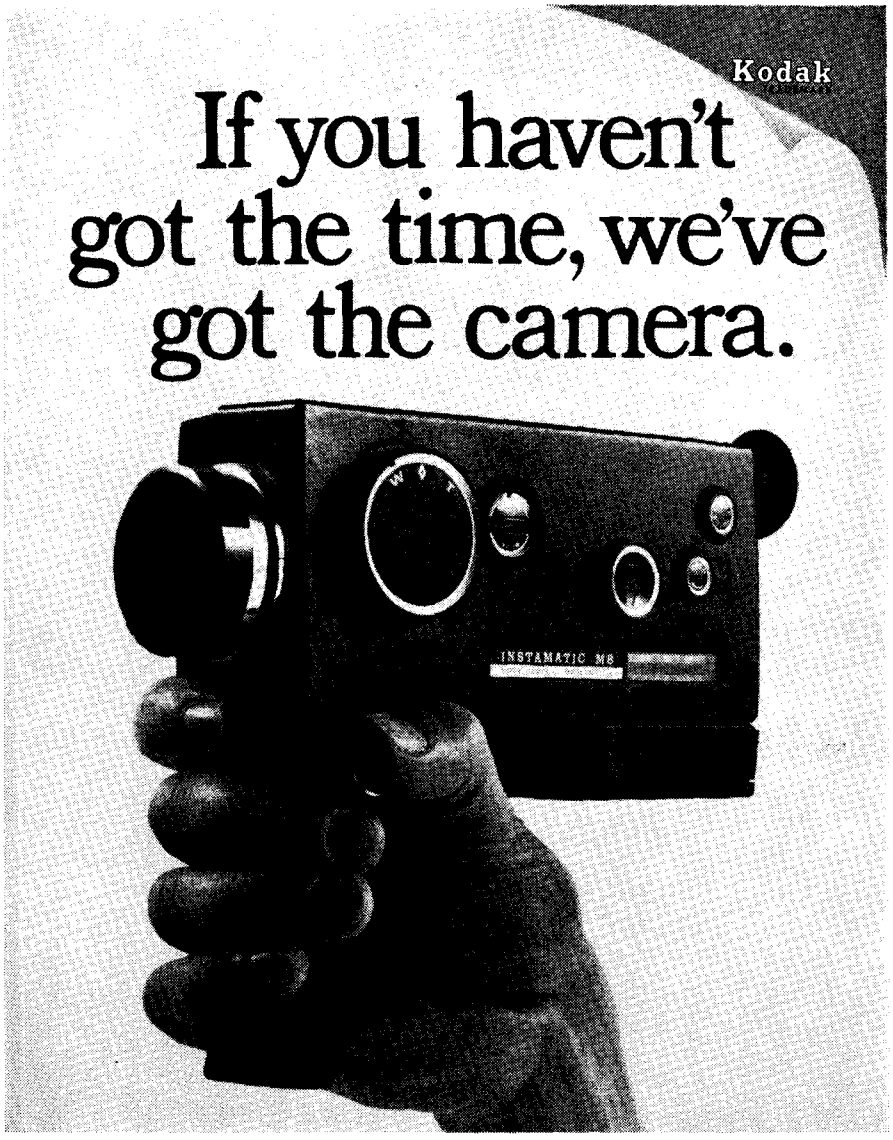
(*Continued on page* 98)



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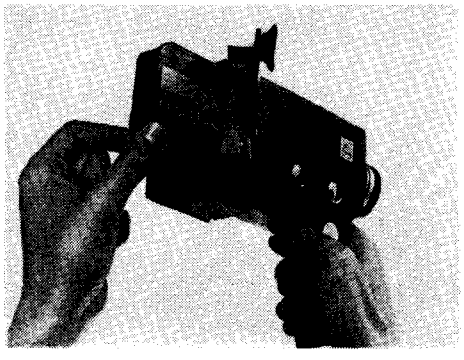

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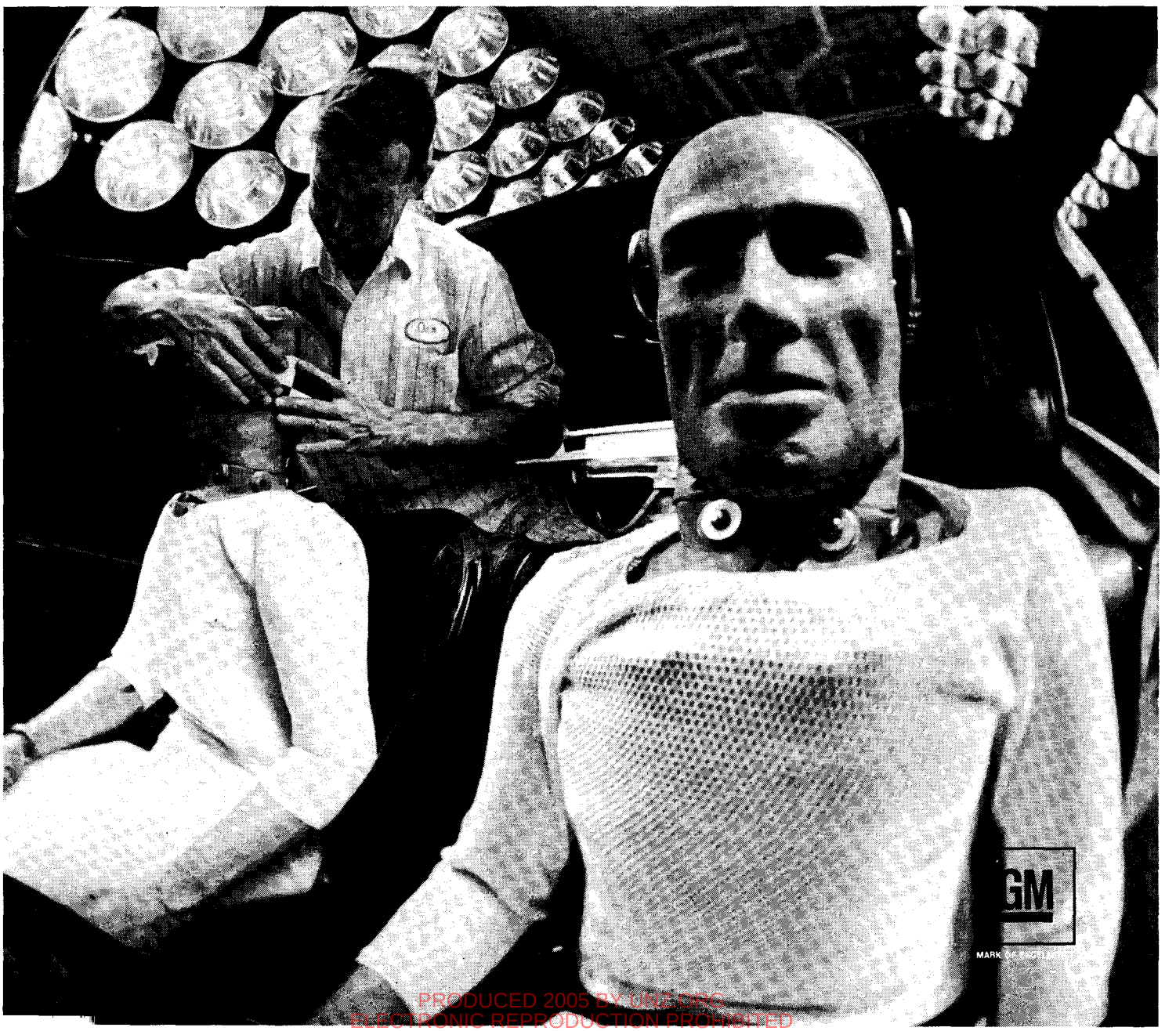

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Saturday Review
April 22, 1967

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—XII

The Dangerous Lure of Parrotland

A noted Spanish writer-philosopher-diplomat meditates on the limits of intellect, observation, revolution, and other aspects of a reality which may not exist.

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

The author: Salvador de Madariaga, who contributes the twelfth in *SR*'s "What I Have Learned" series, is an internationally active writer, philosopher, and diplomat. He was born July 23, 1886, in Corunna, Spain. He was educated in Spain and France. He has worked as an engineer-technical adviser for a railway; taught at Oxford, the University of Mexico, and other institutions; been Spanish Ambassador to the United States and France; and served in several posts with the League of Nations and with UNESCO. He is the founder and honorary president of the College of Europe in Bruges, Belgium, and, with Pablo Casals, is honorary co-chairman of Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. He now lives in Oxford, England. His many books include *Portrait of Europe* and *Portrait of a Man Standing*, being published in U.S. editions this year.

THE DARK night hangs like a black curtain before my idle, useless eyes. There is nothing there. Presently, the forerunners of the dawn announce that the light of the day is coming; dull, dumb lines emerge from nothingness, foreshadowing shapes; and no sooner has the ball of light burst over the edge of the hill than the world stands before my eyes in all its glory—the green treetops and the brown trunks and the green grass and the rivulet that runs leisurely through its velvet, carrying in its wavelets tail ends of blue sky, and the cottage, a cool white in the shade this side of the corner edge and a dazzling white beyond where the horizontal lines start downward, and the red tiles above—every detail so clear, so well defined, outlined, differentiated, and the whole now so full of sense!

Such is the joy of the human being who casts on the world of things the light of his intellect. In so doing, he creates the world—so far as he is concerned. He endows the world with a sense, and everything in it with an outline of its own. I have never grown weary of that joy, and can still remember the days when I felt man's reason capable of grasping and disentangling everything. I can still remember the pleasure of reading it all compressed in Pascal's wonderful formula: "*L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais il est un roseau pensant*" —"Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed."

I have learned that the relation between man's thought and life is more complex than that. Thought is but part of life and a part cannot grasp the whole. "Ah, but if I stand aside and look at life and see it all, am I not grasping it?" The argument is tempting but not convincing. Thought can grasp the thought of life. Life itself evades its grasp. And this revelation sobers—or ought to sober—wise philosophers.

If knowledge means the reduction of "that there outside me" to a set of ideas acceptable to the intellect, life is unknowable. That I came to learn. I am not sure, though, that I had not already guessed it by intuition—not by a flash of it, as the saying goes, but by a mist of it, so to speak. Thus I never could apply myself seriously to philosophic thought, and seldom read philosophers. If their books are well written (which is seldom the case) I enjoy them. I read Bergson with more zest than Balzac. But I still have to read a book of philosophy which convinces me of the truth of what it says or stands for. Though here and there fruitful and enjoyable, it all seems to me as a general lore an idle if most sophisticated exercise or game.

Science is—was—another matter. Truly, here was the light of day creating the world and giving it a sense. What joys could equal those of analytic geometry? To discover that every point in space could be described by three numbers and every curve by an equation—was there a more beautiful fairy tale? And, that the easiest way to calculate a dynamo was through the use of the square root of −1, which does not "exist," and yet the dynamo works?

But calculus is only a vehicle that conveys what is trusted to it from one point to another. It adds nothing to the knowledge of what is being conveyed. And I was led to think that science is but the accurate picture of that aspect of the world which we could grasp. Later I became even more modest. The world revealed to us by science is but a projection of our own mind on reality, mirrored back by reality on our own minds.

I HAVE come to think—or at least suspect—not only that reality *an sich* is unknowable, but that it is unthinkable. Any variation in the scope of our senses would fundamentally change our per-

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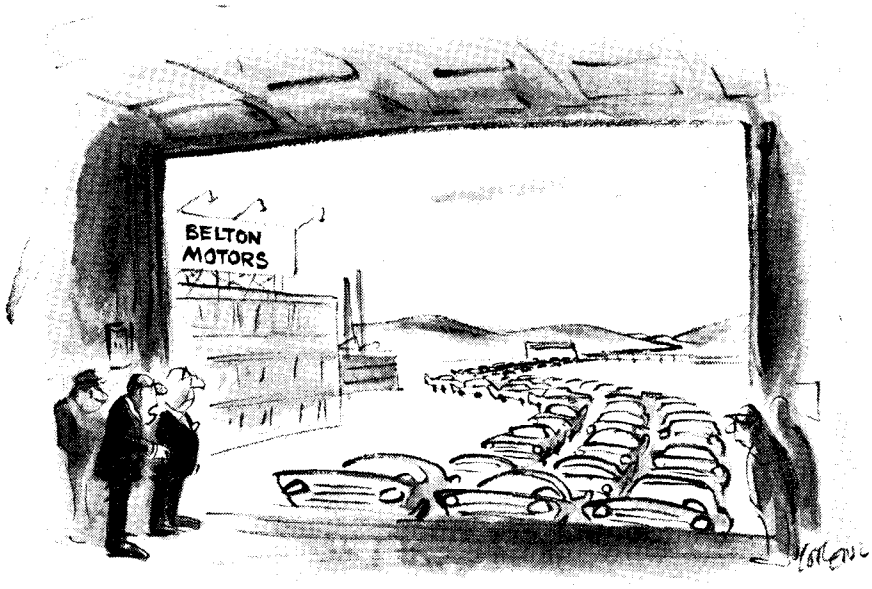

"Nobody called them back, R.B.—they just came back by themselves."

ception of it—new colors and new sounds would suddenly become part of our experience. And who knows what Titians or Beethovens we are missing who would express themselves not merely through our senses enlarged but through other senses than those we do possess? The world we see and hear, smell and touch, is but a tiny part of a world we don't know. Nay, we only know this world as it is because the senses we have outline it so for us; because, therefore, of the limitations of our senses and because of our lack of other senses. What the world would be like for us, were we endowed with other or better senses we have no idea. What the real world is like, we can imagine still less. Has the concept *real world* any real sense? Or would *reality* be just the verbal symbol for an urge, a guess, an intuition of the permanent or eternal under the constant flow and ebb of appearances?

I should thus set down as my first lesson a conversion from faith in the power of the intellect to a modest view of the intellectual powers of man which would put actual, real knowledge beyond man's hope or faith. The most we can hope for in this field is to understand and describe certain aspects of the relations between man's mind and the Mystery. The Mystery itself remains impenetrable.

While, with the years, my faith in the powers of the intellect has gradually become fainter, my confidence in human sensibility has grown. In other words, while I believe less and less that we can grasp "nature," I believe more and more that, at least at fleeting moments, we may feel, experience, taste it. This privilege goes by the name of grace. It may come to the saint or to the artist. It may come to any human being who lives a moment of sanctity or of inspiration. These moments are rare, intimate, profound, and apt to be protected by a mist of shyness. The favored one is not likely to speak about them. They may be more frequent than meets the eye or the ear.

Were I therefore asked whether the philosopher or the scientist on the one hand or the saint or the poet on the other can get closer to the Mystery, I should not hesitate, for the philosopher and the scientist endeavor to penetrate the Mystery, while the saint and the poet let themselves be penetrated by it. So, in my dramatic poem in French, *"Le Mystère de la Mappemonde,"* Rosemonde says to Mercure:

> By action unceasing
> I will penetrate the meaning;

But Mercure retorts:

> Rather let it be the sense
> Which penetrates your being.

And this is another lesson learned in life: Thou must know how to remain passive before the world. Let the soul hollow itself in the shape of a riverbed for life to flow undisturbed by the untutored movements of the self, and the vital flow will vivify the riverbed and make it feel and taste that which is.

THIS conviction, gradually grown by experience, has enlightened me about my instinctive ambivalent attitude toward information. Knowledge is the usual word, or perhaps scholarship. Now, though possessed by an insatiable curiosity about everything, from mathematics to theology, I also feel a definite repulsion toward acquiring concrete, precise facts. At first sight, this feature might seem a paradox or even a contradiction: "I am curious but I do not want to know about things"; and as such it has struck me when I began to observe this double trend in my nature. It is, though, less paradoxical than it sounds. Curious about the essence of things; averse to details and so-called facts. So, in the end, I was able to explain that odd feeling I had that, throughout my life, I had spent a good deal of ingenuity dodging knowledge.

Since this trend to dodge knowledge was there before I observed it, I can hardly say that I have learned it. What I did learn was how to account for it. This discovery confirmed and invigorated another of my spontaneous tendencies: that which led me from the first to seek in character and personality the root of all happenings between men. Born and bred at the time when the controversy over Marxism was at its height, I was never able to generate any interest in the primacy of either politics or economics. Both seem to me mere forms of psychology; and age and experience have but confirmed my first intuition. Character, both individual and national, is, I gradually learned, terribly constant. Variable, of course, but constant. Another paradox? By no means. A hyperbola and a parabola vary but are constant and faithful each to its shape and equation. In other words, you can train a wild pony into a good saddle or draft horse, but you will never train it into an elephant. This, then, I learned in life: that a man's actions and reactions are like the fruit of a tree, and you cannot expect apples from a pear tree; and the same goes for nations.

A sobering, indeed a melancholy thought. It does not altogether abolish the value of education, moralizing, advice, guidance; but it considerably reduces its scope—the scope, I mean, optimistic pedagogues attribute to such things. I will own that I was slower in realizing this truth in what concerns nations than in the case of men. I believe I can adumbrate the reason for this. In the case of individual behavior, it soon dawned upon me that man acts on impulses determined by complex systems of rational and irrational forces and influences, the shape of which is peculiar to the individual concerned. In the case of collective action, it is tempting to think that, since individual action is always at least in part irrational, the group can only coordinate its collective will by shedding these irrational, individual elements. In other words, reason would (in this view) be the common ground on which to build collective action.

This way of thinking seems to me to have inspired the founders and advocates of the League of Nations. We were, of course, mistaken. It is quite possible

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to reach a consensus of collective action in utter irrationality if and when the individuals concerned share the same irrational passion. A few years of service as an international official in Geneva, followed by another period of years as Spanish Representative, soon convinced me of this fact. Nations remained faithful to themselves, faithful above all to their own peculiar form of foolishness. No pears from the apple tree.

There is another lesson I owe to those years rich in experience. It is also sobering and melancholy. I should like to come to it by way of my symbolic French play. Mercure says to Rosemonde he is to lead her to the Land of Parrots, whereupon Rosemonde asks:

> Does such a country exist?

And Mercure answers:

> All that resists does exist
> and nothing resists the spirit,
> as a well-trained parrot.

Parrots. Parrots all or most of us. Terrible thought. Mercure formulates it ruthlessly:

> As your wisdom becomes severed
> from your being, it topples down.
> Your wisdom becomes your thought;
> your thought becomes your words;
> and your words turn into parrots.

This is the bitterest lesson of all. When our wisdom is severed from our being it rapidly degenerates. Wisdom sets into thought, thought into words, words go . . . parrot. It seems to be inevitable and fatal. I am feeling it at the moment I write these words. There goes my wisdom down the path to parrotry.

Project all this onto the plane of institutions. The movement will begin with a faith. The faith will push the faithful to collective action. They will start a church. The church will need a sacristy. And lo and behold, soon the church will have overgrown the faith and the sacristy will have overgrown the church; and the poor faith will have to be content with burning modestly in some obscure chapel, the darker for that little flame burning in its night. Here again, it all seems inevitable and fatal.

A warning to spiritual leaders. Holiness proclaims peace among men. Politics pleads for peace in Vietnam. Holiness may think the time has come to plead for peace in Vietnam. It must, however, be clear that in so doing Holiness runs a risk, a terrible risk: that of toppling down the cascade into thought, words—parrotry.

Politics nearly always does. When Rosemonde and Mercure arrive in the Land of Parrots, treading on the narrow path which separates the White from the Red Parrots, four White Parrots (or Red, it doesn't matter) in succession say:

> Something that stirs.
> This is very disquieting.
> It is not a red parrot.
> Therefore it is a white parrot.

The deeply felt wisdom, grown from the seeds planted in us by Socrates and Christ, severed from our lifeblood, has become thought — Locke, Rousseau, Marx—and inevitably gone parrot. The tumult of it! As for knowing, finding out, concluding. . . . Many years ago, an Englishman arriving in Montevideo asked a Uruguayan companion on board ship: "What is your political setup here?" And this was the answer: "We have two parties; one composed of all the good men, patriotic, competent, decent; the other made up of all the rabble and thieves of the country. *But we don't know which is which.*"

The trend of our day is dispersive—it leads to analysis, specialization, details. That way lies Parrotland. We shall not rescue our communities from that misery unless, at least now and then, we dive to essentials. Unfortunately, the era lives under the sway of empiricism, and one of the direct consequences of this trend is a real obsession with economic problems. However, both the political and economic approaches are bound but to skim the surface of things, since both politics and economics are forms of an essence which is the soul of man. The true approach therefore is through psychology and ecology.

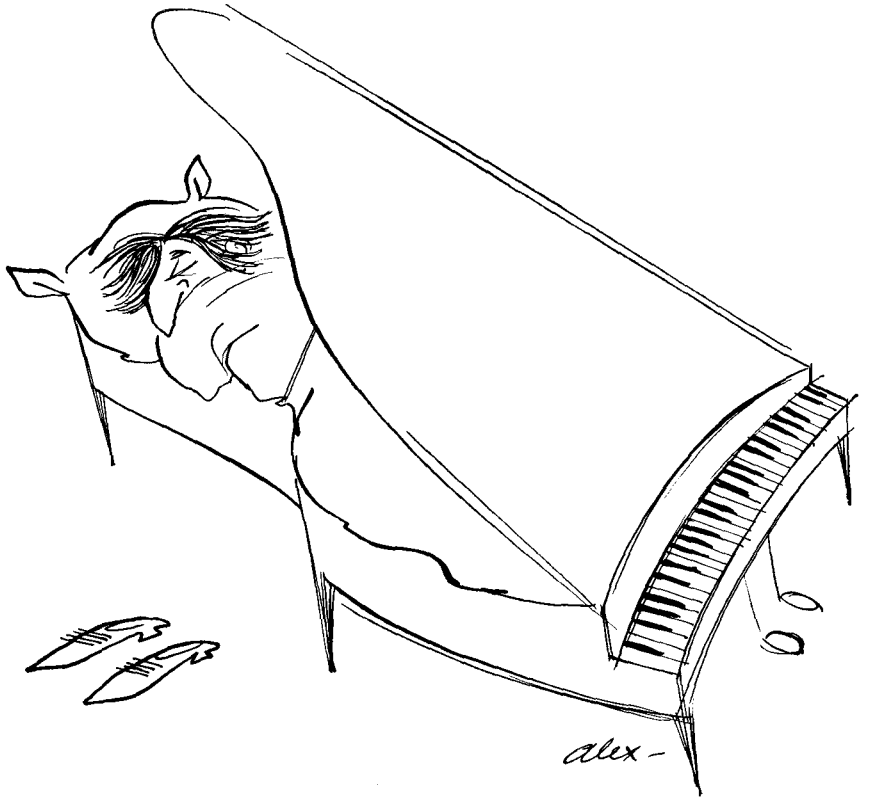
I was fourteen when I first read on the frontispiece of French official buildings the famous trinitarian slogan: LIBERTY. EQUALITY. FRATERNITY. I was attracted by its conciseness as well as by a triangular quality that fitted the neoclassical architecture of most of the buildings which it hallowed for the French freethinker. Throughout the years, I have learned to probe the meaning and value of its second term, the most controversial and perhaps—not for the philosopher but for the psychologist—the most important.

LIBERTY evokes a need. Fraternity, a hankering or an ideal. But Equality stakes a claim, utters a protest, forecasts a rebellion. It is at the root of the class war and of the struggle for a classless society.

I believe it was in some writings of Leonardo that I came across the definition of classes. There are three. They are natural. They are permanent and unchangeable. *Those who see. Those who see when they are shown. Those who do not see.* It is a marvelous *classification.* It bears some mulling over.

To begin with, the human beings who compose these three classes may vary according to the aspect of lore or life that is being considered. Einstein would be in Class 1 on mathematics; but I have heard him on politics and he was, well,

(*Continued on page* 101)



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THE PHILADELPHIA STORY:

DO GUN CONTROL LAWS REALLY WORK?

One of the nation's oldest cities adopts a modern firearms ordinance—and explodes some myths.

By CARL BAKAL

DURING THE LONG hot summer of 1964, an orgy of shootings took place in Philadelphia that would have put Dodge City to shame, and certainly belied the venerable reputation of America's first metropolis as the City of Brotherly Love. In one of the city's taprooms, two bibulous brothers created a disturbance that culminated in a fellow tippler's running out to his car, taking a .25-caliber pistol out of the glove compartment, and shooting the brothers dead. A few weeks later, a deranged seventy-two-year-old Philadelphian, using a .22-caliber revolver he customarily carried in his belt, shot to death a forty-six-year-old housewife who had spurned his advances. Then on July 30, Detective Lt. Daniel J. McCann, a thirty-seven-year-old police officer and father of three, was shot and killed by a woman he had just evicted from a bar because of complaints that she was annoying customers. The murder weapon was a .38-caliber pearl-handled revolver that the woman, a former resident of a correctional institution, had bought in a local gun shop several months before with scarcely more difficulty than would have been entailed in buying a new hat.

The McCann murder, coming as it did on the heels of the shootings described and perhaps a half-dozen others, was to have far-reaching implications. For it sparked a campaign that led to the enactment of the most stringent gun-control law in the nation's history, one that has been cited as a model measure for other cities and even states. How it was enacted provides an object lesson of how courageous and dedicated civic leaders can arouse the ordinarily apathetic public.

Public opinion polls taken after the Kennedy assassination, duplicating the results of a previous poll taken four years before, revealed at least 75 per cent of the people (90 per cent in Eastern cities) to be in favor of a law requiring a police permit for the purchase of any gun. But this reported sentiment was not translated into the popular clamor that weighs so heavily in the decisions made by legislators. In fact, only several months before the McCann murder, Philadelphia's City Council President Paul D'Ortona had proposed an ordinance aimed at keeping guns out of the hands of the homicidally bent, the mentally unstable, and the irresponsible. Inspired by the terrible tragedy in Dallas the preceding November, the proposed ordinance required the registration of all firearms.

At the time, Philadelphia law required a police permit only to carry a handgun concealed, but no permit to carry one about openly in the street or to keep one at home. The tolerant state law imposed on would-be handgun purchasers only the minor inconvenience of waiting forty-eight hours for delivery after filling out a perfunctory application form for the police to check. But applicants were not required to furnish fingerprints or photographs, and so no meaningful check could be made for a criminal record. Lieutenant McCann's slayer, for example, a Mrs. Yolanda Federico O'Donnell, by filing her application under her married name, had been able to conceal the fact that she had a police record in New Jersey under her maiden name. Rifles and shotguns, which were to figure in 135 of Philadelphia's homicides, robberies, and assaults during 1964, were not covered by either state or local law, an oversight that the proposed D'Ortona ordinance sought to correct.

The D'Ortona bill's chances, however, were weakened by several circumstances. One, as D'Ortona later conceded, is that he had drawn up and presented his bill hastily, without consulting most of the city's key civic organizations or giving them adequate advance notice of the public hearing in May. There is also some indication of what could be called a communications breakdown between D'Ortona and Mayor James H. J. Tate—his rival as the city's leading Democrat—and the Mayor's Law Enforcement Committee, whose monthly meetings ordinarily brought together not only the Mayor and the City Council President but also the city's police commissioner, district attorney, chief magistrate, superintendent of prisons, judges, and officials of the Crime Commission and other civic organizations and city agencies concerned with crime and law enforcement and, which, since the Kennedy assassination, had been considering legislative proposals to regulate the purchase and ownership of firearms.

On the other side, meanwhile, stood the well organized lobby led by the National Rifle Association. With the dispatch to the Philadelphia area of an NRA legislative bulletin listing the names and phone numbers of all the city's councilmen, the latter were swamped with protest calls the entire weekend preceding the scheduled hearing on the D'Ortona bill. Council member Mrs. Virginia Knauer recalls, "I spent so much time on the phone Sunday that I burned my roast." As even an NRA partisan concedes, "Midnight telephone calls, threats, browbeating—no wrong-headed tactic was neglected by the people fighting to prevent adoption of the law."

YET they succeeded. The hearing was packed by some 300 gun buffs and dealers. D'Ortona three times threatened to clear the room because of the noise from spectators. Local sportsmen called the bill "Communist-inspired," echoing an NRA charge made five years before against a proposed statewide registration law: "It is common knowledge that one of the tenets of the Communist party is the disarming of loyal citizens through registration of firearms." Other sportsmen repeated the canard that registration is unconstitutional, and one local hunter with the felicitous name of Starling crisply pointed out that a registration law would have little or no effect on criminals and would serve only to harass the law-abiding citizens who would obey it.

"This simple-minded tautology," the *Greater Philadelphian* magazine later commented, "could be used against the enactment of any law, regardless of its merit. It might be argued with equal logic that it makes no sense to have a law against, say, bigamy, because it would not be obeyed by criminals. It also supposes that a group of individuals can be easily divided into two clear-cut groups—criminals and law-abiding citizens."

However, after hearing only five of the fifty-seven scheduled witnesses, D'Ortona abruptly withdrew his meas-

Carl Bakal is the author of *The Right to Bear Arms* (McGraw-Hill).

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ure. Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary (now New York City's Police Commissioner), who testified that "registration would aid the department," was the sole witness who came to speak in behalf of the measure.

Even right after the McCann murder there still was no great outpouring of civic sentiment for firearms controls. D'Ortona, asked if he would reintroduce his bill, recalled his virtually lone stand at the May hearing and the fact that he had not received a single letter or phone call demanding enactment of his bill. "I won't do it on my own again," he said, noting that his mailbox was still as empty and his phone still as silent as it had been since the Kennedy assassination. "We've had a President slain and now a fine detective killed, and still I don't get one letter," he said. "Where does the public stand? Where are all the goodie-goodies? Let the people write, make calls, statements, and create public support that I didn't have before. It is senseless for me to reintroduce the ordinance now and have the same thing happen again." The city's Crime Commission and the Administration also should bolster any request for gun legislation, he added.

In August the Philadelphia *Bulletin* stated:

> It is just possible that Mayor James H. J. Tate, the City Council, the Fraternal Order of Police, and civic organizations that failed to speak up in favor of such an ordinance in May can see to it that Lieutenant McCann's death, which at this moment appears to have served no purpose, can be the trigger that will lead to legislation that may save the lives of other police officers and civilians as well. Certainly, tighter regulations will not deter most criminals from getting their hands on weapons if they are determined to do so. But why make it easy for them—and for the unstable, unbalanced element that is every bit as dangerous?

Slowly, the murder of one of the city's police officers began to stimulate what the assassination of a President could not bring about—a swelling of local sentiment in favor of a change in weapons regulation laws. "I'm shocked and horrified by the senseless slaying of Lt. Daniel J. McCann," Mayor Tate now said. "This type of lawlessness is an outrage against every decent citizen and we must do everything in our power to prevent such tragedies. We already have laws that provide stiff penalties for those who carry 'concealed weapons' without a license, but it is still too easy for anyone to walk into a store that sells guns and purchase one."

The Fraternal Order of Police, understandably concerned about the death of a colleague, passed a resolution in early August decrying the "great increase" of deadly weapons in the hands of citizens, citing their hazards to police, and vowing to testify in favor of any new legislation. Armed with such words of encouragement, D'Ortona announced, "I'm going to meet with Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary, Solicitor Edward G. Bauer, and members of the Crime Commission to see what we can work out."

On September 3, a new ordinance was submitted to the City Council, this time by Mayor Tate. In order to neutralize the opposition of the firearms faction, the new bill, unlike the earlier ill-fated proposal, did not require the registration of guns already owned by people, but merely those newly acquired by purchase or transfer, either in or outside the city. Under the proposal the would-be gun owner would have to apply for a permit, furnishing fingerprints, photographs, and the firearm's registration number. The Police Department would be empowered to refuse permits to those under eighteen, persons who had been convicted of crimes of violence, drug addicts, habitual drunkards, the mentally ill, and those "not of good moral character or those without proper reason for acquiring a firearm."

In favoring the inclusion of all types of guns—shotguns and rifles as well as handguns—in the ordinance, the president of the Fraternal Order of Police, John Harrington, said: "The most dangerous weapon in use today is the shotgun. Yet even a teenager can walk into any store and purchase one. The police can do nothing. The only law under which a person can be arrested for carrying a gun is the hunting code, and even then the gun must be loaded." Some justification for this view came in October when a thirty-one-year-old divorcee, who had been under the care of a psychiatrist, shot and killed her four-year-old daughter and then herself with a 12-gauge shotgun delivered by a Northeast Philadelphia department store only a few hours before the shooting.

THE Philadelphia Crime Commission, a nonprofit, nonpolitical organization with counterparts in fourteen other U.S. communities, began an intensive campaign to mobilize public support for the legislation. On September 18, the Commission convened a meeting to plan strategy and outline a course of action. Representatives of more than twenty of the city's leading civic, fraternal, and religious organizations attended. Members of the Crime Commission made individual calls on the officers and board members of dozens of other groups such as the Federation of Community Councils and the AFL-CIO. The Commission also distributed literature, issued press

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—*Herblock in The Washington Post. Used by permission.*

"Cease fire over here? Are you nuts?"

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Visit to Washington

THREE weeks ago in this space we called attention to what we believed were missed opportunities to end the Vietnam war by negotiations or reciprocal de-escalation ["Vietnam and the Fourth Group," *SR*, Apr. 1]. One specific instance involved a message from North Vietnam to the United States early in January. The message was an apparent response to the question asked repeatedly by Secretary of State Dean Rusk; namely, what would Hanoi be prepared to do if the United States stopped the bombing? The editorial said that Hanoi had sent a message to the effect that it was prepared to follow a cessation of bombing by a total cease-fire. The message also said that Hanoi believed the Buddhist Tet holiday could serve as the occasion for initiating such a permanent cease-fire.

Following publication of the editorial, both the White House and the U.S. State Department telephoned the *Saturday Review* to say we were in serious error about such a message from Hanoi. John P. Roche, Special Counsel to the President, said that *Saturday Review* had been badly misinformed. He said the White House did not question the good faith of *SR* in making the statement about the message, but that he could assure us no such message existed. We told Mr. Roche the item we published was not the result of hearsay; we had seen a copy of the actual text of the document. We quoted the salient points to him.

Mr. Roche said he would look into the matter and would call back later. When he did so, he said he had consulted all the relevant White House files and sources and could tell us definitely that there was no record of the document in question. He invited us to come to the White House for a full discussion of the matter. We accepted; the date was set for Thursday, April 6.

The day following the telephone conversation with Mr. Roche, we received a call at our home from Secretary Rusk, who said he had just seen *SR*'s editorial and felt it important to tell us our sources of information were faulty. With respect to the various reports about opportunities for negotiations, he said that what generally happened was that third parties would transmit such information with optimistic overtones but that the so-called opportunities invariably washed out upon careful inquiry. It was possible, he said, that the understandable desire of some third parties to bring about negotiations might cause them unintentionally to make the purported openings seem wider and more imminent than they actually were.

Secretary Rusk then asked us about *SR*'s reference to a specific message from Hanoi saying it was prepared to agree to a cease-fire if the United States stopped the bombing. We told the Secretary, as we had told Mr. Roche, that we had seen a copy of the document. We gave the date of transmission and the name of the foreign capital from which it had been transmitted. The Secretary said that he had followed up on that message with Hanoi at the time and discovered it was without substance. Finally, he said that despite all the reports over the years about Hanoi's willingness to negotiate, North Vietnam had yet to produce "one warm body" of a negotiator ready to do business.

On Thursday, April 6, we called on Mr. Roche in the White House. With him was Mr. William H. Jorden, senior staff member, National Security Council, who was working directly on approaches to negotiations in Vietnam and on related matters. Mr. Roche began the meeting by speaking of his respect for *Saturday Review* and his belief that we would welcome a full account of the White House's position on the main

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Manhattan Evening

By Sister M. Thérèse

FROM cabs blowing uphill
to East Seventy-seventh we stepped
from dark weather to the polished
apartments and rose like gulls
to the D'Anna's sky eyrie
where they pinned an orchid at my veil
and sang the door open.

Our hosts were artists—like
wild flowers on a swatch of meadow
we sat on the rug (while my poems
withered in my arms under
suns of ripe canvas). Then at
shake of a mobile we leapt to table
where our ring-a-rosy
handclasp was grace at this
gay ecumenical. As we sipped
honeycomb the wild shout of a tug
was our signal to scramble like
children down-flight to the river
to lean on the seawall toward the fire-
tasseled boats and the

starwink of Queens—till
wonderfully caught in this sudden
Hanukkah we scuttled talk as
the bodyhusk thinned and our
spirits shimmered free. Then wearing
our nimbi lightly we walked waters—
artists are like that.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

View from the Tetrahedron

BUCKMINSTER FULLER'S tetrahedron floating on the ocean, as described in "Man with a Chronofile" [*SR*, Apr. 1], would be fine if the people within its confines could see out.

In a two-and-a-half-mile, on the base, tetrahedron, the people inside, who would number in the hundreds of thousands, would live in a dungeon. Is this what the architects want? Is this what the people want? I don't think so.

ROBERT ALLISON NEVERS.

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As Mr. Fuller explained, every family will have balconied outside apartments, and machinery, office, and factory space, plus a harbor, will be inside.*

INDEED Mr. Fuller has learned something in his seventy-two years; namely, that Thomas Malthus was wrong about population, in the face of the industrial development and man's getting the upper hand on nature and the elements.

CHARLES P. DAVIS.

New York, N.Y.

ALL THIS and Heaven, too?

MRS. ROBERT CASSADY.

Charleston, West Va.

Travel Kudos

THE SPECIAL travel section, "In the Writers' Place" [*SR*, March 11], deserves praise for a well-planned and well-executed job.

The selection of authors was flawless and the overview by Anthony Netboy excellent. Mary Hemingway's description of Ernest Hemingway's Spain is one of the best works of descriptive writing I have read. The other articles make one wish for either an unlimited credit card or seven league boots.

KENNETH E. DODGE.

Cortland, N.Y.

Chicago's FM Scene

I'D LIKE TO comment on Alfred Balk's article "Chicago's FM War" [TV AND RADIO, April 1]. I do a weekly record-review show for the Zenith station WEFM, so my objectivity may be somewhat less than complete. I do not believe, however, that it was my connection with WEFM that caused me to find Mr. Balk's approach one-sided, for others to whom I showed the article without comment had the same reaction.

Balk identifies the staff of WEFM as former personnel of WMAQ and describes the new WEFM format as "little more than a somberly presented version of WMAQ's former news-and-music schedule (though with better music), including news on the hour . . . even commercials with sound effects." Instead of "news on the hour," however, WEFM presents exactly six news broadcasts during the fifteen hours of its daily schedule, following a three-hour session of "wake-up" miscellany. Program director George Stone advises that WEFM has "never broadcast an announcement with either a musical background or a sound effect," and that its policy on commercials is firm and unalterable.

Readers should know that WEFM has a stated limit of five minutes per hour, but that in actual practice this is generally held to three minutes per hour. In my own two-hour show the total time given to commercial messages runs from five to six minutes—for *two* hours—with an average of 100 minutes of music and about fifteen minutes of comment.

The New York Philharmonic was not "persuaded" to switch from WFMT to WEFM, as Balk states. The producer of that series approached WEFM uninvited, and, naturally, WEFM grabbed it. As for scheduling the Philharmonic on WEFM opposite the Boston Symphony on WFMT, Balk has listed an imposing assortment of goodies in the WFMT schedule, and both stations obviously put their best material on during prime time. When *wouldn't* the Philharmonic on WEFM be in conflict with *something* on WFMT?

If profit had been the main consideration, station WEFM could have gone into "storecasting" (a major source of income for some FM broadcasters) without anything like the investment required for the current revamping. Zenith elected to go all out for serious, quality programing. Among WEFM's creative accomplishments during the first season of its "new sound" is the interview series conducted by George Stone and Arrand Parsons (*A Conversation with . . .*), in national distribution now via NER.

No one who has listened to FM in Chicago can deny that all Balk wrote about WFMT is true. However, I fail to see the appropriateness of giving this deservedly much-honored station another bouquet at this time in the form of a gratuitous slap at another station attempting to raise its own quality level.

RICHARD D. FREED.

Rochester, N.Y.

"I don't like it, Atwater, there's a strange quiet under the clackety-clackety-clack-clack."

ALFRED BALK'S reporting on "Chicago's FM War" was well written, entertaining, and educative. However, he says "WFMT . . . was the first FM outlet to win a Peabody Award (1962). . . ." The walls of Pacifica's KPFK FM station in Los Angeles sport a Peabody Award dated April 18, 1961.

PAUL V. DALLAS, General Manager, KPFK-FM.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I HEARTILY AGREE with Alfred Balk's article discussing the Chicago FM war. The battle which radio station WEFM is waging against WFMT is meaningless and useless. WEFM has discarded its long respected image in this action. The final mistake was to schedule the New York Philharmonic against WFMT's Boston Symphony, which has always been aired at that time.

RICHARD WARREN.

Evanston, Ill.

ALFRED BALK'S very perceptive article on Chicago FM will serve a useful purpose if it encourages other broadcasters to realize that quality programing can be successful.

Mr. Balk wisely warns that a somber presentation of symphonies and operas is not enough. What more stations need is the originality, vitality, and integrity which WFMT so consistently provides.

CARL E. CIRILLO.

Chicago. Ill.

Credit to Pope

JACK VALENTI'S article, "Voltaire's Timeless Eminence" [*SR*, March 11], is very informative. However, there is a question concerning a quote attributed to Pascal. Was it not Alexander Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, who called man "The glory, jest, and riddle of the world?"

ROBERT G. WHISLER.

Johnstown, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It was.*

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"Carmina Burana"

By KENNETH REXROTH

ONE OF the most significant but seldom remarked changes of literary taste in the past 150 years has been the decline in popularity of Roman Latin poetry and the rise in the appreciation of that of the Middle Ages—among, that is, the small number of people who read Latin for pleasure. After school years Virgil's *Aeneid* is seldom taken off the shelf, though the *Georgics* and *Ecologues* may continue to be read, by the old-fashioned and learned, on winter evenings.

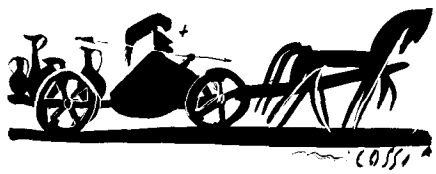
On the other hand, especially since Carl Orff's music, the *Carmina Burana* is known by thousands who could not construe a line of Caesar. And now that the Roman Catholic Church is turning to the vernacular, a new appreciation for the great hymns and sequences is awakening among people who never paid much attention to them when they were part of the services. In the last century John Addington Symonds's *Wine, Women, and Song* was a most popular collection of translations of medieval songs, and today Helen Waddell's *Medieval Latin Lyrics*, with English and Latin *face en face*, has never ceased to sell.

More pertinent to the question of what is in fact the modern sensibility is the remarkable fondness for medieval Latin poetry among the founders of that sensibility. The list of persons who have recorded such preference is rather startling. Coleridge, Poe (who may have been faking), Stendhal, Baudelaire, Nerval, Flaubert, Verlaine, Nouveau, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Remy de Gourmont, O.V.L. Milosz, Apollinaire, Bréton—this is close to being the apostolic succession of the modern temper. Similar lists could be made in other languages. Not one of these writers had much interest in the classical Latin poets except Catullus, Petronius, and the almost medieval Boethius.

Why? What is distinctive about medieval Latin poetry?

The most common answer is that Roman poetry is rhetorical and medieval is not. But Theokritos and Euripides are rhetorical. Much medieval religious, and, following it, secular lyric, is heavily influenced by one of the most rhetorical Latin writers who ever lived—St. Augustine. Certainly lines such as St. Thomas Aquinas's *"Genitori, genitoque"* or the *Carmina Burana*'s *"Fas et nefas ambulant, peni passu pari,"* or *"O comes amoris dolor, cuius mala male solor,"* are pure Augustinian word jewelry. Yet we do not think of them as decadent nor do we doubt their sincerity. We believe and respond spontaneously.

It is not an answer to say that St. Thomas and the unknown writers of love lyrics sound as though they meant what they were saying. Horace sounded that way for almost 2,000 years—to Ben Jonson, to Tennyson, to the very medieval Latin poets themselves. Nor is it true that the medieval poets are personal and the classic ones are not. Who ever gave a more revealing and ironic picture of himself than Horace, or a more shameless one than Ovid? But behind the mask of their hymns, supposedly so unselfing, St. Thomas and Abélard are intensely personal in a different way than the Romans. They reveal something the older poets seem not to have had and never to have missed—a secret, ultimate self. What we hear in



the newly emerged accentual rhythms, which had survived underground in folk song from prehistoric times, is the newly emerging individuality of modern man.

The subjects are conventional, and the responses standardized—the events of the Church's calendar, or the lover in spring, summer, and winter. It all seems stereotyped enough. Why, then, should medieval Latin poetry so move cynical debauchees and atheist bachelors?

Partly because of the rhythm. The meters of medieval Latin are accentual like our own, and the rythmic patterns are those of the vernacular poetry that began to appear just at the height of the development of medieval lyric. They sing to us in our own fashion in a hundred different ways, dancing, cavorting, staggering, or marching in solemn procession. As tunes they are emotionally meaningful to us while we have lost the tune to Horace, and never knew the dance steps, which were Sappho's and unknown to Horace, too.

Far more, the difference is a matter of intention. Who ever wept over Ovid's *Tristia*? We are intended to marvel at his skill in depicting sorrow. But when Abélard writes a plaint for Héloïse and her nuns to sing at evensong, we share directly in the terrible desolation of that one, single man, different from all the world and marked with his own unique sorrow.

One source of what was later to be called Romanticism lies in the very nature of the religious lyrics that preceded the finest secular ones. The Latin hymn writer wanted his listeners and singers to feel directly, to participate in the joy of the birth and the agony of the death of Christ. The Homeric *Hymn of Demeter and Persephone* is splendid in gold and ivory, but it moves us remotely, like sculpture or a painted ceiling. In the *Stabat Mater* we are asked to become Mary herself.

Direct attack on the sensibility by the full force of another personality was looked on as barbarous by the poets of the Roman Augustan Age. Many men then and since have considered Catullus's immodesty in the worst possible taste. A small amount of overtly pornographic poetry, as distinguished from scatological satire, survives from Roman times. Pornographic it may be; erotic it never is. Such poems are all rather bleak jokes, in which nobody is involved, not reader nor writer nor subject. Yet chastely worded medieval poems are profoundly erotic; they hypnotize the listener with a subtle erotic melody until he partakes directly of the passion of the singer.

It is this immediacy of utterance which has fascinated five generations of critics and poets of the modern sensibility. Medieval Latin verse begins that process which finally becomes self-conscious and deliberate in our own age—the use of the word as magic, to subvert experience and alter the nature of the world.

The thirteenth-century secular lyrics are songs—not only that, they are tavern songs. The tradition of the *café chantant* goes back and vanishes in the dawn of Western civilization. The *Carmina Burana* manuscript comes from the thirteenth century, but *"Phoebe claro,"* the first alba or dawn song, with its haunting Provençal refrain—one of the first appearances of the vernacular—and *"Iam dolchi amica venito"* ("Come live with me and be my love") may be as old as Charlemagne. Both have strongly the character of songs for entertainment, to be sung in court or parlor or tavern to audiences and to move them directly. It would be a mistake to think of them as literature—as poetry for solitary reading. They were meant to involve singer and listener. Person-to-person utterance was as essential to medieval lyric in the wine cellar at night as at Mass in the morning.

In addition to Helen Waddell's *Medieval Latin Lyrics*, available as a Penguin classic, there is *The Goliard Poets*, a collection, *face en face*, published by New Directions, in paperback.

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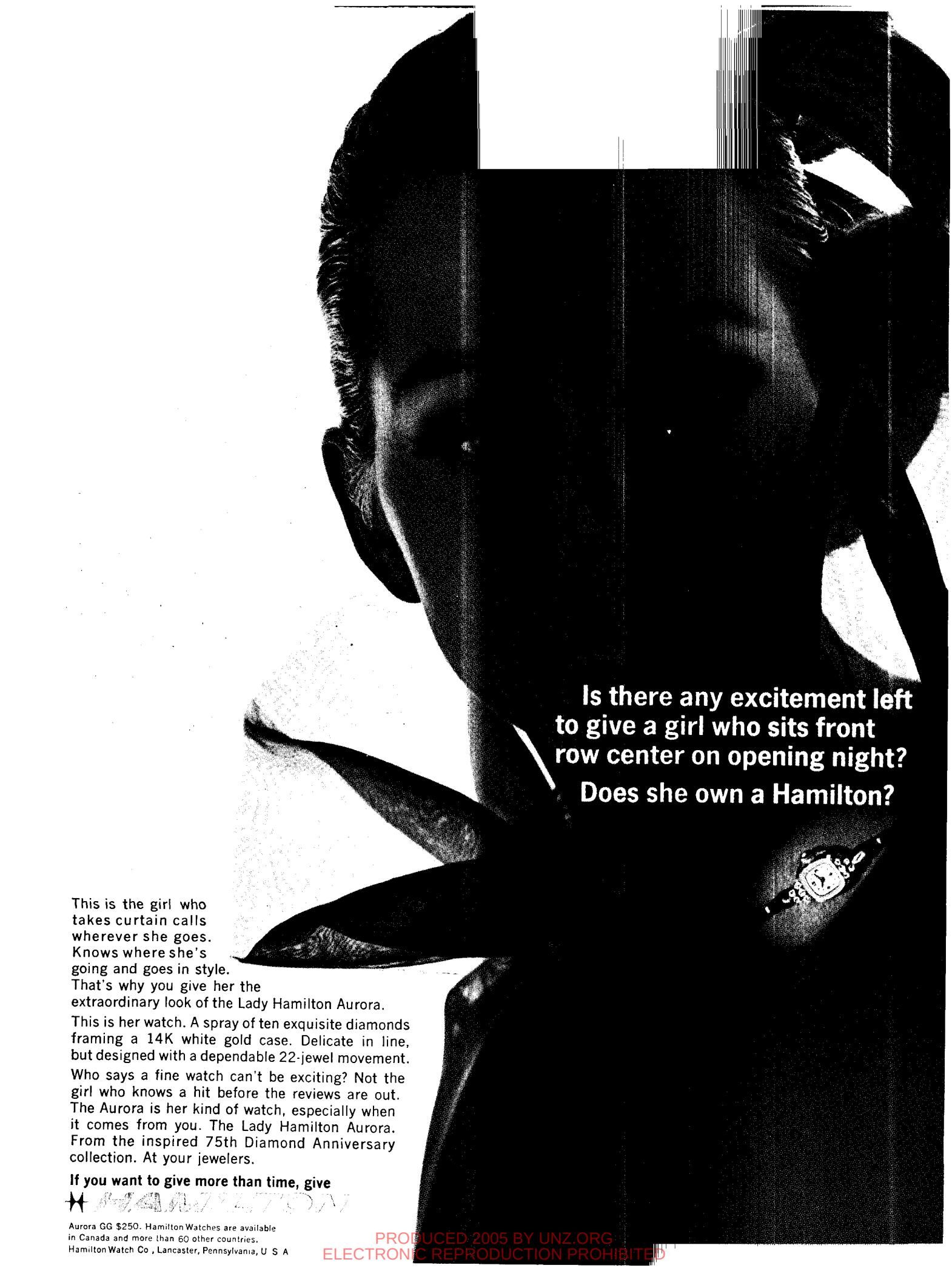

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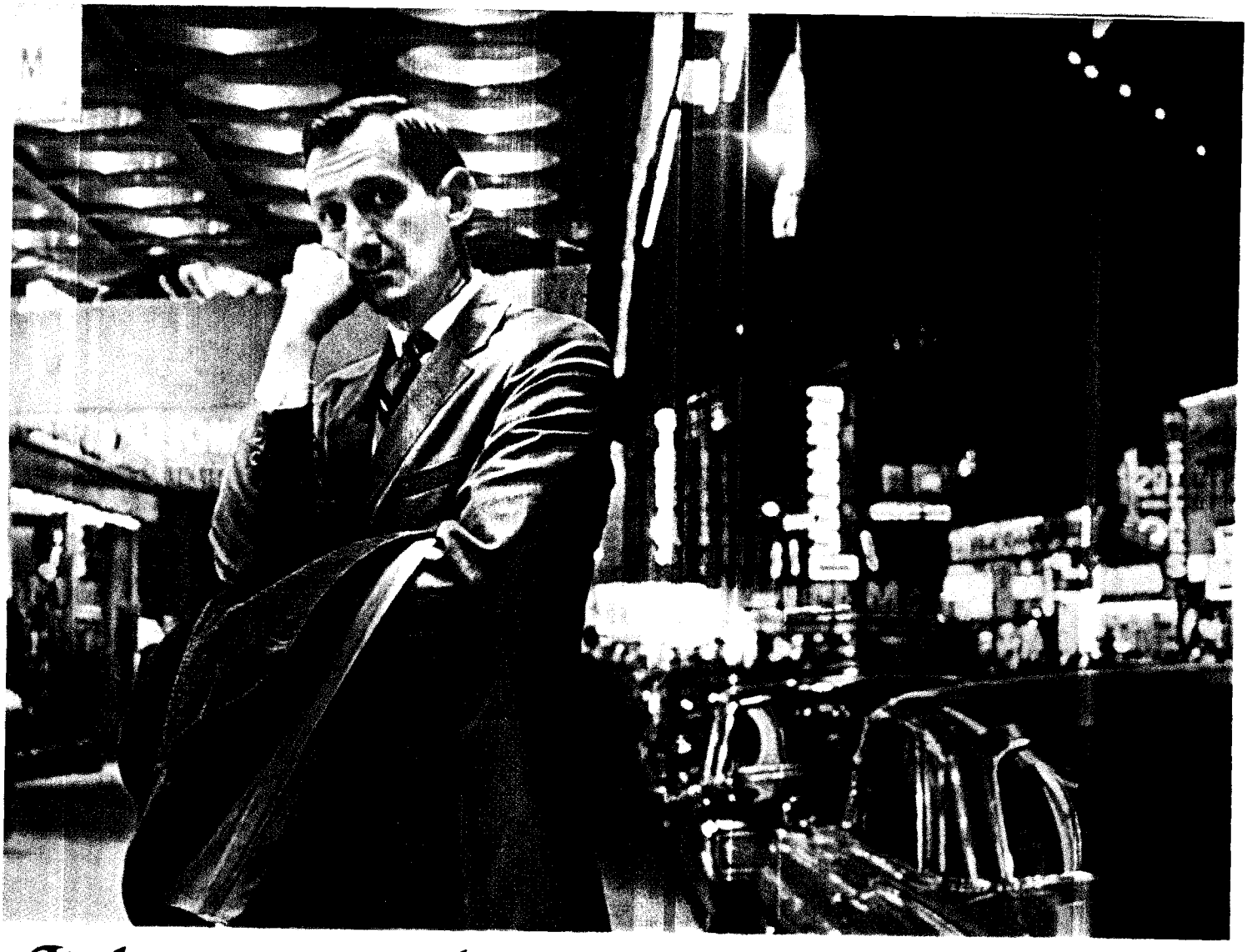

It doesn't pay to leave your wife.

(Not when you're going on a business trip)

Think of the cost.

All those long distance phone calls to make sure she's okay.

All the books and movies to forget those lonely nights. (The ones both of you are having.)

That new dress, so she'll know you're thinking of her.

No, it just doesn't pay. Not when United's Family Plan will save you one-third of her fare when you take her along.

And what's more, you can charge even that with your United Personal Travel Credit Card. Just see your Travel Agent ahead of time and he'll arrange everything. (Including easy monthly payments.)

So next time you go on a business trip, bring her along.

You can't afford not to.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Next time you go on a trip, dear, we can...."

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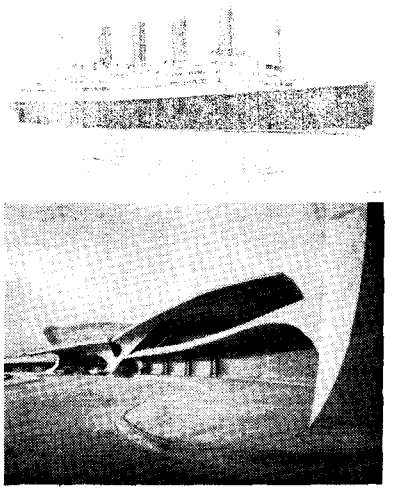
1947—1967



TWENTY YEARS OF TRAVEL

FROM MOTION TO MOBILISM

By HORACE SUTTON

IN NEW YORK the 5-cent subway fare was in danger, but meat prices were going down. Stewing lamb had dropped to 23 cents a pound and sirloin steak to 73 cents. Elia Kazan had directed Arthur Miller's play, *All My Sons*, and it took the Critics' Prize. Ralph Bellamy was deep in politics in a thing called *State of the Union*. So was Harry Truman, who had just vetoed the Taft-Hartley bill. Ethel Merman was shooting up the scenery in *Annie Get Your Gun*, Judy Holliday was the dumb broad in *Born Yesterday* at the Lyceum. Moscow was examining the Marshall Plan. The ads in *The New York Times* (3 cents) announced that *Brigadoon*, the Critics' Prize musical, was playing in a "scientifically air-conditioned theater." Evita Peron had just concluded a trip to Madrid, where she received a tumultuous greeting not seen since the visit of Heinrich Himmler. Stockings, fifteen denier, fifty-one gauge, were $1.69. Robert Penn Warren had gotten the Pulitzer for *All the King's Men* and Loretta Young won the Oscar for *The Farmer's Daughter*. More doctors were smoking Camels than any other cigarette, an A-1 secretary could be hired for $60 a week, a maid for $46, and at Bergdorf Goodman's dress sale the prices started at $20.

Things were so different it seems like an interlude out of some previous incarnation, a passage of history long before one's time. It was spring and it was 1947. Six liners, with the *Mauretania* leading the way, sailed out of New York harbor with 4,000 passengers aboard. A Pan Am around-the-world plane carrying a party of junketing publishers landed at Dum Dum Airport in Calcutta at the unhandy hour of 4:09 a.m. They would be up for lunch to accept the Governor's invitation. Ten-day cruises to Bermuda and Nassau started at $195. And eighteen travel editors, a new breed, embarked on a tour of New York State to evaluate its resorts.

In the issue that was dated the last day of spring that year, *Saturday Review* carried its first travel article. And its first travel advertisement. The ad sang the glories of The Grand View Hotel at Lake Placid, New York, where, for $14 a day, "young folks" could get not only a room, but free tennis, free beach, and "free use of car." All drinks, including Scotch, were 50 cents.

SR's first travel article, an inauspicious bagatelle on France, noted the curious irony that "today, three years after the invasion, France is ready to receive more tourists than there is transportation to ferry

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—*Great Northern Railway.*

American trains—Waiter's affable smile bespoke new hope for railroads.

—*BOAC.*

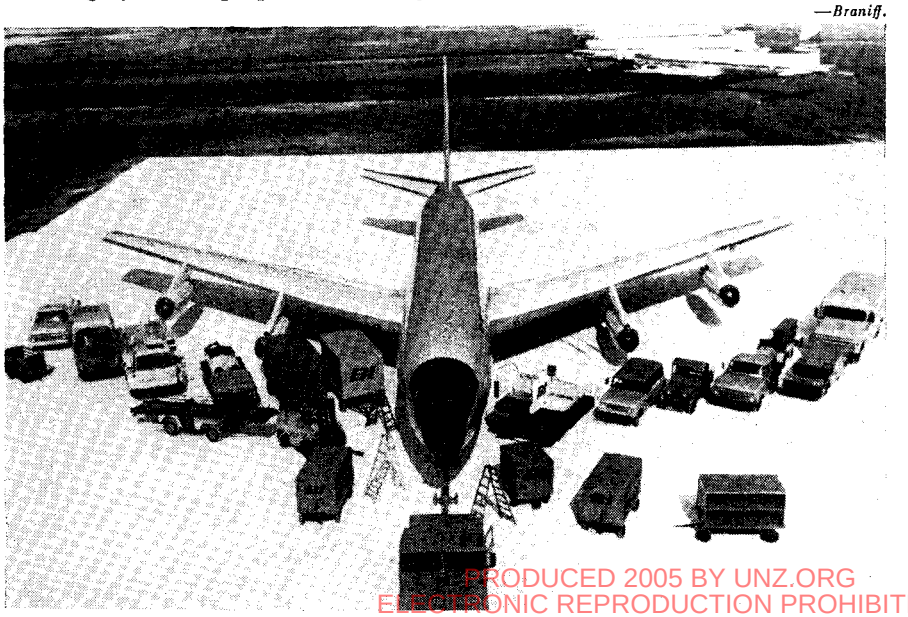
Comfortable planes—First Constellations stressed ease of transatlantic flying.

—*Sovfoto.*

Beyond the curtain—In the mid-Fifties tourist travel to Russia began, at $50 a day.

Servicing a jet—The propless wonders opened a vast, exciting world in which to roam.

—*Braniff.*



them abroad." The French Line had two ships on the Atlantic, the *Wisconsin* and the *Oregon*. Air France was churning through the new air lanes in sixteen hours, but that summer "plane passage," as I so quaintly called it then, would be as "tight as ship space, and both are as hard to find as a four-room apartment."

Somehow, in some inexplicable manner, in some curious telescoping of time that compresses a thousand adventures into one memory the way a telephoto lens flattens a long scene into one foreshortened view, twenty years have passed. Seven hundred articles have been written under this by-line and, if the abacus doesn't lie, some 2,000,000 miles logged.

That yellow brick road, which now from the heights of Oz seems so short a trail, has brought us from the first real summer of postwar travel right up to what some house phrase-maker has termed The Dawning Age of Mobilism. Well, hell. We all felt we were incredibly mobile then. Even if the ships weren't back, there was the phenomenon of transatlantic flight. In the autumn of 1947 when I went to France to write a book, I took the plane. The new age of transatlantic flying was also an age of airborne luxury. The planes were competing against the ships. And besides, the memory was still fairly green of the comfort of the old flying Clippers that took off and landed on water, and the sybaritic splendor aboard the old German Zeppelins.

Air France that fall flew a new Constellation, took only thirty-four passengers, and, despite the incredible restaurant which it had to transport across the North Atlantic, the weight load was low enough to permit a nonstop flight from LaGuardia Field in New York to Le Bourget in Paris. What a marvel! What an adventure! One could dine out on it for months. In the provinces the French with whom I talked could scarcely believe it, and, as I reflect on it now, there won't be another travel experience to match it until the first paying passenger makes the first supersonic dash in the 1970s.

TRAVELING in Europe in 1947 was its own adventure. The advance notices had been full of warning, and I recall my anxious relatives pressing tinned foodstuffs on me as my plane left for the leap across the sea. It is hard to realize now, but in 1947 one traveled about France on ration coupons, rations for meat and rations for bread. And one drank (see Geoffrey Bocca's article, page 47) make-believe coffee called *café national*, manufactured from acorns. As the days wended into November and the heat in the provincial hotels failed to flow into the radiators, so mute and cold, I slept under the comforters fully clothed. Rail

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strikes and subway strikes and taxi strikes bedeviled France, the tourist's paradise. And then there was the electricity. It was off during the day and even sometimes when it was supposed to be on, it suddenly went off, leaving the elegant guests in the still elegant George V hotel marooned in the elevator shaft.

Britain, which last year passed France in tourism, was more ruin than resort. The food was in short supply and so, apparently, were qualified cooks. But Britain needed dollars, and it was brash enough and doughty enough to launch a campaign that was to make it a tourist country when it had never been one before. Last year it earned $924 million from a business it was scarcely involved in before the war.

THE idea of a trip to the Soviet Union in the first postwar years was a fantastic notion roughly akin to a trip to China today. When in 1948 a travel agency named World Tourists, Inc., said it had tickets to Russia ready and waiting, I went down to see them. The previous year they had sold fifty tickets, World Tourists said, mostly to furriers who paid $19 a day first class for room, board, and sightseeing and $15 a day in tourist class. World Tourists deducted its 10 per cent and deposited the rest to the Soviet account in the Chase bank. The only hitch was the visa, and to get that one applied at the old Soviet Consulate across the street from New York's Pierre Hotel. I went up there to see what would happen and was greeted with a gratuitous barrage of polemics delivered above the din of a radio turned up to full volume. The bugging game and its antidotes had started early.

In Europe in the late Forties train travel was surprisingly good considering the years of attrition that had only recently ended. The trains were probably better than they were at home, but more comfortable railroading days were coming—or so everybody said. General Motors was touring the United States with its Train of Tomorrow, featuring air conditioning, full-length mirrors, colorful draperies, even wallpaper. Most exciting of all, the cars had glass bubbles, called Astro-Domes, built into the ceiling, from which sightseers could view the nation from a perch two feet higher than the roof of the ordinary car. In Chicago, 50,000 people stood in the rain to see it.

Although the new travelers were being pampered with what I then called "nursemaid service" aboard the airlines and with startling new cars and shiny new buses, nobody had a kind word for American trains. They were way behind. Only General Motors held an optimistic view. The new trains coming from Pullman and Budd had fluorescent lights and pastel colors. The Pennsylvania Railroad put in a daring innovation—automatic doors. The Chesapeake and Ohio was showing movies, and the New Haven (what happened to *it*?) was preparing baby foods. We could all expect tomorrow's trains to have individual seat radios, news tickers, nursery cars, barber shops, bars, secretaries, and a rotating art show on the walls. Sure.

Dramamine, first of a series of sure remedies for motion sickness, a traveler's ill that had plagued man for 2,000 years, appeared on druggists' shelves in 1949. That same year the airlines broke into a scuffle over the fares for the 1950 Holy Year in Rome. Out of it came a new lower excursion fare and the promise of two-class travel overseas. American Airlines and TWA had just begun coast-to-coast coach service using DC-4s. In Grand Bahama, Billy Butlin, the ringmaster of Britain's highly popular Holiday Camps, had brought regimented vacations to the new world. He had invaded the scrub pine lands of Grand Bahama, only 50 miles from West Palm Beach, and offered $98-a-week vacations on a 4,000-acre playland. The same island, long since bereft of Butlin, is a developing vacationland with large new hotels, a gambling casino, and a bubbling cauldron of controversy over kickbacks and shady connections.

CRUISES were back, and by 1951 the *Caronia* was off on an elaborate 111-day sail to India, Fiji, New Caledonia, and Pago Pago. Outside rooms were going for $6,000 per person, two in a room. The *Ocean Monarch,* built just for pleasure cruising, began a regular shuttle service to Bermuda, where the Castle Harbor had just been dusted off. Life on the modified American plan, with no lunch, cost from $22 to $38 for two.

Over the Atlantic, Pan American was trying to get a transoceanic fare of $200. Air coach flights to Europe for about $225 were promised by the spring of 1952. But while the fight was on to bring down over-the-ocean fares, super-luxury trips to foreign places were getting splashy headlines. A $15,000, thirty-seven-day excursion promoted by Temple Fielding, a travel book writer, drew fire from Congress, which was worried about the posture of free-spending Americans rollicking through convalescing Europe. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* rapped the whole idea *and* the Congressional reaction in an editorial entitled "A Booby Trap for A Booby Trip." Dean Acheson worried about another money-flinging expedition, this time to the sensitive East, which guaranteed every male member his own personal geisha during a five-day stopover in Japan.

As far back as 1951 the International Union of Official Travel Organizations was sending out pronouncements to eliminate or reduce discriminatory taxes on tourists. It asked for common measures to ease complex customs forms, visas, and health and immigration inspections. More than a year after that noble gesture, clearing customs at Hawaii after a return from Japan took nearly two hours at the dock.

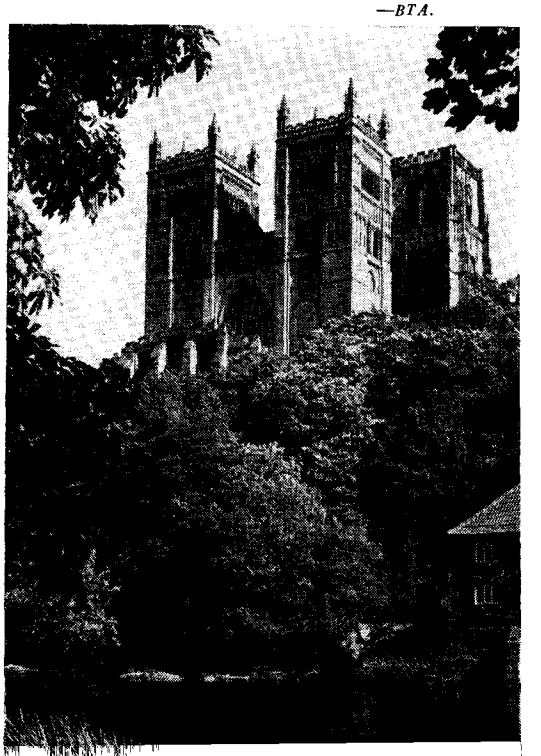
Tourist-class fares finally did arrive in the spring of 1952 and the flight from New York to Shannon cost $431.80 during the high season and $362.80 in the off season. Even though airlines were putting on DC-6s and Constellations—both considered large planes — overcrowding was a problem that was getting brow-furrowing attention. The story, now a seasoned chestnut, began the rounds concerning the pilot of a Constellation trying to make his way to the washroom on a plane crowded with nearly ninety passengers. The aisles were always jammed with people waiting, and so after several unsuccessful attempts, the captain went back to the flight deck, flashed on the seat-belt sign, and walked down the empty aisle.

Drive-yourself cars became popular and Warren Avis broached a plan to tie in flights aboard American Airlines with sight-seeing by car. Auto rentals to airline passengers jumped 50 per cent in a year. Of the nation's 24,000 rentable cars more than 6,000 were in Florida. The *United States* sailed into transatlantic service and so did the *Ryndam* and the *Maasdam*, a pair of Dutch ships designed to bring the tourist-class passenger out of the steerage and give him a place on deck, and, wonder of wonders, even a swimming pool. In Septem-

(*Continued on page* 69)

Durham Cathedral—At war's end Britain was more ruin than resort.

—*BTA.*



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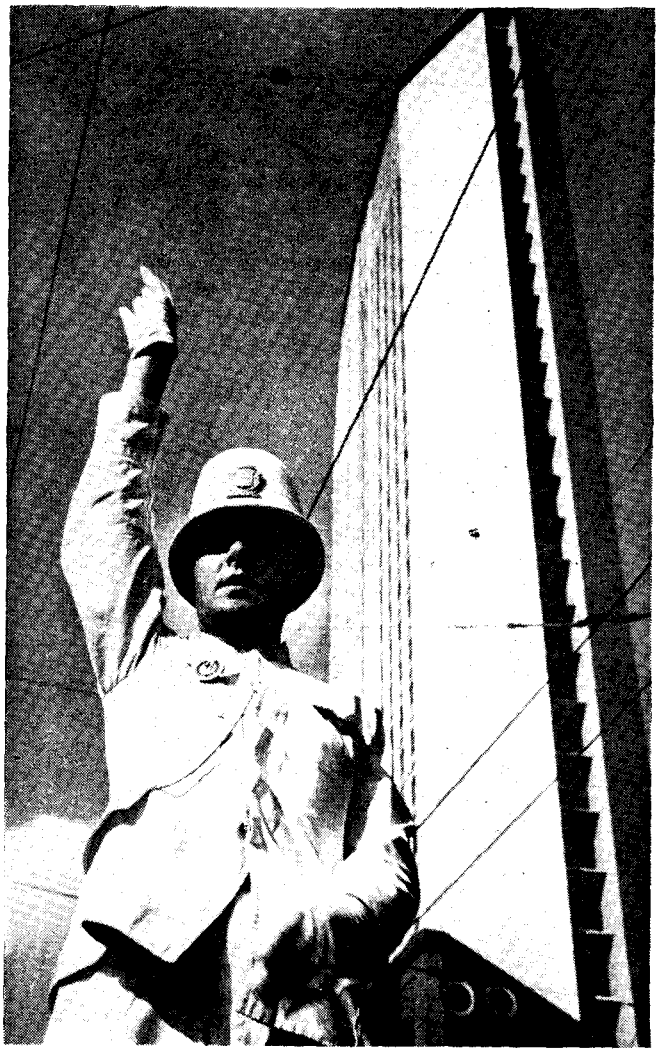

—Monkmeyer.

ARCHITECTURE FOR THE NEW ITINERANTS

By GEORGE NELSON

THOSE OF US whose work takes us to a variety of once-distant places have been forced into awareness of what is happening to the new architecture for travel, but in my wildest dreams I never expected that I would be contemplating this phenomenon from an overstuffed room in the Hotel Leningradskaya in Moscow.

We have just mounted an exhibition of U.S. industrial design which is jammed every day by some 10,000 solemn, booted, and fur-hatted Muscovites, most of whom are hearing about industrial design for the first time.

As a perch from which to scan remembered images of the contemporary world, the Leningradskaya is not bad, because Russia, in architecture and design, is a kind of time tunnel. Anything you see there is sure to have happened elsewhere ten to forty years ago. The hotel is barely twelve years old, but it looks a ripe seventy-five. My room overflows with "antique" furniture, lace curtains, heavy draperies, "oriental" rugs, and a telephone which transmits the voice with the same fidelity as the paper cup affairs we made when we were kids. This is all from twelve years ago.

Today there is the new Rossiya facing the Kremlin, "modern" like a reflection in a wavy mirror, equipped with fast automatic elevators and planned for an eventual 6,000 rooms. One could smile in a superior way at the Soviet tendency to confuse quantity with quality if not for the uneasy suspicion that with the coming of the jumbo jets 6,000 rooms will be a commonplace average.

The words for what has been happening to travel architecture since the war are "everywhere," "mass," "sameness," "big," "modern." There are no more replicas of the Baths of Caracalla in the travel business. You can now be identically and modernistically air-conditioned, balconied, and twin-bedded in Bali, Brasilia, and Bimini. There are still some places to hide if you don't go for this kind of thing, but not for long. The universal architectural response to mass travel is mass modern. One could do an article about a quick trip around the globe and use only two photos, one showing a glass air terminal and the other a glass and concrete hotel stuffed with cells. While the story would not be entirely true, it wouldn't be completely false, either.

Among people who get around a lot, the complaint that everything is getting to look alike is heard more and more. Everything *is* getting to look alike, and for good reasons. As the planet simmers down into a global village many reasons

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for regional differences in style tend to disappear. As developers and architects get more and quicker information on what is happening everywhere, they naturally move toward designs which reflect the newest and best, and we presently arrive at the point where it is difficult to tell from photographs whether that crisp new twenty-five-story hotel is on a cliff in Yugoslavia or by the beach in the Malay Archipelago.

Technology is also applying pressures in the direction of sameness: The old tropical hotels, for instance, are characterized by very high ceilings, open corridors, large verandas, and vast mosquito nets over the beds. With air conditioning this all goes down the drain, and the same new boxy flattop design works about as well in Stockholm as in Singapore. Not quite, but the differences are minor. Another factor is the growth of international systems, such as Hilton and International. Any sensible, profit-minded chain will inevitably tend to standardize those features which work best and seem most acceptable to the traveling public.

But the traveling public, which is not what it used to be, is also a potent influence in the trend toward sameness. The Fly-Now-Pay-Later crowd includes millions who never before got very far from home, who lack minimum facility in any foreign language, and who are nervous about the water, food, germs, "natives," tipping, and all the rest of it. For these queasy multitudes the familiar look of a Hilton in Rome, Cairo, or anywhere else provides reassurance and the guarantee of a sanitary, English-speaking refuge with cornflakes for breakfast. This kind of travel, in which nothing changes but the name of the city and country, may not be the best way to immerse oneself in a foreign culture, but relatively few of the new mass tourists are especially well equipped to come to grips with it anyway, so perhaps it is all for the best.

In the case of airports the story repeats itself, for the same trends and pressures make themselves felt. The last thing the international airlines need is picturesque variations in terminal design. To run an airline with any possibility of reliable schedules and safety, every operational feature from pilot-to-control-tower-jargon to runway lighting *has* to be identical everywhere. For the passengers the same thing holds true: There always has to be a path from plane to passport control to baggage claim to customs to bus or taxi. As the moving mass swells, speed of processing becomes more and more crucial. If a new and improved system for handling baggage emerges in Amsterdam, it is only a matter of time—and not much time at that—before identical hardware shows up in Chicago, Karachi, and Rio. It simply can't evolve any other way.

Even so, the case for sameness can be exaggerated and we have some pretty good examples to the contrary right here in the United States. There are at least three major terminals which show wide variations within the same theme. There is Dulles in Washington, for instance, a relatively small building which replaces the long pedestrian "fingers" with mobile lounges that take people to planes parked on the field. This system is used a great deal in Europe. At the other extreme there is O'Hare in Chicago, with its endless walks from entrance to gates. A still different scheme is used in New York's Kennedy, where individual airlines have their own buildings. Architecturally, Dulles is a kind of masterpiece, Kennedy is a great big playground for the Personality Kids in design, as silly and phony as a fifth-rate World's Fair, while O'Hare looks like a giant, sprawling gray factory for processing people instead of things. O'Hare, for me, has great power and integrity and the only big thing wrong with it is that it isn't *enough* like a factory—a really up-to-date industrial complex would have included conveyors.

As one examines bits and pieces of the almost unbelievable synthetic landscape spawned by the jet age, several things become apparent. One is that those delicate aluminum birds may look their best in the air but their needs gobble up immense chunks of terrestrial real estate. Another is that the rate of change is so fast that the architectural expressions now fall into "periods" with a duration of barely four or five years. It is as though the evolution from Romanesque through Gothic into the Ren-

(*Continued on page* 65)

—*Pix.*

Brazil's Brasilia—There are no more replicas of the Baths of Caracalla in the travel business. You can be balconied and bedded in Bali, Brasilia, or Bimini with equal ease.

—*London Daily Express.*

Las Vegas by Night—The planners trying to predict what will happen to resorts have trouble estimating the size of the mobile masses and what has to be planned for them.

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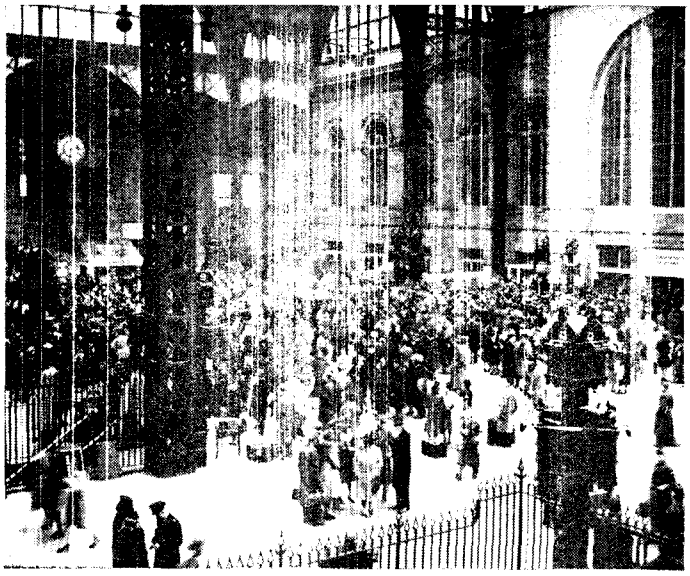
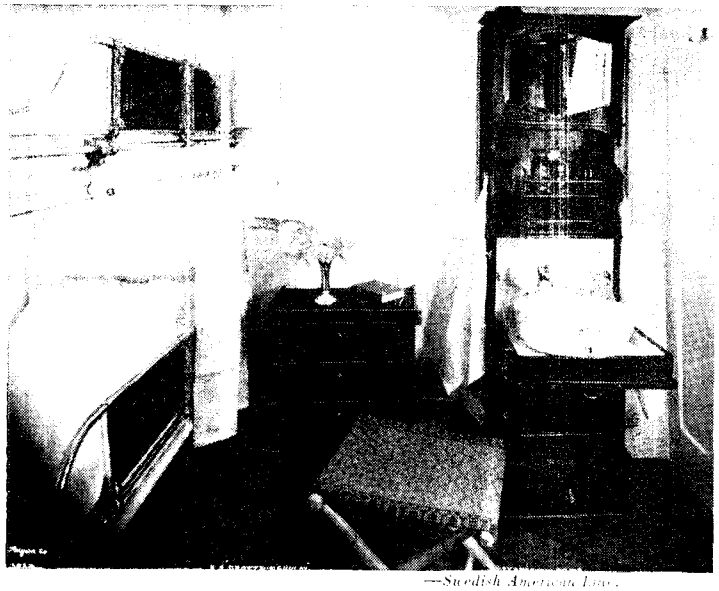


—Author.

Cavernous old Penn Station in New York saw off many a traveler, will now be crowned with new Madison Square Garden.



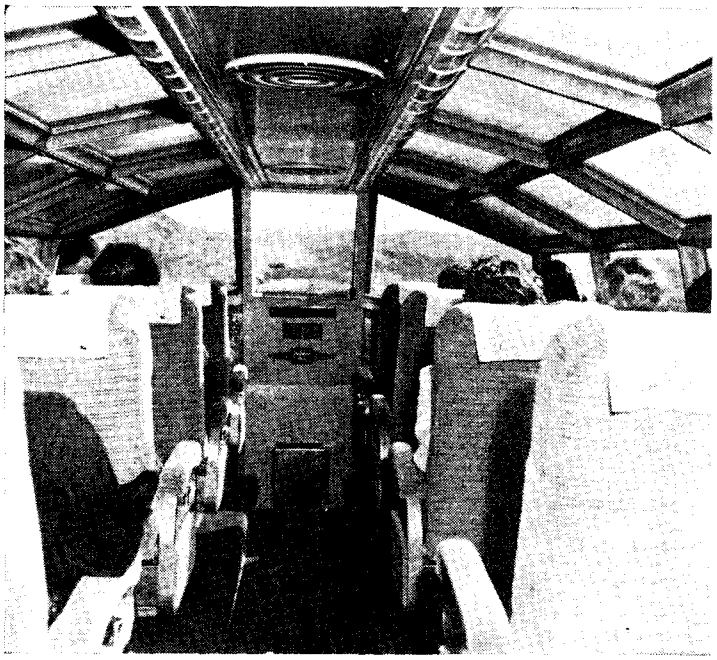
—Swedish American Line.

Polished brass, porcelain bowls were tourist class fixtures on *Drottningholm*, which sailed in 1947, retired next year.

SCRAPBOOK 1947—1967:

—N.Y. Public Library.

After war British put York, converted Lancaster bomber, on London-India route. Hostesses had a military look, too.



—Denver & Rio Grande Western RR.

Vista Domes were a postwar innovation that gave passengers a second-deck perch from which to see America first.

Stairway on Boeing Stratocruiser led to a bar and lounge below.

—N.Y. Public Library.

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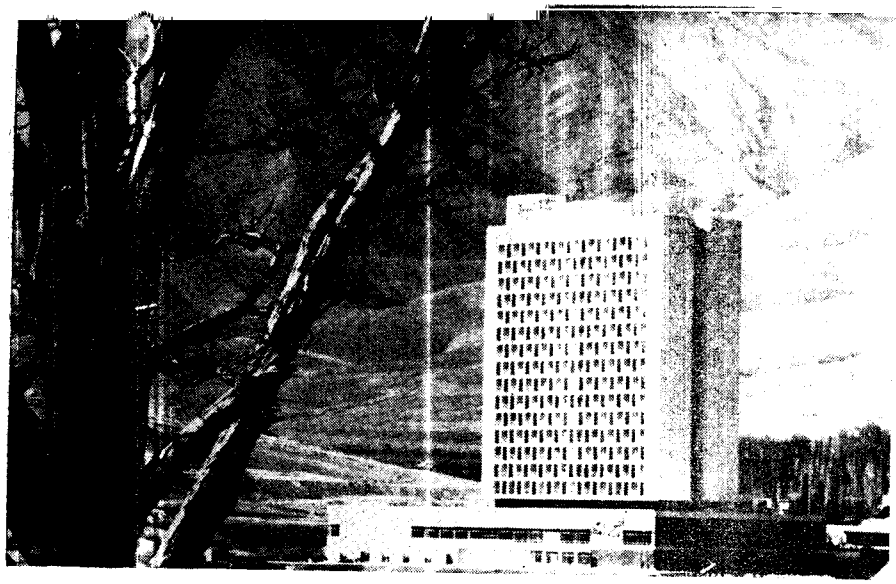


American art of hotel-building and management spread all over world, in this case to the suburbs of Tehran.

—*Braniff International.*

Pucci brought new élan to hostess-wear, even furs for Braniff's northern charter runs to Greenland.

A TRAVELER'S RETROSPECTIVE

Greyhound's "streamlined" bus of Forties.

New model has rest room, theater seating.

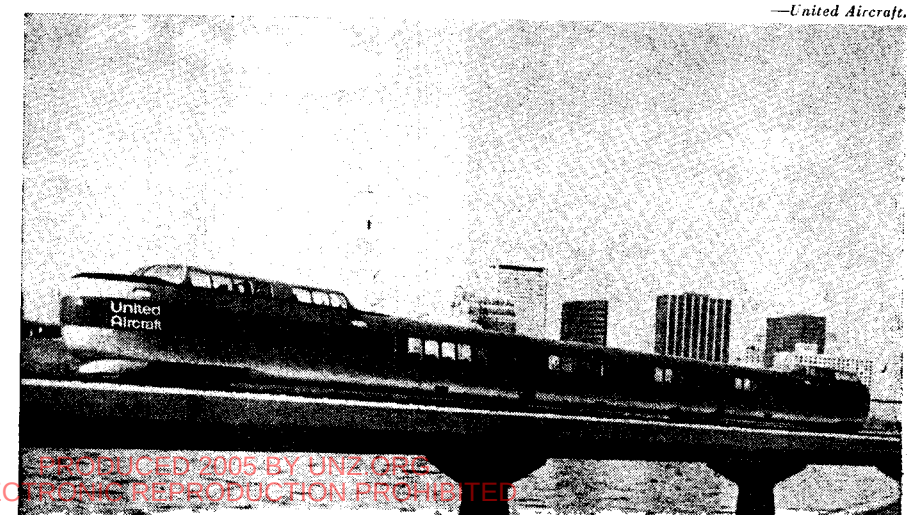
Coming of jets inspired new airports such as handsome terminal at Minneapolis-St. Paul.

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Jets made even Bali a week's vacation.

Fancy things to come include jumbo jets, supersonics, and this Turbo Train due this year.

—*United Aircraft.*



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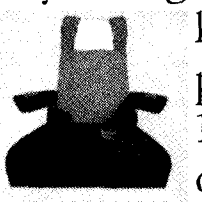

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(BOAC together with Air New Zealand and Qantas, will offer nineteen weekly flights across the Pacific.)

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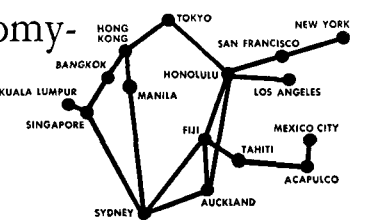
Your Travel Agent can handle all the details smartly.



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British Overseas Airways Corporation has offices in principal cities.

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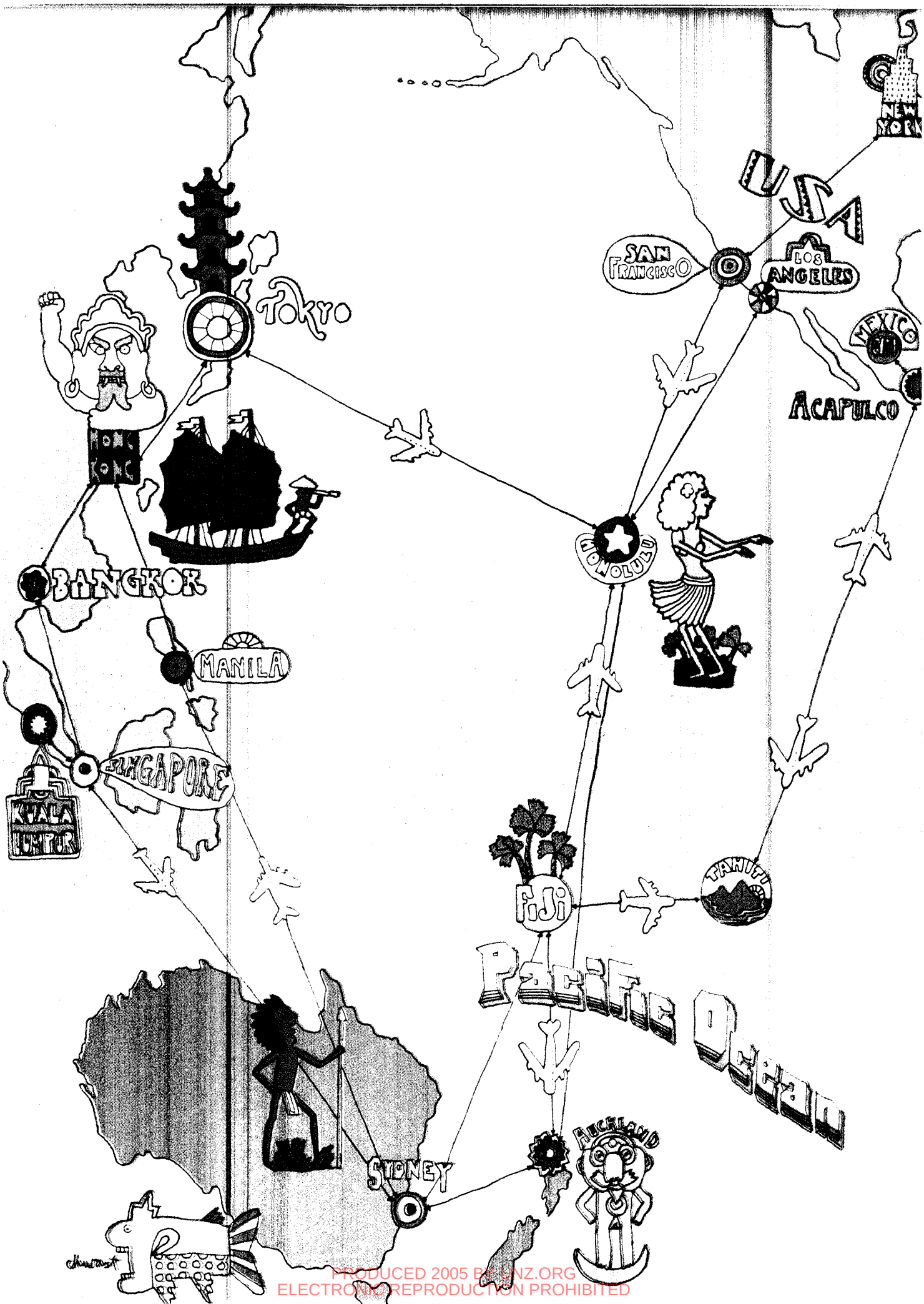

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GM

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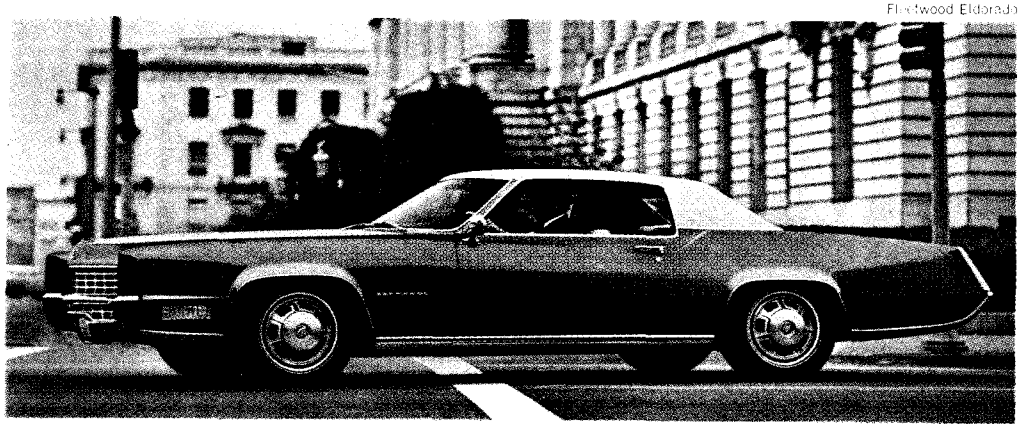
Cadillac Motor Car Division

Fleetwood Eldorado



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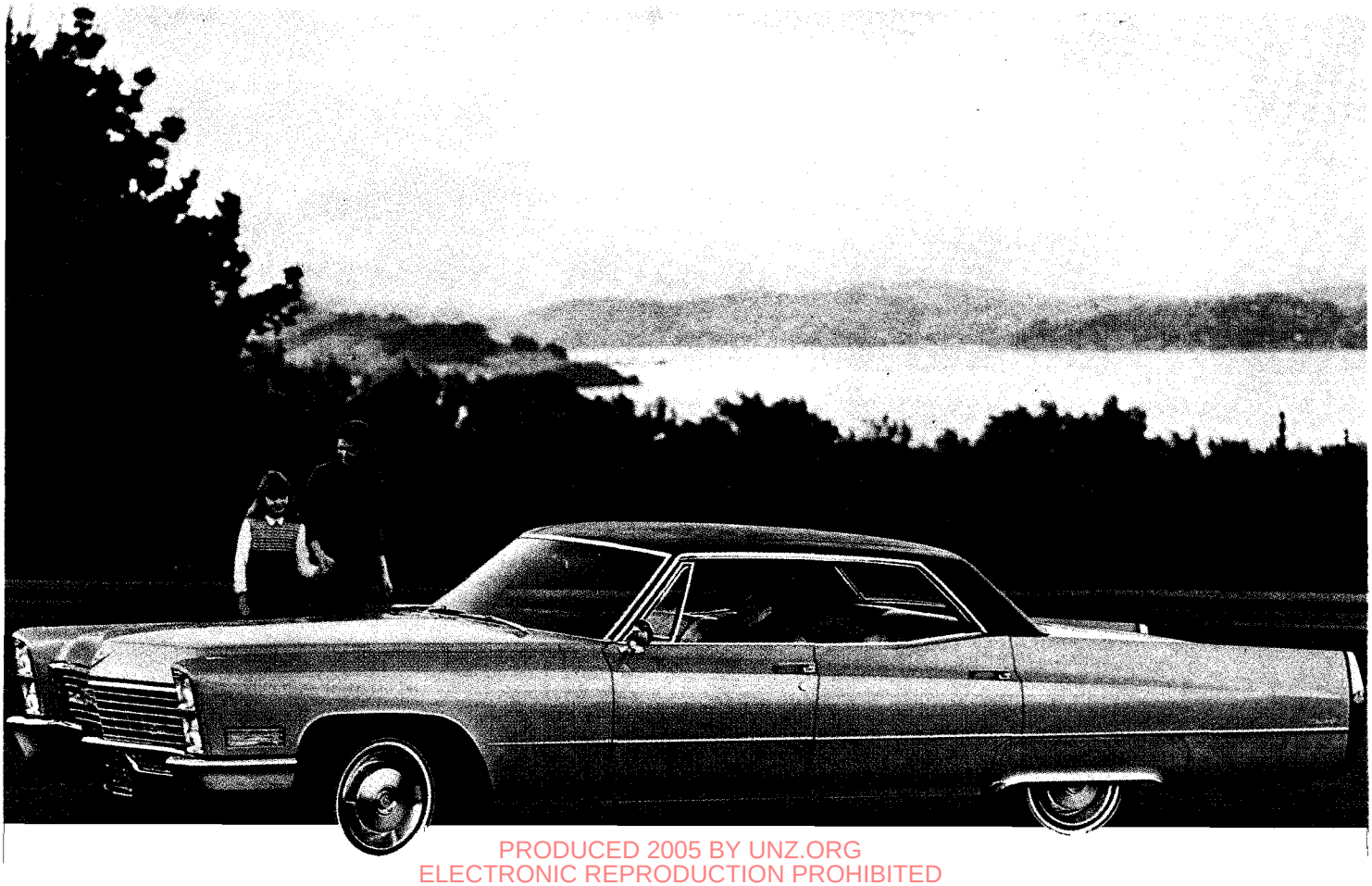
Standard of the World *Cadillac*

Sedan DeVille



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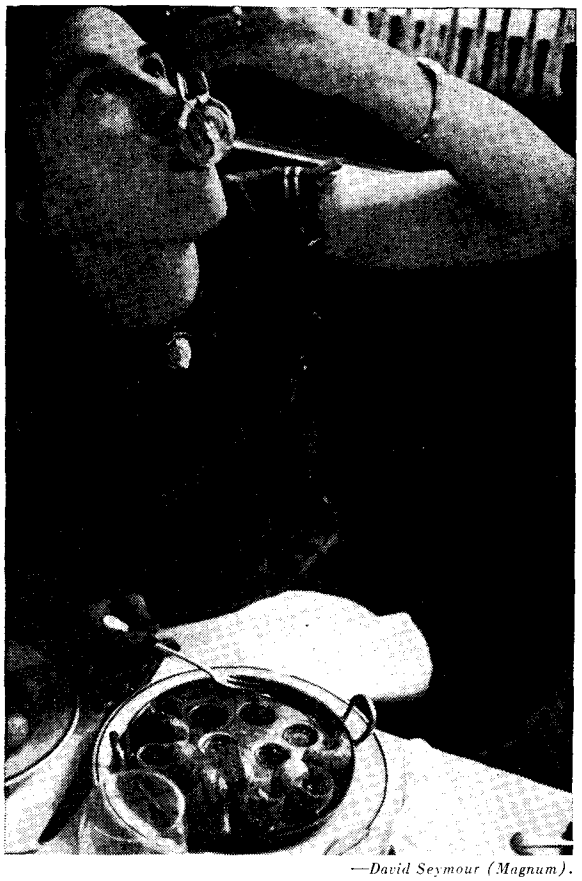

—David Seymour (Magnum).

THE EDUCATION OF THE AMERICAN PALATE

OF MOUSSE AND MENU

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

WHATEVER THE 1950s will one day be called—mad? space-minded? turbulent? – gastronomically they ushered in the Early Renaissance in the American kitchen. One can only hope that social historians dealing with the United States in mid-century will give proper attention to the changing American eating habits. Even a dyspeptic scholar cannot overlook the phenomenon.

Nowadays, when Americans dream of a good meal, it is not necessarily of steak, French fries, and ice cream. It may be *bouillabaisse*, *coq au vin*, and *Apfelstrudel*. Professor Freud, the great dream interpreter, might have had a word for it.

The Gothic Age of American cooking ends with the aftermath of World War II. Millions of American men and women in the U.S. Armed Forces who had been exposed to the shock of foreign cooking all over the world returned home with a pleasant trauma. First, they only thought about it; next, they dared talk about it, though such talk was considered loose and un-American in some McCarthyish circles which considered caviar to be "fish eggs"; and finally, they did something about it: they went back to see whether it had really been as good as it seemed. Usually they would take their spouses along, and maybe the kids, too.

Most of them discovered that it was even better. They returned home with precious addresses of tiny bistros and *brasseries* and *osterias* and *Wirtshaüser* in dark corners, and sometimes they even brought recipes along which they guarded like hot tips on the market. The kitchen was declared off limits to the neighbors and friends while strange rituals took place there. Then, after a few trials and errors, the friends were invited. They thought it was fantastic; some cosmopolitan-minded ones called it *formidable*. Next year *they* went abroad, too, to try these culinary delights. Quietly, a revolution of the American palate was under way. Courageous fighters mounted the barricades of strongly spiced *cuisine provençale*, and when in Rome they tried to eat like the Romans. Foolhardy explorers ordered *Salon-Beuschel* (calf's lungs) in a Viennese joint and came back with tall tales from the whipped-cream-covered Vienna Woods.

This is what travel did to the Americans in the past twenty years, and it's only the beginning. What originally began as a gastronomic expedition of a few Idle Rich and Serious Epicureans has become a widespread phenomenon of mass travel. For travel not only teaches toleration, as Disraeli said, it also teaches a man to eat, and to eat better than before.

The development has been gradual but steady. In the early postwar years Americans in Europe were curious but still diffident. Quite a few went abroad, at considerable expense, and then behaved exactly as if they were home. I remember one evening in 1949, when I was, for the last time, at the Café de Paris, the great restaurant at 41, Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris, which unfortunately today is only a memory. It had once been the hangout of Baudelaire and Balzac, and was managed by Louis Barraya, who educated a whole generation of great French maîtres d'hôtel. (Among his disciples was a young man named Henri Soulé.) The demise of the Café de Paris in 1953 was mourned by affluent epicureans all over the world who remember its *poularde au champagne* and the collection of great clarets, including a legendary Château-Palmer 1875, said to be the greatest vintage of all in Bordeaux.

That night in 1949, a group of Frenchmen at a nearby table ordered *petite marmite*, sent for the chef, and explained to him, in great detail, exactly how they wanted their partridge prepared, glazed, garnished, and served. It took them almost as long to order their meal as it took a group of Americans at another table to eat theirs. They'd had dry Mar-

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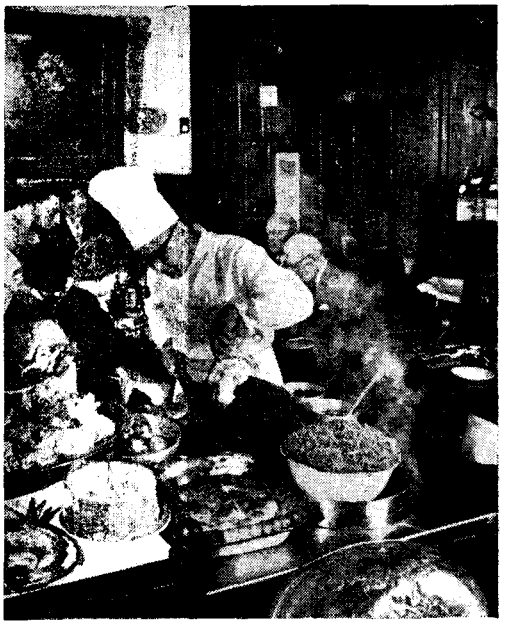


—*BTA.*

London's Cheshire Cheese—A gastronomic expedition became a phenomenon.

tinis, two or three each; they ordered *no wine.* They had caviar, steak with French fries—*"pommes frites, Monsieur,"* said the headwaiter, mentally raising his eyebrows—and peach Melba.

There were many such travelers in those early days. They were afraid of the arrogant headwaiters who gave them an inferiority complex; to overcome their fear they ordered another couple of cocktails and afterward, they chose the first thing that came to their mind. The menus were incomprehensible and no one dared ask any questions; that was not done. Avaricious wine waiters took advantage of these gullible innocents from abroad and sold them their old, expensive bottles that had passed their prime. Local connoisseurs wouldn't take them, of course, but the nice suckers didn't care—after three dry Martinis all clarets taste alike—and afterward they asked for the label and took it to show friends back home.

During the 1950s the gastronomic travel revolution showed its first valid results. Americans in Europe (my observations are restricted to Europe, though they could be easily duplicated elsewhere) began to learn and to understand about food and drink. Curiosity triumphed over *angst;* many realized that ordering is half the fun. They inquired about the house specialties. They began to order simple things which the natives around them ate. They stayed away from the internationalized cuisine which is the same everywhere, and explored local eating habits, simple and honest local wines, and began to learn that in Europe certain things have their season. They tried apricot dumplings during the apricot harvest and game in the fall. Eating is one of the great fascinations of traveling in foreign countries and Americans began to enjoy eating, bless their Puritan souls. It's quite a change and no one knows where it's going to end.

Americans are now beginning to reach the status of respected customers in the great restaurants of Europe. Madame Point, who owns the Restaurant de la Pyramide in Vienne, Isère—perhaps the world's greatest temple of civilized gastronomy—calls Americans "appreciative clients, intelligent and grateful." The enthusiastic letters which she gets from returning American travelers prove it. Today Americans are unafraid of "rich" sauces in a great French restaurant: they've learned that sauces are the glory of French cooking, and that they are not really rich in the best restaurants. They often order things in advance and show up exactly at 1 p.m. for the *poularde à la vapeur d'un pot-au-feu.* Its preparation takes as much effort as producing the first act of Wagner's *Walküre* and a proper Wagnerian wouldn't be late for the first act of *Walküre,* either. On the menu of La Tour d'Argent in Paris it says, "the great cuisine demands much time." Americans in a hurry now go to the nearest snack bar for a sandwich. (While Americans now go for *cuisine* instead of plain cooking, Europeans have enthusiastically accepted snack bars, tomato juice, hamburgers, club sandwiches, and Cokes.)

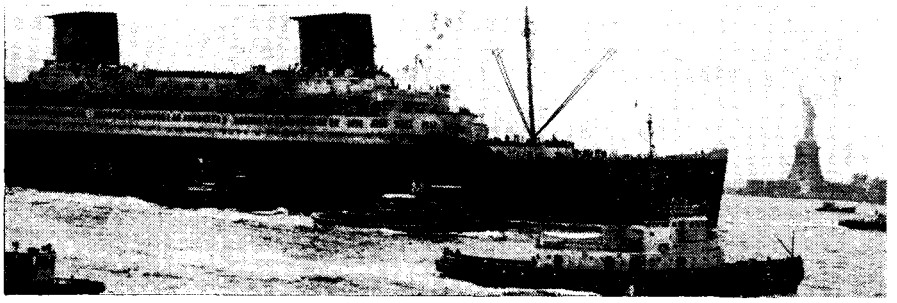
THESE days, the consensus among my friends who run some of the great restaurants and hotels in Europe is that Americans have become serious customers. *"Ils s'y connaissent,"* says Roger Topolinski of Lapérouse—they know what they want. Even Californians no longer order their salad as an hors d'oeuvre. And, *mirabile dictu,* they no longer smoke between the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses* and the *perdreaux en casserole.*

Fifteen years ago, the only white horse an American knew was on the label of a whisky bottle. Today he knows not only the white Lipizzaner horses of Vienna's Court Riding School and the Weisses Rössl of Wolfgangsee, but even Château Cheval Blanc in St. Emilion. He no longer orders "white wine" with his steak. Alexis Lichine, the author of *Wines of France* (an "expert among experts," according to Alfred Knopf), who observed the postwar evolution of Americans' knowledge of wines, believes that many first progressed from sweeter white wines to drier ones, gradually discovered red wines, then ventured from full-bodied Burgundies and young Beaujolais to the mysteries of delicate old clarets, "perhaps the highest enjoyment of wine drinking." Knowledgeable Americans have learned that some wines don't travel, and wisely drink their Beaujolais while in France, preferably from carafes. Not bad for people who twenty years ago didn't know *mon amour* from "Saint Amour," a lovely Beaujolais.

ALL this, and more, intelligent travel has done to the American palate. In the United States the culinary revolution has had far-reaching results. Some airlines have put on special flights catered by the "21" Club (American Airlines), while others have hired Swiss chefs (Braniff) or developed some ersatz arrangements with Maxim's (Pan American). Food is the great divider aboard an airplane, and many airlines try to make that "inflight meal" an event that leaves a more pleasant aftertaste than even the smile of the well-assembled stewardess. Nowadays Americans take certain boats because they love the food aboard. The French, the Italians, the Dutch, and the Germans have done well with the epicurean formula. The food budget aboard the French Line's *France,* probably the best cuisine afloat, is said to be only 10 per cent of the overhead—so why not make the best of it? (Will epicures ever forget the *Liberté*?)

The silent revolution of the American palate has infected even the majority of Americans who never went abroad. They overcome their frustrations by buying cookbooks—everything from *The Seducer's Cookbook* to underwater cooking (the *Larousse Gastronomique* was even a best seller!)—looking at their favorite TV chef, exploring foreign-style restaurants and exotic dishes. Their gustatory horizons now reach far beyond Mr. Johnson's (Howard, that is) twenty-eight flavors. Americans have learned that foreign food doesn't have to be heavy, undercooked, or overspiced; that simple dishes can be fine, provided they

(*Continued on page* 64)



—*Wide World.*

***Le Liberté* in New York—The former *Europa* in French hands was considered by epicureans one of the best French restaurants of the early postwar days.**

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mad bad London

ARISTOCRATIC RESTAURANTS

Tiberio, 22 Queen St. Lavish Italian. Lunch and dinner.

The Empress, 15 Berkeley St. Grand in the style of the Twenties. Lunch and dinner.

Caprice, Arlington House, Arlington St. Showy and theatrical. Lunch and dinner.

White Tower, 1 Percy St. The best Greek restaurant in London (and possibly the world). Lunch and dinner.

Etoile, 30 Charlotte St. Perhaps the most superb French food in London. Lunch and dinner.

MORE PLACES TO DINE

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place. Quiet distinction and some English reserve. Lunch and dinner.

Ritz, Piccadilly. The prettiest dining room in London. Lunch and dinner.

Fung Tse Yuan, 133 Wembley Park Drive. Authentic. A very Chinese experience. Lunch and dinner.

Wilton's, 27 Bury St. Very good food, wine and service. And especially nice for taking a pretty girl. Lunch and dinner.

The Garden, 9 Henrietta St., near Covent Garden. Black bricks, wood and very good food. Lunch and dinner.

La Parra, 163b Draycott Ave. Spanish food with original twists. Dinner only.

Trattoria Terrazza, Romilly St. Still chic, despite fickle swinging London. Lunch and dinner.

DINING AND DANCING

Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate. The food is good; the show can vary. Dinner from 7:30 pm, cabaret at 9:30 pm.

The Society, 40 Jermyn St. Robin Douglas-Home plays the piano tunefully every night from 8 pm until midnight. And there's a cabaret at midnight. 5:30 pm to 3:30 am.

The Beachcomber, The May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square. Worth a visit if only to see the real alligators. Lots of rum drinks. Open 6:30 pm to 1:30 am. The thunder starts at about 9:30 pm.

PUBS

Black Friar. Queen Victoria Street. Its history goes back to 1278. Bizarre furnishings. Tiny private bar for two.

George and Vulture. Castle Court, Lombard Street. Pick your own chop or steak. Beer in silver tankards.

George. Borough High Street, Southwark. Split level bars. Actors, taxi drivers and bright young things come here.

Grapes. Narrow Street, Limehouse. 16th Century pub with balcony above the Thames.

Chelsea Potter. King's Road. A bright mixture of artists and would-be bohemians. The landlord boasts the largest range of drinks in London.

PUBS BY THE RIVER

The Ship, Thames Bank, Mortlake is right on the river and where the boat race finishes.

London Apprentice, Isleworth, Middlesex is at least 500 years old.

Walpole House, Chiswick Mall a favorite of Thackeray.

City Barge, Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick. Part of the pub is Elizabethan.

DISCOTHEQUES

Annabel's, 44 Berkeley Square. For rich tourists and beautiful girls. Quality food. Open 6:30 pm to 3 am.

Sibylla's, 9 Swallow St. Five months open and hasn't stopped spinning yet. Beatle George Harrison owns a part of this. You must book. Unfussy food. Open 10:30 pm to 5 am.

Blaise's, 121 Queens Gate. Live groups, records, visiting artists and roulette and blackjack in another room. Open from 9 pm to 2:30 am.

LE JAZZ HOT

Ronnie Scott's, 27 Frith St. One of the best jazz clubs in the world. Just the right amounts of music, good food, comfort and gloom. Open 8:30 pm to 3 am.

Marquee, 90 Wardour St. Young, crowded and swinging. Open 7:30 pm to 11 pm.

CABARETS

Raymond's Revuebar, Brewer St. Typically English.

Whisky à Gogo, 33 Wardour St. Tues. nights are the undressy nights.

CLOTHES

Henry Poole and Company. Historic, aristocratic, secretive and traditionally Edwardian. $250 and up for a suit.

H. Huntsman and Sons. The most expensive tailor in London. $1,000 for a vicuna coat.

Hawes and Curtis. Prince Philip shops here.

Anthony Sinclair. Who dresses James Bond alias Sean Connery.

Dougie Millings. Makes clothes that hug the body. The Beatles' for instance. $250 for a suit.

Hung On You. A trailblazer. Combination of Edwardian elegance with the sensuality of the thirties.

UMBRELLAS, WALKING STICKS, HUNTING WHIPS.

Swaine, Adeney, Brigg and Sons Ltd.

BETTER BOUTIQUES

Biba. Top Gear. Maxine Leighton. The Carrot on Wheels.

THRIFT SHOPS

Granny Takes A Trip. The visually exotic. Tatty, swish or imaginative.

SECOND HAND STUFF

Christie's. Sotheby's. For valuable furniture and art.

Portobello Road. For Victorian hand-me-down fashions.

MODS AND BIRDS

Pubs, coffee houses, boutiques and miniskirted Mods and birds in full flight in the King's Road, Chelsea.

BOATS AND GIRLS

Best place for watching boats is at locks: Richmond toward Kew; Teddington Lock. Lower Ham Road, Kingston-on-Thames is a good place to watch sailing.

THE ZOO

At Regent St. north end of Regent's Park. Look for aviary designed by Lord Snowdon.

WALLACE COLLECTION

In between going, this enchanting mansion in Manchester Square has seats for sitting down. And Fragonards and Bouchers to look at.

WAXWORKS

Madame Tussaud's. Madame measures a famous figure for an effigy while he is still alive. Afterward, retreat next door to the placid Planetarium.

THEATRES

Lots to choose from. See any London newspaper. Don't miss the National Theatre Company which used to be the Old Vic. Now a repertory company for Olivier and his talented group.

COMPLEAT MONTHLY THEATRE GUIDE FROM AIR-INDIA

Pick up a copy from your travel agent or call or write Air-India, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

TELETOURIST

For a selection of events of the day in and around London, pronounced in English, French, German or Spanish, ring ASK 9211, ASK 9311, ASK 9411 or ASK 9511, respectively.

WEATHER

Ring WEA 2211. And off you go.

PEACE

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**based on jet economy tour basing fare which requires that 15 people be in the group. We'll supply the other 14, if you can't.*

Go marvelous, exotic, experienced, unique Air-India and change your whole scene.

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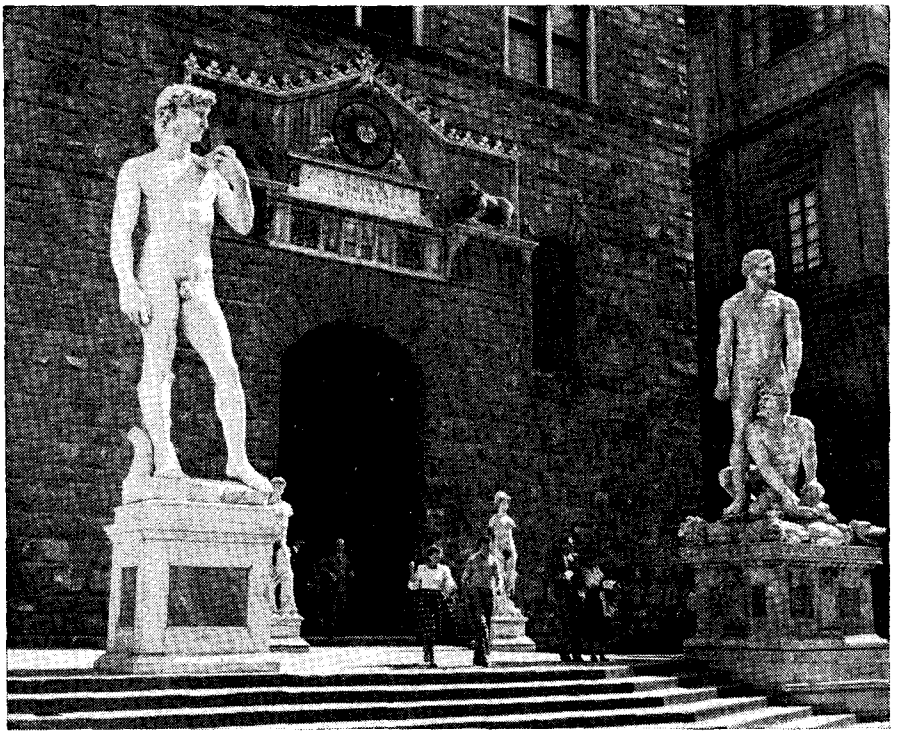

—H.S.

Florence in the sun—"You don't have to see a single painting, nor Michelangelo's *Moses*, nor *David* unless you want to."

TWENTY YEARS OF TRAVEL WRITING

MICHELIN, BAEDEKER, OR BUST

By PAUL J. C. FRIEDLANDER

THERE IS no joy in travel books today. No joy, no bounce, no enthusiasm, no adventure, no excitement. It is so terribly, terribly difficult now, this business of traveling for pleasure, of being a stranger in what should be an excitingly strange land. If one follows the guidebook authors, there is so much one must do in preparation for being a tourist, there are so many pitfalls waiting over there, so many dangerous foreigners lying in wait to take advantage of the unknowing American tourist—to snatch his passport, to cheat him in the addition of his *l'addition*, to shortchange the exchange of his traveler's checks, to do him dirt out of plain orneriness—that you sometimes wonder why anyone ever bothers to get up out of bed and go out to the airport or down to the North River and leave these sanitized English-speaking shores.

Unless, of course, he or she or even you has put up $5.95 or $6.95, the going prices for the standard-size guidebook that will reveal all the deadfalls and show the clean-cut American tourist how to triumph. (If you feel like going first class, one of the latest of the specialized guides lists at $7.50). For that much money, you could get a fine meal in a two-star *Guide Michelin* ($4.50) restaurant in Paris, and might even have a small wine with it. But you wouldn't have a know-it-all guidebook to send you slinking through Europe shifty-eyed and frightened to death lest Mack the Ripper or Lon Chaney in that old hunchback's costume leap out from behind the next pillar box.

Horace Sutton asked me to cast my own shifty eyes back over an aging shoulder across twenty-one years of editing a travel section and watching the guidebooks come out each year a week or so after the first crocuses and a few days before the first tulips. That way you catch the future traveler on his way home from the Passport Office, and his friends anxiously shopping for a bon voyage present, but not too expensive.

This will be, then, a squinty-eyed view—overview is the way the pedagogues might put it—of what has been happening in the travel book business since World War II. I hate to sound crotchety and its gets tiresome reporting that things are not what they used to be but, alas! in the field of travel-book writing as, even more alas!! in the manufacture of fiction and even nonfiction so-called literature, it is true. The amount of good writing of good English being produced today in all branches of what must now be called the literary game shrinks week by week (that is the way the best sellers are measured, week by week). Today's contemporary writing is as debased as some of the nonsensical stuff being produced by the *haute couture* game, and this decline in quality is equally evident in travel-book writing.

For once a society begins to debase its taste, or to permit it to be debased by a self-appointed bunch of synthetic Ciceros, this dissolution of standards spreads like a cold virus in a crowded Lexington Avenue subway car. Pretty soon even those writers who do not believe that hippie-talk and hippie-think are the living end find their style being diluted by exposure and by the prevailing bad taste of their editors; let us here say nothing of the salesmen who want a book they can hum and a song with a beat they can peddle to the lowest denominator. The decline and fall of good writing and good taste on Broadway help apply old Gresham's law to writing: the four-letter wordies are driving out those who still practice the writing of English for the theater, for fiction, and for nonfiction—including travel guidebooks—and let us not sully our hearts with the awful things that have been happening to the short story in America.

Once upon a time when people resumed traveling on their own, not on military orders, and the world was busy opening up, and there was joy and excitement in the prospect of crossing the sea in a ship, or flying to Gander and across to Shannon and thence to London or Paris or Rome and to all those exotic countries we had for so long longed to visit in the quiet and comfort of peacetime—in that once upon a time there was joy and the promise of new horizons and exciting new places in the guidebooks. There was, there had to be, the hard core of solid information the tourist required—the visas and vaccinations, the currency limitations and how one could beat inflation by dabbling in a gentlemanly way in the black market; how to handle the business of buying cashmeres and china in England without paying a 100 per cent purchase tax; and how dollars and travelers checks could be made to pay more than their way in perfumes and gloves whose prices in skyrocketing francs and lira were prohibitive even to the comparatively rich American.

But before and after this essential information, one could capture the potential joy of being a visitor in a strange

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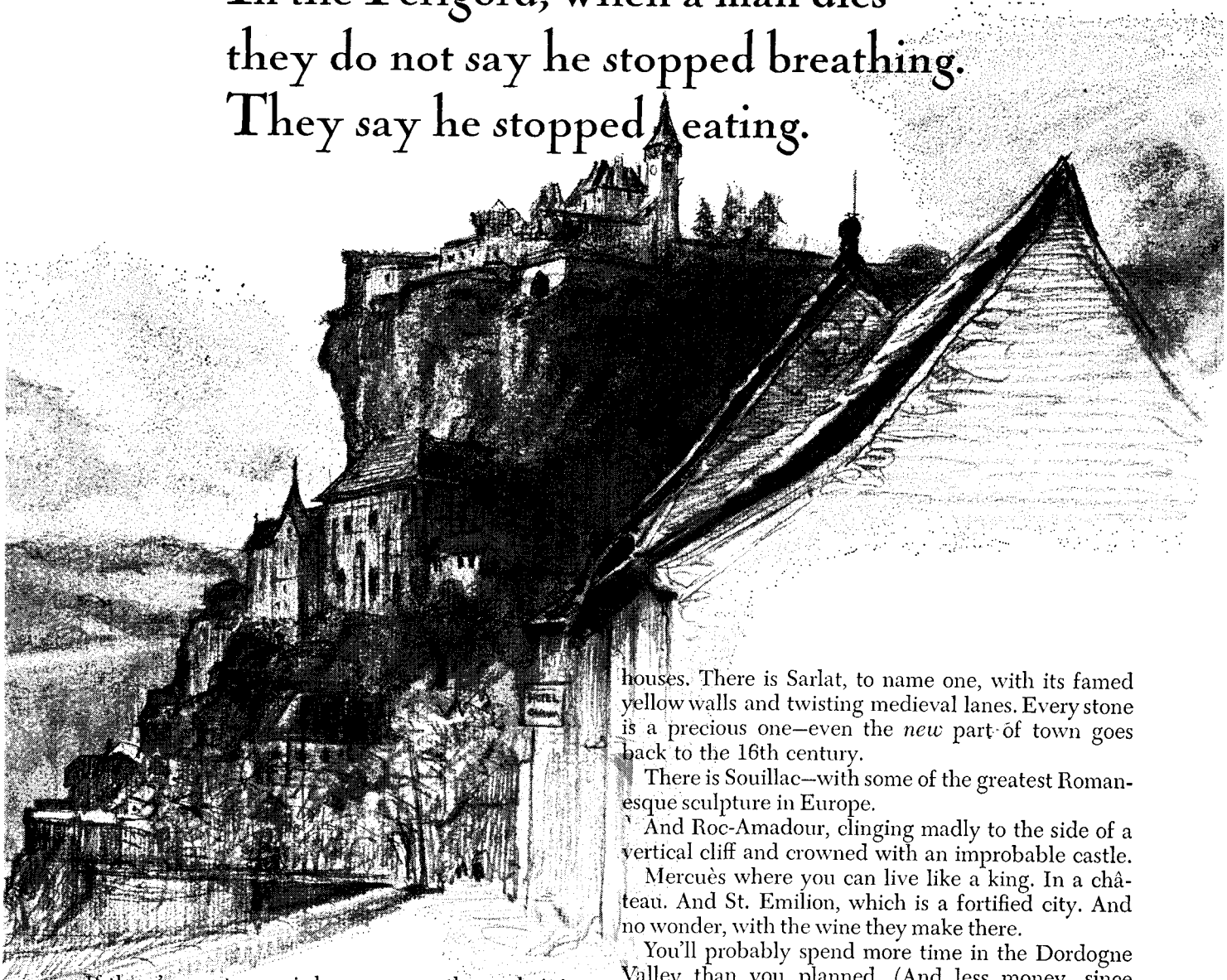
In the Périgord, when a man dies they do not say he stopped breathing. They say he stopped eating.



If there's a gastronomic heaven on earth, surely it is in the Périgord.

Here, those two bastions of French cuisine—the goose liver and the truffle—are employed both separately and together with incomparable results.

This blessed region of France, in the heart of the Dordogne Valley, is bounded on the North by *Tournedos Rossini*, as cooked in Brantôme. On the South by *Volaille Beynac*, as served in Beynac. West by *Suprêmes de Dinde* in Périgueux, and East by *Fonds d'artichauts au foie gras* in Souillac.

The danger of a stay in the Périgord (you should always be in such danger) is that you'll be rendered hors de combat by the cooking. Unable to move. Stuffed as the goose they stuff so superbly.

This would be too bad. Some of France's most enchanting country is in the Dordogne area.

The Dordogne River, in the course of its timeless travels, has carved its way through towering limestone cliffs, pitting the sides with caves. They were put to good use by our prehistoric ancestors, judging from the pictorial evidence on the walls.

The entire valley is one great color slide after another. Ancient fortresses brood over lush farmlands. Old towns conceal their treasures behind crumbling houses. There is Sarlat, to name one, with its famed yellow walls and twisting medieval lanes. Every stone is a precious one—even the *new* part of town goes back to the 16th century.

There is Souillac—with some of the greatest Romanesque sculpture in Europe.

And Roc-Amadour, clinging madly to the side of a vertical cliff and crowned with an improbable castle.

Mercuès where you can live like a king. In a château. And St. Emilion, which is a fortified city. And no wonder, with the wine they make there.

You'll probably spend more time in the Dordogne Valley than you planned. (And less money, since prices are happily reasonable.)

If you're driving down from Paris, you might come by way of Orléans and Tours. This will give you a taste of what the Loire Valley is like, with its storybook châteaux asleep in the gentle, golden landscape.

On second thought, maybe you'd better not come this way. You might never make it to the Périgord.

(For what to eat and see in the Périgord, write French Government Tourist Office, Department R7, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. Other offices in Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE

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land. One was led to believe that a sidewalk *aperitivo* in a small village piazza, or the Via Veneto, if you insist, or a devilishly wild afternoon bowl of *fraises des bois* on the Champs Elysées could be far enough removed from an afternoon in Peyton Place, New Hampshire, to be relaxingly exciting. And it was, and it still is today, when everything is supposed to swing. One read then of far-off places and one wanted to pack up and go there and just *be* there.

In today's crop of travel books, I find little of this excitement, little of this sense of participating in a wonderful experience, of expanding the soul by visiting a foreign land and sampling the simple pleasures and the different customs of our cousins and allies and former enemies. Instead, the authors lay down a regimen of preparation and later of travel that is strictly outlined; deviations therefrom are at your own peril. The rigid path leads from the Passport Office to the ritual of suitcase-packing and how many face creams you should carry. The itinerary is planned for the primary purpose of shopping at the right boutique, and don't forget to mention the guidebook's author, you'll get a discount; for the purpose of getting your hair done at the "in" hairdresser, for God forbid you should walk around London with a single strand of unlacquered hair. Incidentally, there is almost no advice for the male traveler, since travel-book writers and editors are hipped on the idea that only females travel outward from the United States and the males that do go are along merely as excess baggage for those fiercely dominant females. At the opposite pole of these misguided "in" authors and authoresses are the slumlords of tourism who carry no more than a raveled rucksack and scorn those who patronize hotels with inside plumbing and who occasionally wash their feet and hair. There has to be a middle point, where most of us live, between the overwashed and overcoiffured, and the underwashed and shaggy.

The point is that the travel guiders are deeply in error when they insist that you simply must, my dears, carry an introduction to Saskatchewan or whoever is the current favorite hairdresser of the two dozen or so people who constitute the "jet set" in London (I figure the jet set in New York runs to about sixty-four people, not all of whom are paying their own way, and including some of their press agents). Alternatively, the authors err if they insist the only way you can really, honestly, my dear, rub shoulders and flanks with *the people* is by stopping in a garret-style hotel up over an empty lot on the Upper Left Bank.

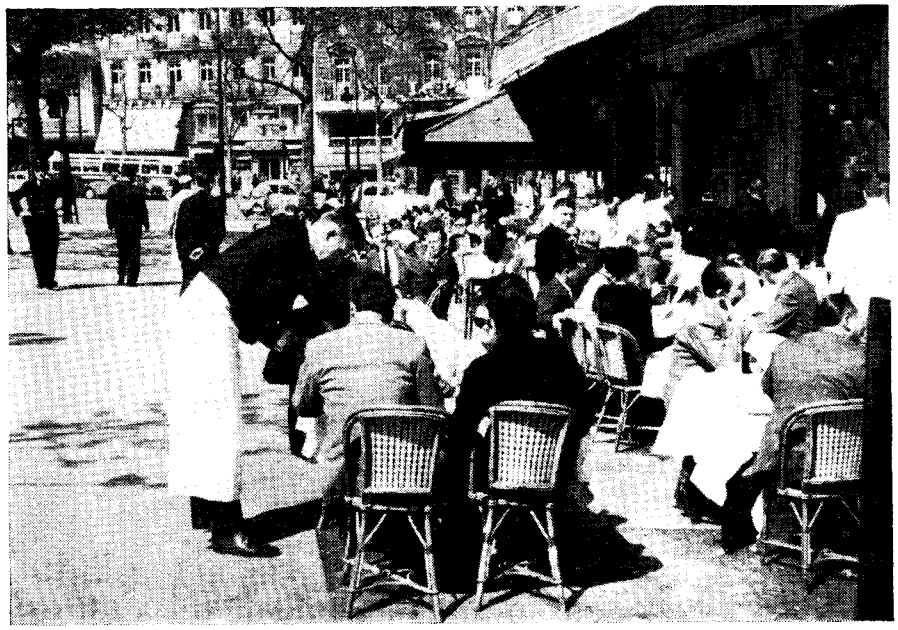
I would prefer to see them start out with this more honest premise: It is going to cost you more to travel than it does to stay home. If you are planning to go to Europe or Japan or shop in Hong Kong or even to visit the South Rubber Boot, Iowa, branch of your family in order to save money, forget it and stay home. If you want to travel to see the world, then let's go happily and enthusiastically. But, unless you normally devote most of your evenings to sitting around nightclubs in your hometown, skip those chapters about spending half a day in a beauty parlor in some foreign capital, getting primped up to spend a lot of money and a long evening in a nightclub, where the Princess sometimes stops by on her way back to the Palace from Lord So-and-so's yacht.

One must read the current travel books with a big grain of salt, sprinkling it liberally on the night-life sections and also on the art and culture pages. I know many of the authors and I would not normally look for them on a Saturday afternoon in the Egyptian Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; I don't spend much time there, either. So I would like to see them sometime drape a friendly arm over their readers and counsel thus: "You don't have to check off personally every cathedral, you don't have to see a single painting, nor Michelangelo's *Moses* nor his *David* unless you want to. You prefer to play golf? There are some great golf courses here and there and elsewhere. You prefer to do something else? Then do it and enjoy yourself."

A modest trend in this right direction has been developing in the past couple of years in the increasing number of specialized guidebooks. There are books compact in size and scope that enumerate and evaluate the art treasures of the different continents; there are books for the sportsmen that recommend golf courses and other manly pastimes; there are yachtsmen's guides to fair harbors and affiliation with local yacht clubs. These play an extremely important role in the guide bookshelf because the all-encompassing, all-purpose, all-interest books are getting so big that their deterrent isn't any longer their inflated costs so much as it is their sheer weight and burdensomeness.

The first of all these specialized guides —the *Michelin Guide to France*—is the most highly specialized book of all, and in its field it is still far and away the very best. If you haven't already done so, try it some cold winter evening for armchair reading with a bottle of Napoleon at your elbow and a nice fire crackling. It is great fun, for you are flipping through not only the pages of an excellent traveling companion but also the suddenly revived recollections of great meals, and some possibly not so great, and the anticipation of greater ones to come. Translating *Michelin*'s symbols equals the challenge of a crossword puzzle, and mouthing the *specialités* of the house is a fine private way to practice one's French and to stimulate the salivary glands.

The 1967 *Michelin* recognizes the facts of tourist life in a most practical and intelligent way. The Guide advises its readers: "To find moderate-priced hotels and restaurants, follow the red dot." A solid red dot preceding the town or city name indicates "Towns with hotel where the maximum pension rate is 30 francs ($6)." A red circle indicates "Towns with hotel or restaurant



—*H.S.*

Spring comes to Fouquet's—"a devilishly wild afternoon bowl of *fraises des bois* on the Champs Elysées . . . . One wanted to pack up and just *be* there."

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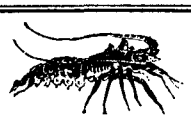

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20–22.30 h	**Romeo und Julia** Ballett nach William Shakespeare Musik von Serge Prokofieff	
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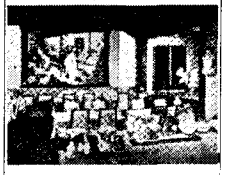

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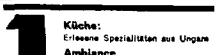

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offering menus for 10 francs ($2) at the maximum." If a *Michelin* inspector says a 30-franc room or a $2 dinner is acceptable to him, I'm willing to trust my bones and what's left of my stomach to his judgment. I cannot say as much for other purveyors of printed tourismus judgments. Nor can I offer a litmus paper test to measure in advance the veracity, integrity, and practicality of these volumes. The *emptor* can only *caveat* and use the judgment of a normally prudent man in applying his Cicero's advice.

Incidentally, female travel writers often advise other females to carry a book when they go down to a lonely dinner in the hotel dining room. Pick the book carefully, they suggest, because its title and author may lead to conversation, etc., with a lone male diner of similar literary inclination. Recently, I published among the letters to the travel editor of *The New York Times* a communication from a woman who said she had done just that: she had placed her *Guide Michelin* beside her plate; the man at the next, separate table had placed his *Guide Michelin* beside his plate. Their eyes had met, they had met, and four months later they were married, and one of the reasons she wrote was to say, "Was that ever a mistake!" Wrong book, probably.

You can easily be led to the wrong book by the Madison Avenue titling of some of the new books, which pretend to be pointed specifically for tourists of one particular interest or even of one sex. Often this overspecialization is confined to the sales pitch, and the insides of the book, after the introductory remarks, read like all the other guidebooks. This is not true, incidentally, of *Maiden Voyages,* a most unusual travel book hot off the presses under the authorship of a woman friend of *SR* readers—Book Review Editor Rochelle Girson. It is subtitled "A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler," and it is that, since Miss Girson scatters her ammunition and anecdotes and her bright and abrupt words of advice as if she were fresh back from over there and effervescing about her travels over a bottle of the local wine.

There are some very serious and valid objections to be filed against another trend in contemporary travel-book authorship. That is the attempt to be one of the boys, to expand the printed leer almost into the four-letter words, and to peddle the theory, which I have never yet seen substantiated and which, as a full-blooded American male I resent, that one of the principle reasons for people to travel in foreign countries is s-e-x. I think it is fair enough to inform the reader that most of those young ladies strolling around the streets of Paris have motives ulterior to fresh air and exercise. I see no harm in telling those that are interested that it used to be traditional that some of the prettiest of these women used to congregate on Rue Caumartin, just down the street from the Paris offices of *The New York Times* and the Chase Manhattan Bank. But there is no need to snigger when you discuss such interesting phenomena.

—*Italian Gov't. Tourist Office.*

Doney's on the Via Veneto—A sidewalk *aperitivo* could be far enough removed from New Hampshire.

There is, by the way, a new guide to London, published over yonder last year and recently in an American edition, *The London Spy,* which tacitly supports my argument against books and writers who snigger. *London Spy* is the work of twenty-eight contributors, each theoretically an expert on his part of London, and it concentrates on the "pleasures of London." Its editor notes: "Pleasure is a personal thing, so the aspects of London dealt with here are dealt with personally. . . . We've gone more for the pleasures which haven't been charted before—from sex to sermons." A highly specialized book!

THE spy title comes from a guidebook first published in London in 1703 and written by Ned Ward, landlord of the King's Head Tavern. The book runs 296 pages and lists for $6. Now, of these 296 pages, 209 through 220 are devoted to the "London Prostitutes" (the chapter heading). The spy book gives "Homosexual London" the full treatment from pages 221 to 230. "Lesbian London" starts on page 231 and runs through most of page 238. Gambling in London requires two sections, pages 115 through half of 162, and 163 through 166. I suppose this is helpful information if this is your cup of tea, and I would not raise an eyebrow if this were published in a special-interest magazine designed for readers devoted to such activity. It does seem rather out of place in what purports to be a general guide to the pleasures of London.

If the experts who did the sections on the Australians in London and the Indian colony in London, and the obviously unknowledgeable who did the bit about the Jews resident in London—if all these had lavished as much sympathy and tender, loving, enthusiastic detail on their subjects as did the homosexual and lesbian authorities, there might be some argument in behalf of this kind of self-conscious guidebookery. One can only conclude that the man who did the Australian section looks upon the Aussie invaders as warmly as the Mississippi Grand Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan does upon the Reverend Martin Luther King. The Indian colony writer did permit his liking for a biting hot curry to warm his point of view.

Now, as the sun starts to set over Brentano's windows, chock-a-block this time of year with an overwhelming assortment of guides to the innermost insides of every place on earth, let us unite in the forlorn hope that the publishers, editors, and authors of travel guidebooks will someday get through their heads that the public they are writing for comprises people who are no more and no less stupid than anyone else, no more and no less naïve than everyone else, no more and no less timid about going out into this not always so brave and lately not so new world. The all-American tourists who carry the house flag of the United States all over the world do, on the whole, a pretty good job of representing their country and the folks they leave behind.

They are spending their own money to travel because they want to. They want to see the world and all the other people in it, to see for themselves how others go about the complicated business of earning a living in *drachmae* and *kroner,* and making a home and buying the groceries and raising a family. So let us travel editors and writers all take a pledge to treat our readers like semi-intelligent people. Remember, if Christopher Columbus had had to take as many preliminary precautions as the reader of the average guidebook is advised to take, neither he nor we would be here today.

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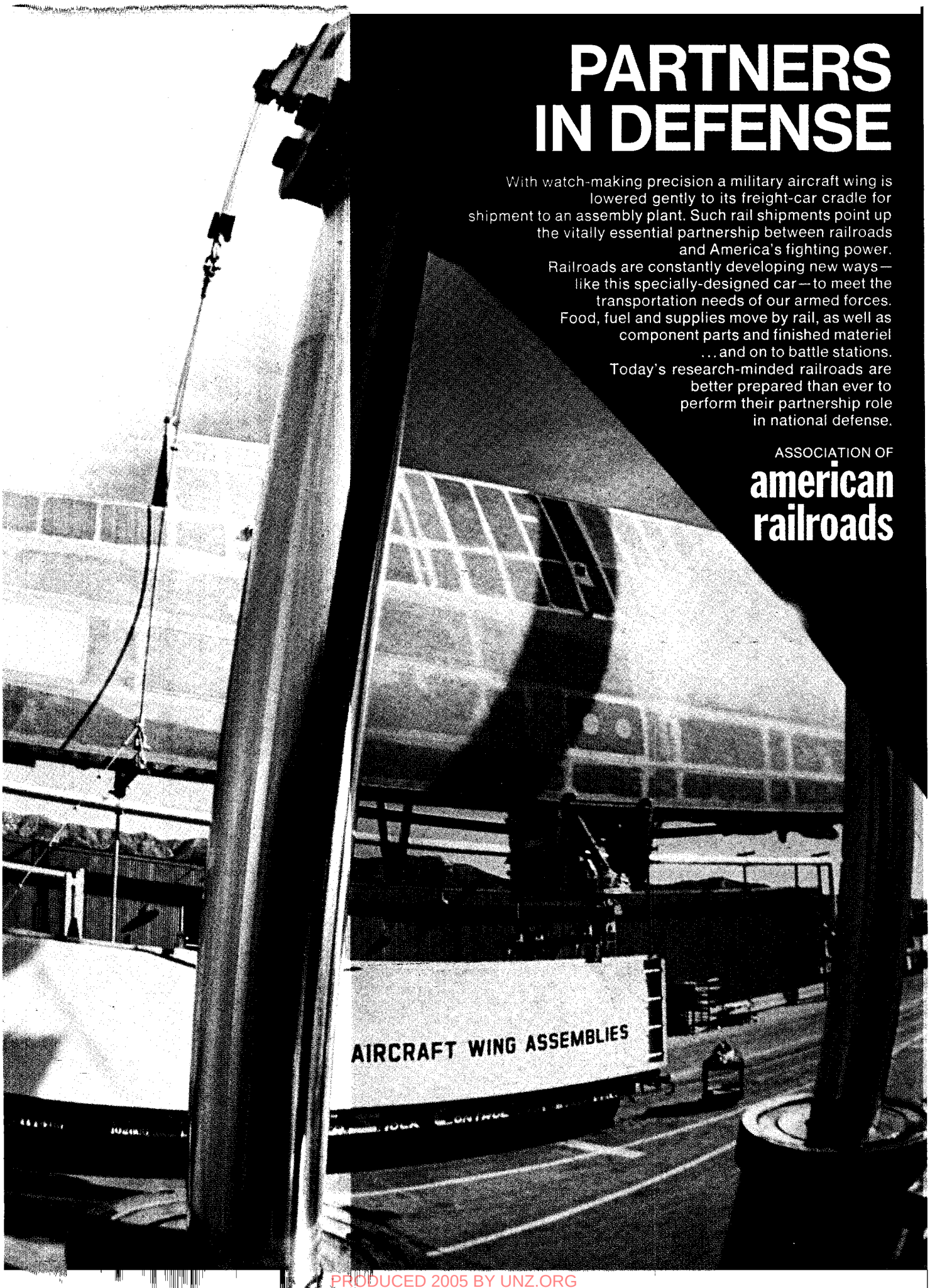

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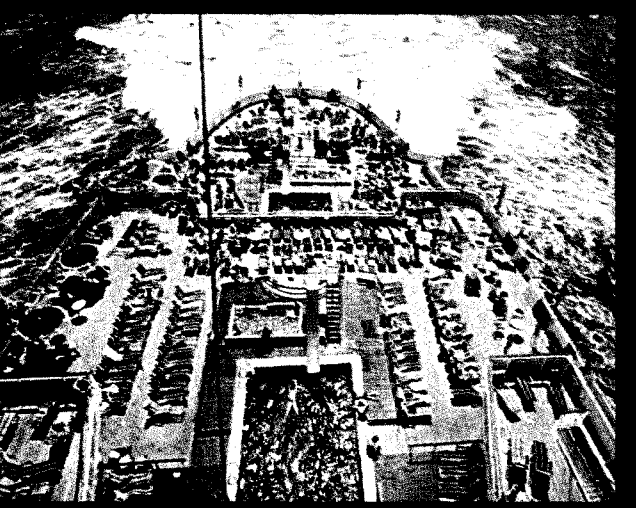

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—*Susan Perl.*

1947—"The British went to Switzerland and blew their £15 currency allowance on cream and chocolate."

THOSE WERE THE YEARS THAT WERE

VETS, JETS, MODS, AND MINIS

By GEOFFREY BOCCA

IN 1947 the slowly emerging tourist business served two quite contrary purposes. The affluent wanted to experience austerity while the deprived sought luxury. The handful of Americans, a tourist sight in themselves with their broad-shouldered suits and cameras in form-fitting leather cases, wanted to see London's bomb damage, especially the devastation which miraculously missed Saint Paul's Cathedral. They wanted to get the feel of a Paris which had endured four years of German occupation. They were not much interested in other places. The British, in contrast, went to Switzerland to luxuriate in a country which knew nothing about war, and blew their £15 foreign-currency allowance on cream and chocolate. Germany was a dead, sealed-off land, a Tibet for civilians, and a private happy hunting ground for Allied soldiers who could enjoy all sorts of favors for a pack of cigarettes (Luckies, Chesterfields, Old Golds) or a bar of chocolate.

By 1967 the situation had turned upside down. The Germans are the tourist despoilers of western Europe. At least 1,400,000 Germans will visit Spain this year, and it will be almost impossible to park next to or near a car that doesn't have a capital "D" on its rear end.

Consider these other differences. In 1947 the tourist who said he was going to Spain was regarded with a certain kind of awe and admiration. It was still an isolated, quasi-enemy land of dangerous Fascists, and fascism was a bad word indeed. The fact, of course, was that the Franco Government was so scared it would not have laid a hand on the most unseemly tourist. In 1967 the Spaniards throw tourists into prison at the drop of a Guardia Civil's patent-leather hat, but the tourists still overwhelm the native culture every summer.

In 1947 Italy was an exhausted, devastated land with a debased currency, and the only American around was Bernhard Berenson. In 1967 the late Mr. Berenson is about the only American not around.

In 1947 Israel did not exist. In 1967 it is yesterday's novelty.

In 1947 there were Butlin's Holiday Camps for the British bourgeoisie. In 1967 a French copy, but with no resemblance whatever to the original, called the Club Méditerranée, offers the most "In" holiday of our times. For extraordinarily low prices—about $600 from New York—one can enjoy a fortnight on the Mediterranean in French holiday villages, everything included. That means the food, the wine, the water-skiing lessons, and even the tips.

The Club Méditerranée was conceived just after the war by a Belgian war hero named Gérard Blitz. In 1947 Frenchmen never took holidays abroad, but were just beginning to want to, so Blitz created his holiday villages in places like Corfu, Sicily, Morocco, and elsewhere. Today Frenchmen spend more money abroad than France earns from tourists. Meanwhile, Butlin's in 1967 is indistinguishable from Butlin's in 1947.

In 1967 car holidays through Eastern Eu-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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THE INS AND OUTS OF A MOBILE AGE

1947—IN

Gin and tonic
Switzerland
Gander
American Airlines Overseas
Shannon

Irish coffee
Brando
Roland Petit
Valpacks
Café National
New Look

Jackie Robinson
Americans
Paris
Island hopping
Butlin Holiday Camps
Chambord

Flying
Magnani
Crew cuts
Evita Peron
Marshall Plan
Miami Beach

Air France
Rita Hayworth
Astrodomes
Tennessee Williams
Dior
Carol Reed

Edinburgh Festival
Cashmere cardigans
Ann Sheridan
Vertès
Judith Anderson
La vie en rose

1947—OUT

Scotch and soda
Germany
Spain
The Riviera
Russia
Italy

Austerity
Gas rationing
Maxim's
Atlantic City
Auto trips
Soap in French hotels

India
South America
Short skirts
Cruises
Black and white shoes
Trunks
Greece

Spam
Henry Wallace
Garbo
De Gaulle
Japan
Legs
GIs

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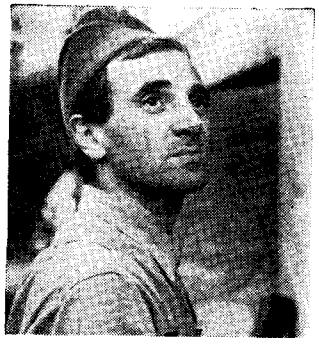
1967—IN

Kir
Sardinia
Camping
Two-suiters
Bulgaria
Italy

Greece
Mod
Club Méditerranée
La Grenouille
Hydrofoils
Vodka Martinis

Caine
Regency Hotel
Soap everywhere
The Redgraves
Hot cloths on planes
Maxim's



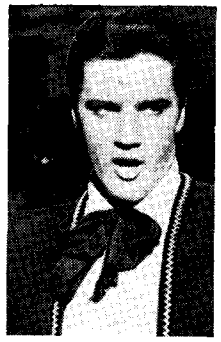
Black and white shoes
Raphael
Aznavour
White stockings
F. Lee Bailey
Acapulco

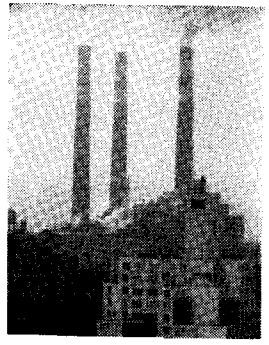
Twiggy
St. Moritz
Julia Child
Knees
California
Hoffa

1967—OUT

Gin and tonic
Israel
Switzerland
Cuba
Albania
Savile Row

Germans
Palace hotels
Majorca
Trains
Bermuda
St. Thomas





Atlantic City
Chewing gum on planes
Lake Placid
Sartre
Peron
Haiti

South America
Car sacks
What's My Line
Café Society
Oleg Cassini
CIA

New Wave
Elvis Presley
Suzy Parker
The Beatles
Con Edison
Dr. Sheppard

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Continued from page 47

rope also are favored by the discerning tourist. They offer a luxury that is dying as ineluctably as the Mayas; easy parking everywhere. The Greek islands will be popular again this summer, as will Ireland. But Majorca, the land of gracious living on no income, has become too expensive. A few daring Americans will want to visit Albania now that the State Department has relaxed its regulations, and the author has a hunch that Cuba will start to make a comeback, this year or the next. They say that under the new régime the prostitutes are free, but what that means exactly I don't know.

In 1947 such Britons who had money bought into the West Indies. There were no currency restrictions. It was in that year that Ian Fleming bought Goldeneye in Jamaica, with consequences that the world is feeling yet.

In New York in 1947 the chic restaurant was the Chambord lurking in the shadows of the Third Avenue El. Neither the El nor the Chambord exist in 1967. Nor does the Stork Club, or very much of the old Greenwich Village. By contrast, in 1947, Maxim's was still under a cloud as the restaurant most favored by the Wehrmacht. Today, Maxim's is as Maxim's was.

Tonic water, pre-Commander Whitehead, was just beginning to appear in New York in 1947, and a person ordering a gin and tonic in a cocktail bar was looked at with shy envy by people with less *savoir faire* and *je ne sais quoi*. It seems ages since I heard people asking for gin rather than vodka, and in 1967 the drink on both sides of the Atlantic is Campari and soda. Even newer is *Kir*, which the pros call *blanc Cassis*, or if they are *really* switched on, a *blancass'*.

In 1947 all beer was pretty awful, and jokes about warm English beer had been spread like foam across the United States by returning GIs. In 1967 English beer is fashionable, although Heineken's (with a chaser of Aalborg aquavit) is probably the Rolls-Royce of beers. In 1947 the Austin and the Hillman Minx were beginning to nose onto the American roads. The Germans were not even making cars. In 1967 the most swinging car in Europe is the Ford Mustang. the first American car that has ever caught the European imagination.

The Golden Arrow, the pre-war luxury train between London and Paris, was restored in 1947, and it seemed like old times. In 1967 people don't have time.

In 1947 flying was a thrilling adventure, and strangers sitting side by side in the two-seat rows tended to remain friends afterward in memory of hazards shared. There was a charming airline called American Overseas Airlines which merged into Pan American, and, in my opinion anyway, its influence is responsible for much of the Pan Am sophistication.

In 1947 one flew from LaGuardia in DC-4s or brand new Constellations. On takeoff, a pretty stewardess, awesomely relaxed, offered chewing gum and boiled sweets so one's ears did not pop, and one was reminded to empty one's fountain pen. One stopped first at Gander in Newfoundland and then at Shannon in Ireland, by which time one was exhausted, but still stimulated enough by the adventure to attack a plate of Irish bacon and eggs and wash it down, ritually, with Irish coffee. The trip took about seventeen or eighteen hours. I used to take about four books to read. In 1967 flying is a routine exercise. By the time one has had a couple of Martinis and eaten, one has scarcely time to get through *Newsweek* before one is there.

In 1947 in London and Paris transport from Heath Row or Le Bourget was free and such passengers who came to New York from Europe were outraged to be charged a dollar for the limousine into the city. In 1967 London charges 5 shillings and Paris 3 francs.

In 1947 Customs and Immigration procedures in New York often took up to two hours and returning foreigners shelled out a head tax of $8. Xenophobia in nearly every country was rampant; native citizens were processed first, foreigners were told—often rudely—to wait. Today the only places that still segregate the nationalities are a few of the more primitive Latin American countries and Great Britain.

Airline relicary of that early period still dot the 1967 landscape. In Britain the old, Mussolini-modern airline terminal building near Victoria Station and the airline terminal opposite Grand Central continue to perform some of the more recondite services of air travel (interesting to recall that it was then considered important for an airline terminal to be close to a rail center). The airline terminal of Les Invalides in Paris remains where, if not as, it has been since the war. In 1947 London airport was housed in Quonset huts, New York used LaGuardia. Nice airport was a shack, and in the summer of that year the London *Daily Telegraph* carried an article headlined, THE RIVIERA; DESERTED PARADISE. In 1967 Nice airport is perhaps the most agreeable on earth, and the Riviera is full — of campers.

In 1947 Princess Elizabeth married Prince Philip of Greece. Shortly before the wedding King George VI made him Duke of Edinburgh, Baron Greenwich, and Earl of Merioneth, thus at a stroke turning the Greek into a Scot, an Englishman, and a Welshman, which was the neatest trick of any week. Pictures of the Princess on the cover of any magazine ensured that it would sell thousands of extra copies, the way Jacqueline Kennedy's does in 1967.

It was chic in London in 1947 to have one's portrait taken by Baron. Today it is David Bailey. The American tourist vanguard still wanted to see the favorite West End show of the GIs, *Sweetest and Lowest* with Hermione Gingold, who now lives in New York. The Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic, with

—*Susan Perl.*

1967—One point four million Germans will visit Spain and it will be almost impossible to park next to a car that doesn't have a "D" on it.

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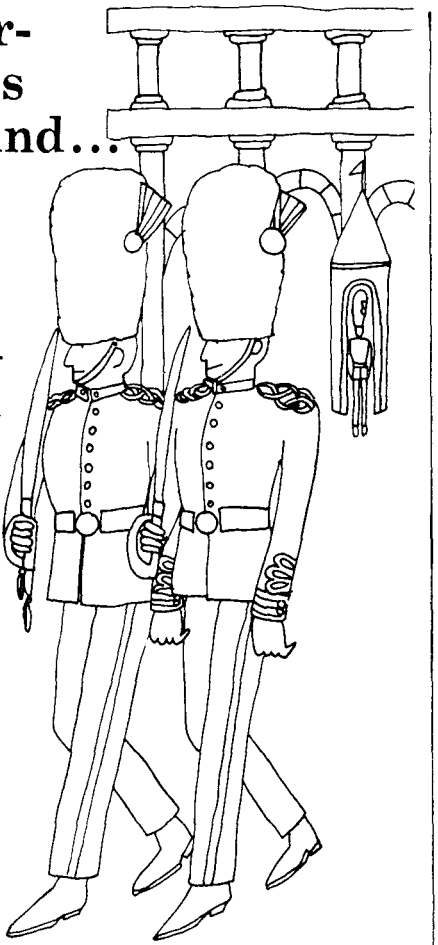
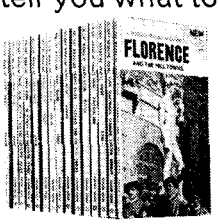
The London Hilton



For art lovers, Florence is strong stuff

HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES
tell you what to see everywhere.



Fact-filled, fun-slanted, picture-studded guides by the editors of HOLIDAY Magazine. There are books on Britain, France, Hawaii, Israel, Italy, London, Mexico, Paris, Florence, The Riviera and Southern France, Scandinavia, Spain, Switzerland, Venice, Rome. Pocket-sized, with maps and useful phrases in each language, only $1.45 each. Now at your bookstore. **RANDOM HOUSE**

its twin knights, Olivier and Richardson, were great favorites, and balletomanes came back from Paris talking about an exciting young man named Roland Petit who had created the sexiest ballet ever, *Carmen*, with a girl called Jeanmaire. As for New York, any visiting Briton who managed to see *A Streetcar Named Desire* with that incredible young actor Brando went home displaying his *Playbill* like wounds sustained upon Saint Crispin's Day. The same applies today to anyone who can get in to see *Cabaret*, but in England there is no equivalent.

Experienced travelers in 1947 favored the Valpack to carry clothes. It was like an Army kitbag and zipped up. In 1967 it is the car sack in which one can hang suits and fold them.

Despite the statistics and the efforts of President Kennedy, a European tourist is still a pretty rare sight in the United States, and a tourist who asked a New York cop, *"Pardon, Monsieur l'agent, mais où est le tombeau du Président Grant?"* would look just as funny as he did in the *New Yorker* cartoon some time ago. If you want to find a genuine French tourist in New York you would be most likely to find him in a steak house.

If one were traveling to Paris in 1947 it was considered a good idea to take a pound of coffee and give it graciously to the proprietor of your hotel as a gift. It ensured good service. Coffee was never rationed in England throughout the war but the French were reduced to *café national*, made from acorns, which I quite liked, but which I don't suppose I would have cared to live with for too long.

On the high seas in 1947 the *Queens, Elizabeth* and *Mary*, were supreme. The really daring thing to do was to sail in the *Liberté*, the old German *Europa* which had been seized by the French as war booty. It was daring because the Cunard Line had done such a brilliant job of brainwashing in its emphasis on the incomparable Cunard service that one felt that after the Cunarders there was nowhere to go but down, and when one thought of going down one was reminded of the old joke about French sailors; "no nonsense about women and children first." Attitudes changed later, but this was 1947.

In 1967 the league standings of the various ships are less clearly defined. The *France* has not quite caught the cosmopolitan traveler's imagination the way the *Liberté* did. The *France* is simply not the *Liberté*, and the *Liberté* is no more. The *United States* has been in service since before the first Eisenhower election and has become somewhat venerable. The Italians were going strong until the *Andrea Doria* sank,

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after which they sagged, but they have made a comeback, and a trip to Europe by the southern route, through the channels of the Azores, is considered an elegant thing to do. The *Queens* continue to hold up surprisingly well.

In 1947 Jackie Robinson became the first Negro to play in major-league baseball, and Dennis Compton and Bill Edrich scored more than 7,000 runs between them playing cricket for Middlesex. It was the year of Christian Dior's New Look and girls wore dresses almost to their ankles. American males experimented with the *Esquire* magazine T-line shirt collar, padded shoulders, and draped jackets, but Savile Row was still considered the arbiter of masculine elegance. In 1967 many Savile Row tailors are having a hard time adjusting to new styles. Switched-on London tailors like Doug Hayward, Tony Sinclair, and the others who cater to the O'Tooles, Sellerses, and Terry Stamps of the swinging English scene, cut their cloth Italian style, but, being English, they do it better. Sinclair's workrooms are in Conduit Street and Hayward in faraway Fulham.

In 1947 everybody loved the Americans. In 1967 . . . well, let me put it this way. In 1967 everybody is being too busy growling at the Germans for having overwhelmed the European scene with their very numbers. Just, by heavens, like in 1947!

WIT TWISTER #4

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing ——— —
Until their ——— — run over!
Tonight, we'll ——— — upon this ——— —;
Tomorrow, ——— — for Dover!

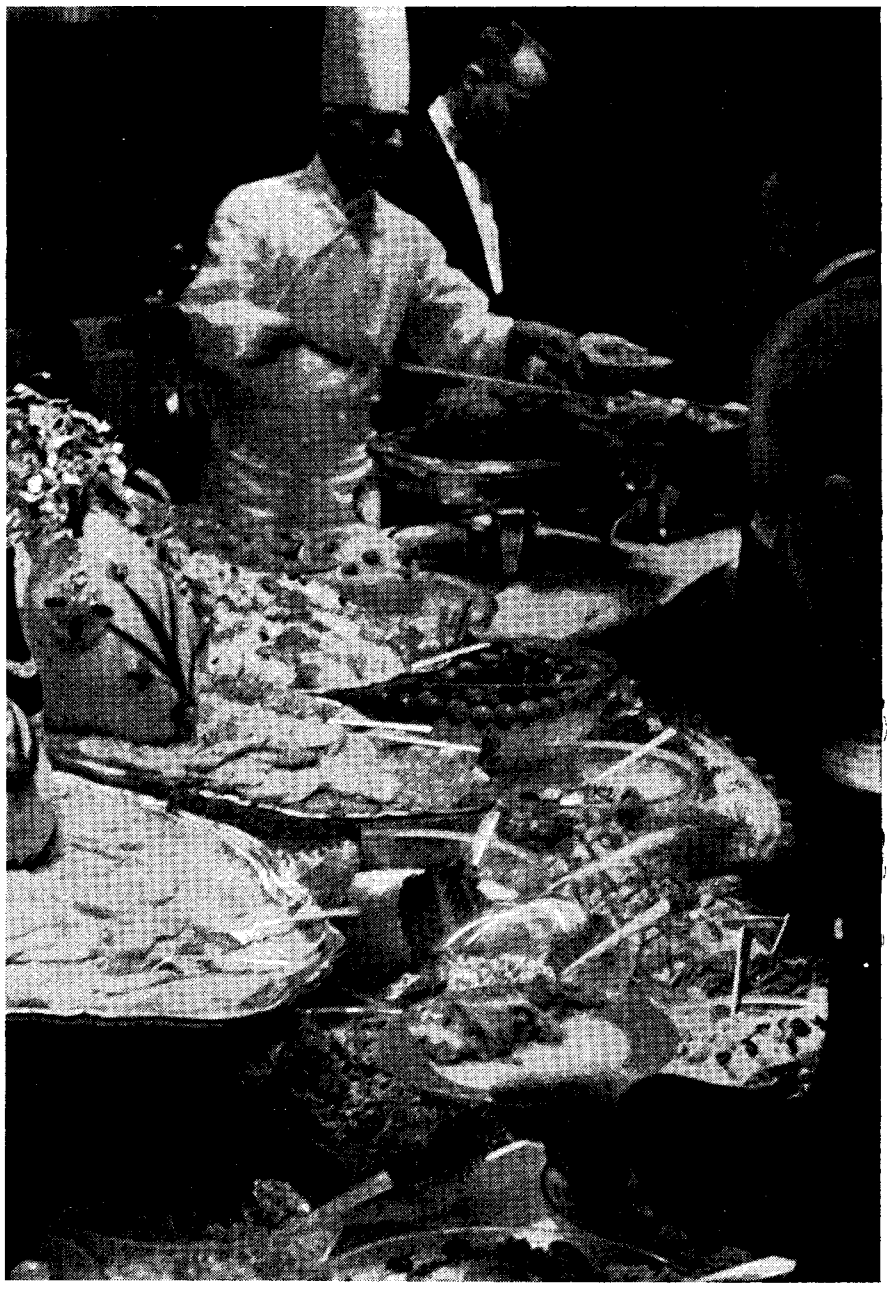
(Answers: *Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

●

Now try this Wit Twister:

What made the dust-stained hiker smile?
What made him ——— — and jig awhile?
A ——— — it was, whose pictures showed
The ales and ——— — served down the road.

(*Answer on page* 66)



Put San Francisco on the tip of your tongue

What foreign foods do you favor? Perhaps a rack of French lamb basking in Bearnaise Sauce? Or tender chicken in tangy East Indian curry? A stroll through Chinatown might yield Chinese Black Mushrooms or Braised Almond Chicken, ordered from menus printed in Chinese characters (with English translations). Here, too, one can dine Japanese style, sitting on tatami mats nibbling Shrimp Tempura. This beautiful city, with its international pantry offers Russian, Polynesian, Italian, Swedish, German, Mexican, Armenian or Basque cookery as well. Simply come to San Francisco—and stay awhile. For a further look at some more of the delights of the city—write for a free, illustrated copy of "This is San Francisco."

San Francisco

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THE MEN WHO MADE THE WORLD MOVE

By HOMER BIGART

A HANDFUL of men have revolutionized travel in the last twenty years. Some have brought intercontinental trips within reach of the masses by cutting flight time and fares; others have magically altered our preconceptions of climatically dismal or squalid, flea-bitten lands into spotless sunny edens inhabited by scrubbed, rich, and stimulating people. Some have built plush hotels in faraway places, one invented an instant camera providing tourists with instant memories, another built an amusement park so wholesome and popular—a fun carnival you could take Mary Poppins to—that Nikita Khrushchev pouted and ranted when told he couldn't go there.

They built the planes, strung the routes, broadcast the message for an age of travel never known before in the history of the world. Among them are:

—Chase Ltd.

Conrad Hilton

CONRAD Nicholson Hilton is a pious, cost-conscious innkeeper who got his start as a Boniface by running a chain of grubby hotels in Texas. Today he operates some of the most prestigious shelters in the country, like the Waldorf, plus thirty-three other hotels throughout the nation, plus an around-the-world chain of thirty-nine in thirty-six cities outside the continental United States. He has put up hotels in cities that desperately needed a clean, well-run, and reasonably quiet place to put up tourists. Some may argue that Hilton hotels abroad are depressingly similar, so shamelessly high-rise, so American in efficiency and comfort that the tourist may feel he never left Pittsburgh or Houston.

But Mr. Hilton has tried to limit standardization to such necessities as air conditioning and fast elevators. His architects have been told to produce designs that avoid sameness or anything that too obviously suggests the Hilton chain and to try to relate esthetically to the local culture.

Hilton has lived hotels and thought hotels and dreamed hotels to a degree so exclusive of other pursuits that when he married Zsa Zsa Gabor (his second marriage) they spent their honeymoon in Hilton hotels. They soon parted.

One thing Hilton will never do is encourage people to mooch around in his public rooms without spending money. He does this by making the lounges small and the cafés big. When he took over the Waldorf he was quick to note that the comfortable divans in the lobby were occupied day after day by the same characters. Investigation showed that they were people from the street who simply wanted a warm place to squat. They were correctly dressed. They were well-mannered. But they weren't spending a cent. Not even at the newsstand. At lunchtime they would scurry out to Lexington Avenue cafés, then hurry back to their seats, armed with newspapers and magazines which they had acquired outside. After making his own feasibility study, Hilton routed the squatters by having the couches moved out of the lobby to the nearest food and drink area: Peacock Alley.

For a long time, Hilton harbored a distrust of resort hotels. He preferred raising the Hilton flag in American cities where the hotel traffic was fairly predictable and the convention business brisk. But in the late Forties, he built the Caribe Hilton in San Juan, Puerto Rico. This was the pilot project for the chain of Hilton International Hotels. It was a tremendous success. It has been credited with stimulating a tourist boom that has made San Juan—to the dismay of some Puerto Ricans—a replica of Miami Beach.

Hilton International's second hotel, the Castellana, in Madrid, opened in 1953 and brought in more than $1,000,000 in badly needed dollar exchange to Spain in its first year. The third opening was the Istanbul Hilton in 1955. In its first year its gross operating profit exceeded $1,000,000. The Istanbul Hilton had a stunning impact on Turkey's economy, swelling tourism 60 per cent within twelve months.

These opulent properties spurred Hilton's dream of circling the globe with hotels. On every continent except Antarctica Hilton saw ripe markets bursting with a pent-up demand for high-rise hotels with soft beds and air conditioning and big, heavy-nap white towels in the bathrooms. Soon there were Hilton hotels in every major world capital, except Moscow and Peking, and in many lesser capitals, and today Hiltons are going up in Addis Ababa, Kuwait, Manila, Malta, Sao Paulo, Singapore, and Willemstad, N.W.I.

—Arnold Newman.

Laurance Rockefeller

ALTHOUGH perhaps better known as a philanthropist and conservationist, Laurance Spelman Rockefeller is also an innkeeper.

His hotels, in style and management, would never be mistaken for Mr. Hilton's. Laurance's resorts woo peace, privacy, and tranquillity. None is readily accessible to a city. Rapport with nature is the theme. Laurance wants all his guests to be as close to nature as possible. He would no more think of defiling a scenic landscape with a high-rise than he would consider putting a noisy nightclub at Caneel Bay. Except for his latest venture, the four-story Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, on the island of Hawaii, Laurance's beach resorts—Dorado Beach, on Puerto Rico; Caneel Bay Plantation, on St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands; and Little Dix Bay, on Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands—consist of separate beachhouses and cabañas ranged all along the shore

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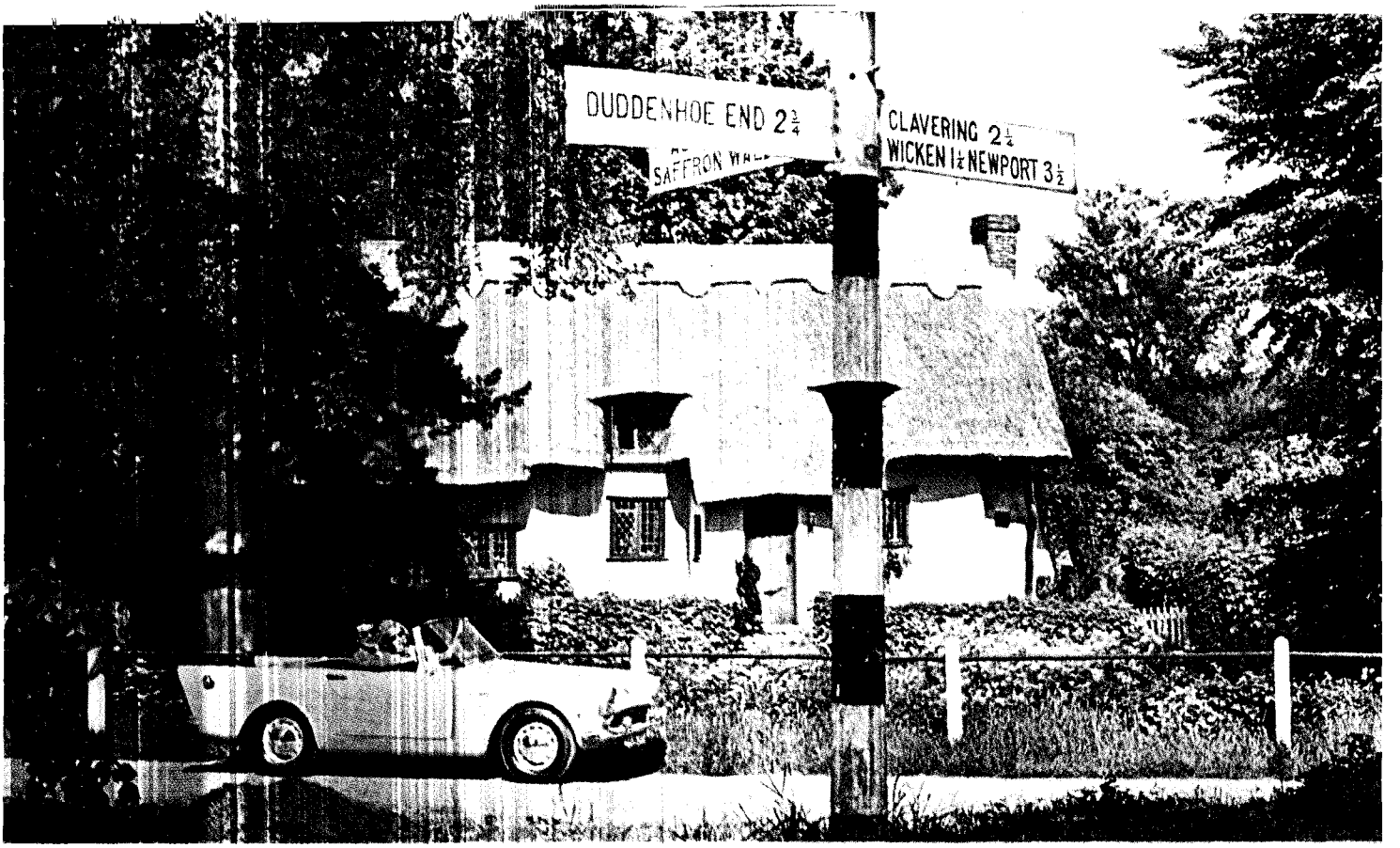

Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

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We *have* a splendid new superturnpike in Britain, but it's quite easy to avoid. And if you should blunder onto it, the exits are prominently marked.

Any exit will lead you to a land of vagrant roads and byways. And they're nearly always well-paved. Dirt surfaces are few and far between.

Where do these little lanes go? Nowhere, really. They wiggle between flowery hedgerows, through drowsy woods and over rolling hills.

Signposts point to Melbury Bubb, Idle, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

When you get there—wherever *there* is—you'll find reasons for having come. Maybe a cozy bed and a thumping great breakfast for about five dollars. Or a fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked bread, country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

Walk off all that food. Our roads have so little traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

Signposts and samaritans

You won't get lost. Britain isn't an unfamiliar country. (You know many of the town names from novels and history books.) And the signposts and people speak your language.

Another blessing, when you're back in the car: Britain's two great motor clubs keep over 3,000 patrols on the road to help drivers. They'll point out the way for you; even change a tire.

Tiny distances

Shunpiking in Britain gives you the best of two worlds. You travel at an ambling pace, but you arrive a good deal sooner than you expected. That's because distances here are short by American standards.

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Send the coupon today for a free 52-page color book, "Vacations in Britain," for more facts on shunpiking. Read it slowly; in low gear, so to speak. Then turn in at your travel agent's.

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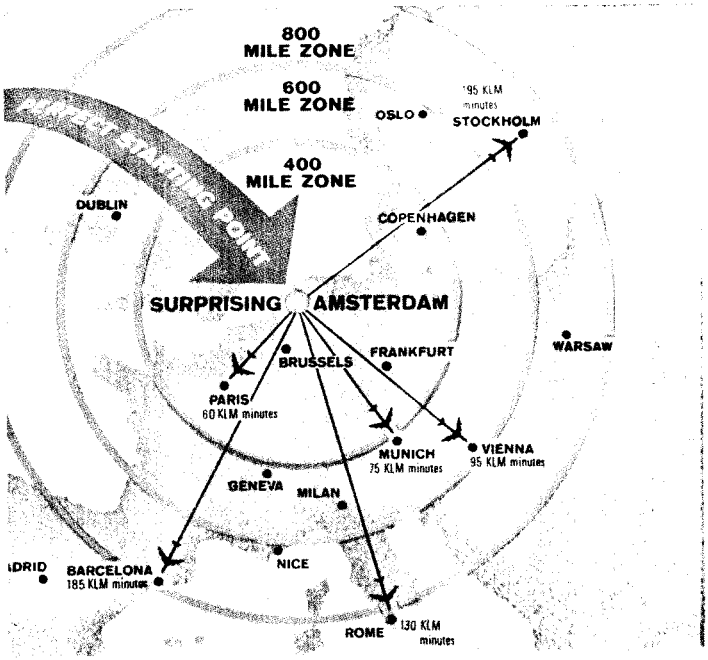

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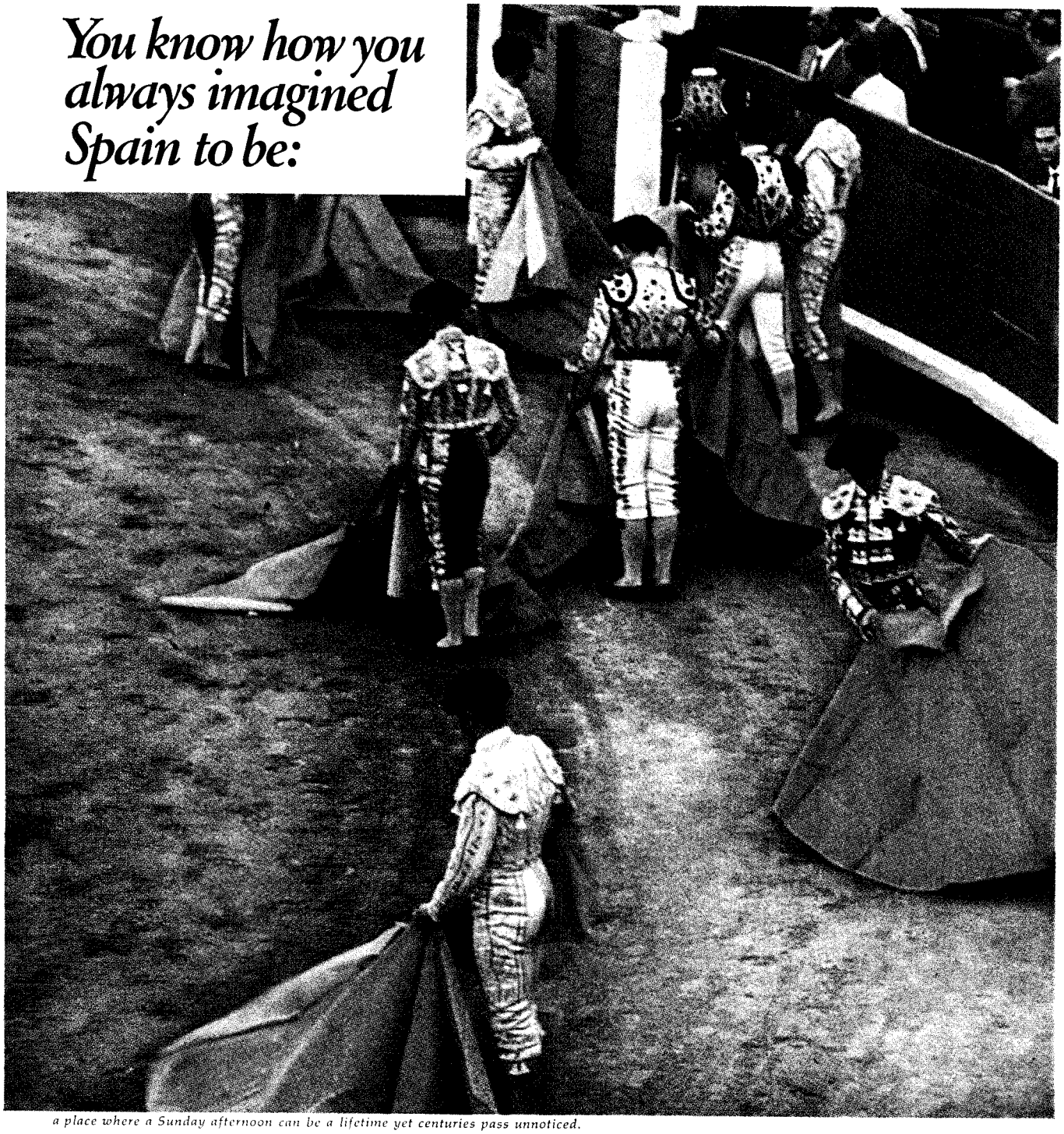
You know how you always imagined Spain to be:



a place where a Sunday afternoon can be a lifetime yet centuries pass unnoticed.

That's the way it really is.

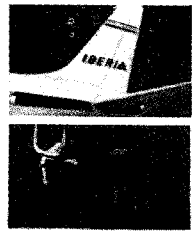
You know what Spain is like.

You instantly recognize the village square of a Goya painting. The light is as sun-washed as you had always imagined. The people are as proud, the music as thrilling, the castles as magnificent and the bullfights as spectacular as all the books, paintings and films had led you to hope.

Yet the prices in Spain are surprisingly low. In Madrid, you can spend a full week enjoying the bullfights, jai alai matches, and flamenco cabarets and your bill at a fine hotel is less than $50.

Or stay at a 10th Century Spanish Castle with modern comforts. Cost? Under $6 a day.

Come to Spain on Iberia Air Lines. The food is excellent, the service superb — only the plane gets more attention than you when you fly with the Air Lines of Spain, Iberia.



© 1967 Spanish National Tourist Office: 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017; 53 W. Jackson Boulevard, Suite 1310, Chicago, Illinois 60604; 453 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94102; Casa de Hidalgo, St. Augustine, Florida 32084; Fortaleza 367, P.O. Box 463, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Also Toronto, Canada.

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and shaded by lush tropical vegetation.

Refugees from noise, and tourists who seek simple comfort, impeccable service, good taste in architecture and furnishings, and beautiful natural settings, now have somewhere to go. Laurance Rockefeller has made accessible some of the loveliest white sand beaches of the West Indies, and his latest resort, Mauna Kea, has opened up the rugged northwest coast of Hawaii.

Laurance got into the hotel business in 1955. His family had donated land to the Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming. Laurance found that the park was relatively inaccessible. The result was Jackson Lake Lodge, a $6,000,000 investment.

Three years earlier, while cruising in the West Indies, he had discovered on St. John what he thought was one of the world's finest beaches. He began buying up acreage on the island through the Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc., a nonprofit conservation organization, intending to keep 130 acres for development of Caneel Bay Plantation and giving the rest—about two-thirds of the island's 12,000 acres—to the government for the Virgin Islands National Park. The park was established by Congress in 1956, and on December 1 of that year the resort opened on a year-round basis. Laurance's action saved the wooded island from the overdevelopment that has marred nearby St. Thomas and which now threatens every island in the Caribbean.

Dorado Beach, a beautifully landscaped 1,500-acre estate twenty miles west of San Juan, on the north coast of Puerto Rico, was opened in 1958 as part of "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico's program of tourist expansion and economic development. With two eighteen-hole golf courses designed by Robert Trent Jones, Dorado Beach is a golfer's paradise.

Little Dix Bay, newest and most remote of Mr. Rockefeller's resorts in the West Indies, was conceived for people who dream of idle beachcomber life. The resort consists of about twenty small, low-peaked cottages hidden in beach grape a few steps from a white sand beach, and a dining terrace, bar, and lounge area covered by shingled conical roofs in varying heights so that the ensemble resembles a native village. Little Dix Bay is a resort for people who want to be left alone. Except for swimming, snorkeling, sailing, and fishing, there is little to do but soak up rum and tranquillity.

Two years ago Laurance opened his farthest-out place, Mauna Kea, on the lava rock and desert waste of Hawaii's empty northwest coast. It was godforsaken, burned-out country, with only about eight inches of rain a year, but Laurance loved it. A far cry from the tumult of Waikiki, it was remote enough for real rapport with nature. It was pretty hot, but prevailing breezes from the sea tempered the midday sun. Laurance, who hates air conditioning—an obstacle to rapport—hoped that cottages designed to trap every breeze would be cool enough with natural ventilation.

Alas, a prototype cottage proved hotter than a steam bath. Laurance had to settle for a centralized building, with individually controlled air conditioning. It is a tiered, four-story affair, designed so that its long, low lines blend with the landscape, and built around three open courtyards planted with palm trees. Oriental girls in lime-green silk saris escort guests to rooms that open on private lanais, facing either the sea or the golf course. Baths are tiled with Italian marble and have theatrical mirror lights and an icemaker.

The beach is a brilliant crescent of white sand. Laurance has softened the brown landscape by bringing in more than 149,000 trees and shrubs, creating an oasis of green palms and flaming foliage.

There is no nightclub. The nearest town is miles away. Mauna Kea is a place for golf, water sports, and tranquillity. In Mauna Kea and Laurance's other resorts someone has finally invented hotels that are quiet, uncrowded, and tasteful—and worth the extra effort it takes to reach their lovely isolation.

—*Bill Binzere.*

David Ogilvy

DAVID Ogilvy invented two ultimate symbols of snobbery in advertising: the Hathaway shirt eye-patch and the bearded Commander Whitehead of Schweppes. He was responsible for mouth-watering travel ads for Britain and for the United States. But he has said that if Saint Peter ever asks him what he had done on earth, David would reply, "I wrote the advertisements for Puerto Rico."

His ads for Puerto Rico subtly tried to change the prevalent American notion that, because Puerto Ricans inhabit slums in our cities, their distant island home must be just as unappealing.

Mr. Ogilvy, a tweedy, urbane, pipe-smoking Scotsman, attacked that notion. According to his ads, Puerto Rico was serene, a "sunny, scrubbed, and cultured land." The island was proud of its "spectacular industrial renaissance," but prouder still of its educational system: "Today, one-third of Puerto Rico's total population is going to school." Ogilvy

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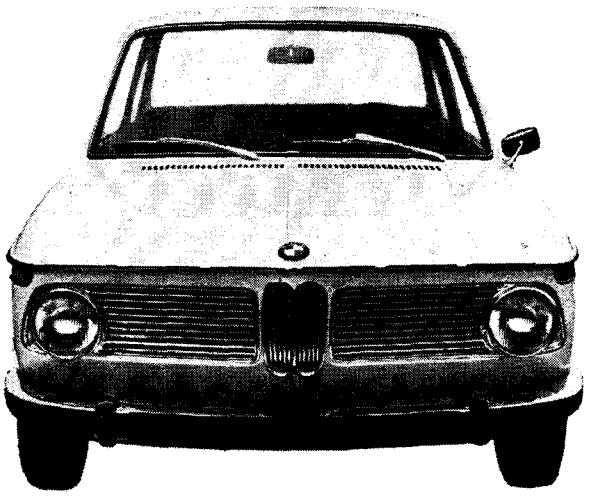

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stressed culture. Why, Puerto Rico was "civilized 100 years before the Pilgrims landed" and now there are luxurious new hotels, superhighways, supermarkets, and thriving universities. "Slums are disappearing," said Ogilvy ads. "Bright new homes are going up. All over the island there is an infectious atmosphere of buoyancy and confidence."

The Ogilvy "Come to Britian" ads were credited with quadrupling (from 1950 to 1960) the number of tourists lured to that damp island. Here again Mr. Ogilvy had to assail a fixed American notion that Britain must be a dismally wet place to spend a holiday. He did it with scrumptious pictures of bucolic little villages, all quaint and thatchy under cloudless skies, and with pictures of cathedrals, also awash with sun. He was quite eloquent about the cathedrals: "Their famous names thunder! Durham and Armagh. Or they chime! Lincoln and Canterbury. And sometimes they whisper! Winchester, Norwich, Salisbury, and Wells."

In singing the charms of the United States to prospective tourists from Britain, France, and West Germany, Ogilvy hammered at the illusion that a trip to New York, San Francisco, or the wide-open spaces in between, was intolerably expensive. His ads stressed that bus companies were offering ninety-nine days of unlimited travel along their routes for about £35, while thirteen regional airlines serving forty-eight states were offering fifteen days of travel for about £35. And overnight camping in the national parks was free.

Exactly how many Europeans were lured to the United States by Ogilvy will never be known, but Ogilvy claims: "Eight months after our campaign started, French tourist traffic to the United States was up 27 per cent, British traffic was up 24 per cent, and German traffic was up 18 per cent."

Juan T. Trippe

THE ADS of Ogilvy and the hotels of Hilton and Rockefeller would never have been born without the postwar advent of low-cost air transportation. Juan Terry Trippe, guiding genius and chairman of the board of Pan American World Airways, led the way. With the Lindberghs, in the Thirties, he flew many hazardous survey flights that established the pioneer transatlantic routes. It was Pan Am that inaugurated commercial air flights over the Atlantic, that slashed fares and

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brought foreign travel within reach of the masses. "Air transport had the choice," Mr. Trippe recalled, "of becoming a luxury service to carry the well-to-do at high prices—or to carry the average man at what he can afford to pay. Pan American has chosen the latter course."

Mr. Trippe expects further reduction in fares. A year ago he made what he called his most exciting decision since the airline was born in 1927. He placed the largest single order in aviation's history—$525 million—for twenty-five of the world's largest planes—the Boeing 747, with deliveries to begin late in 1969.

These "jumbo" jets will carry up to 490 passengers and cruise at top speeds of 633 mph—10 per cent faster than the Boeing 707—and operating costs will be 35 per cent less. This would permit a substantial saving of fares.

Pan Am will assign the jumbos to high-volume routes from New York to Europe, the Caribbean, and the Orient. Trippe thinks the jumbos will be flying long after the supersonic transport, the SST, finally appears in the next decade. The jumbo will be the airbus of the future, "offering fast, low-cost transportation on a scale never before available," while the first SSTs will be reserved for luxury travel.

William M. Allen

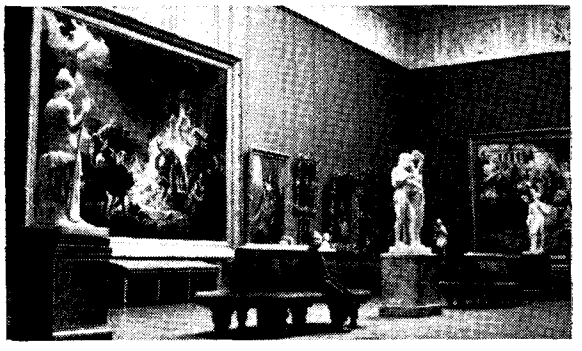
WILLIAM McPherson Allen is president of Boeing Aircraft Company, the world's largest builder of commercial jet planes. By producing the first U.S. jetliner, the 707, in 1954, Allen enabled the airlines to take the great step from propeller-driven planes to pure jets.

And it is Allen, a frosty-visaged lawyer from Montana, with scant knowledge of the nuts-and-bolts side of the aviation industry, who by 1969 will introduce the jumbo 747 jet and later the supersonic plane and perhaps eventually a hypersonic plane.

His biggest gamble so far was the decision to spend $16,000,000 of the company's own money in the development of the 707 jet, the plane that was to revolutionize air travel all over the world. Boeing had stayed alive after the war by building the Stratocruiser, a luxurious but lumbering double-deck plane. Allen knew that the next entry would have to be a jet. But federal financing of a prototype jet airliner to compete with the British Comet had been killed

LINCOLN CENTER? Nyet. BOLSHOI? Yes.

MIAMI BEACH? Nyet. SOCHI? Yes.



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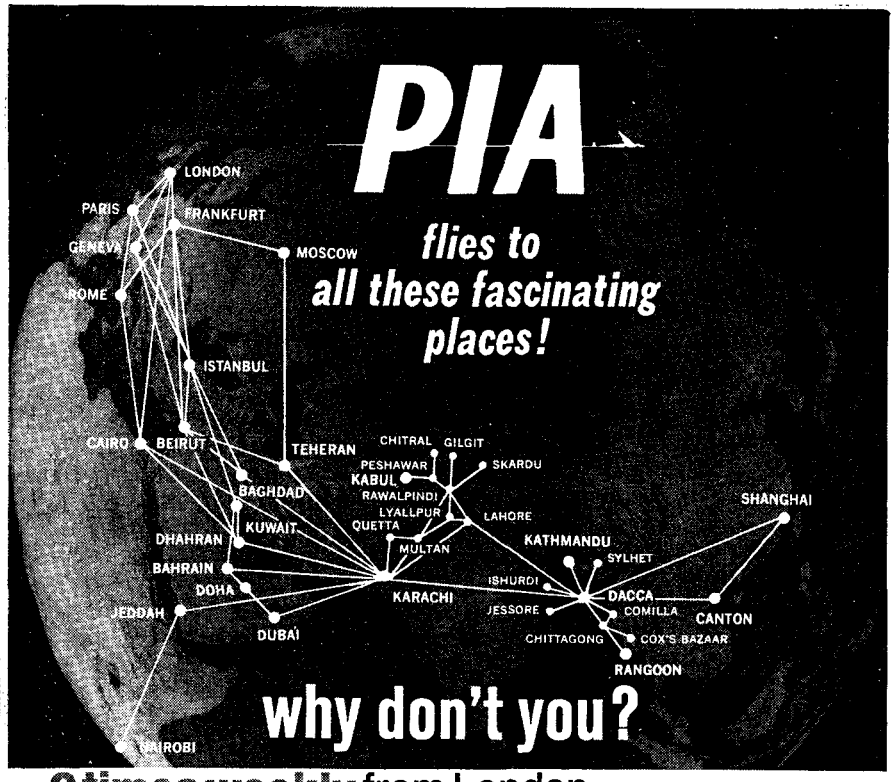

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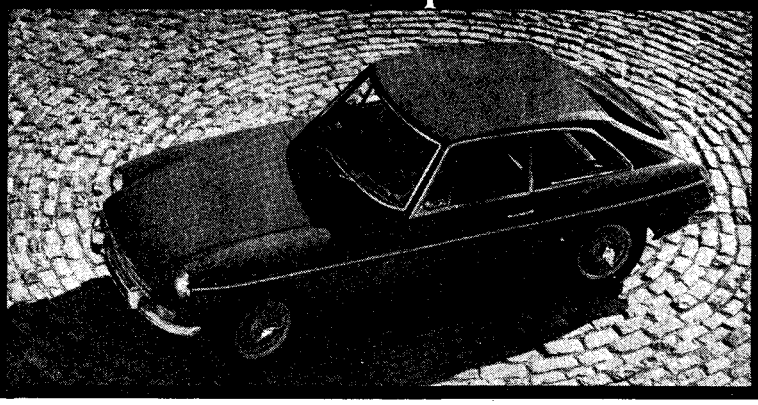

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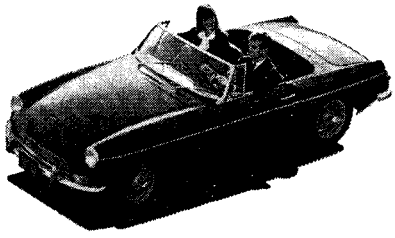

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by Congress. Allen decided to go it alone. Pan Am placed the first order, and put the first 707 on its transatlantic service on Oct. 26, 1958. Most of the world's airlines quickly followed suit.

Allen had won his gamble. But he continued his search for new dimensions in speed and led Boeing to its next venture, the jumbo 747, which Allen sees as an evolutionary link between today's jets and the supersonic planes of tomorrow.

And at the start of this year, Boeing beat out Lockheed in the government's competition for the airframe design for the supersonic airliner. This could be the biggest project in aviation history. The design calls for a 360-foot-long, 338-ton plane capable of a top speed of 1,800 mph. The SST could whisk tourists to London in two hours.

D. W. Douglas, Sr.

D. W. Douglas, Jr.

TWENTY years ago, Douglas Aircraft Company was the country's leading producer of propeller-driven transport planes. Under the iron hand of founder Donald W. Douglas, Sr., an abrasive and temperamental man who inherited from his Scottish ancestors qualities of thrift, prudence, and hard work, the company produced a notable series of planes, from the DC-2 to the DC-7. The company could boast: "Douglas has never made a bad airplane."

But then Douglas made a great error. He was slow to gear up for jet production. His first jet transport, the DC-8, did not come out until nearly a year after Boeing's 707 was in commercial use. The DC-8 made such heavy demands on the company's resources that Douglas was forced to withdraw from the race to build the supersonic transport, defaulting to its competitors, Boeing and Lockheed.

In 1957, the founder was succeeded as president by his son, Donald, Jr., who seemed just as strong-willed and aggressive but whose decisions were still subject to veto by the Old Man. The company's fortunes sank rapidly; 1959 and 1960 were bleak years when losses totalled $53,250,000. Then Douglas bounced back into the black, thanks to brisk demand for the DC-9, a twin-engine medium-range jet that carries ninety passengers.

The DC-9 proved to be the hottest

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Douglas product since the DC-3. It hit the world market in 1963 just as the obsolete piston planes in use on short-to-medium-haul routes were fully depreciated. Its short-field landing and takeoff capability (5,000 feet) opened up hundreds of smaller cities to jet service, enabling tourists to make their side trips with more speed and comfort. Designed for maximum operating economy—it was the first jet to require only a two-man flight crew—the DC-9 has reduced direct operating costs to close to 1 cent per passenger mile.

But in order to meet the demand for DC-9s, Douglas expanded production facilities too hastily. Costs got out of hand. Last year the company lost $27,560,000. In January a merger with McDonnell Aircraft was announced. McDonnell's chairman, James S. McDonnell, will be chairman and chief executive officer of McDonnell Douglas Corporation. Donald W. Douglas, Jr., will continue as president of the Douglas component. And Donald W. Douglas, Sr., chairman of Douglas, will become "honorary chairman" of the merged company.

—*Wide World.*

Walt Disney

TOURISTS in search of fantasy have been flocking for twelve years to Disneyland, a sort of permanent world's fair of whimsy, at Anaheim, California, twenty-seven miles southeast of Los Angeles. This 300-acre tract of amusement rides, fantasy spectacles, and recreated Americana is the product of Walt Disney, the man who created Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Snow White.

"I put in all the things I wanted to do as a kid, and couldn't," Mr. Disney once said.

Disneyland has become one of the nation's greatest tourist attractions, rivaling Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon. Some 50,000,000 people saw it during its first ten years. Its fame had spread behind the Iron Curtain, and former Premier Khrushchev of Soviet Russia, visiting Los Angeles in 1959, complained bitterly when told he couldn't see it. His escort, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, explained that security arrangements couldn't be made overnight.

Walt Disney died last December 15. Before his last illness he was supervising construction of a new Disneyland near Orlando, Florida.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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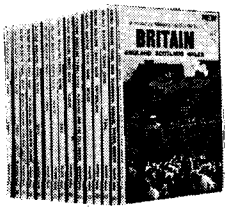

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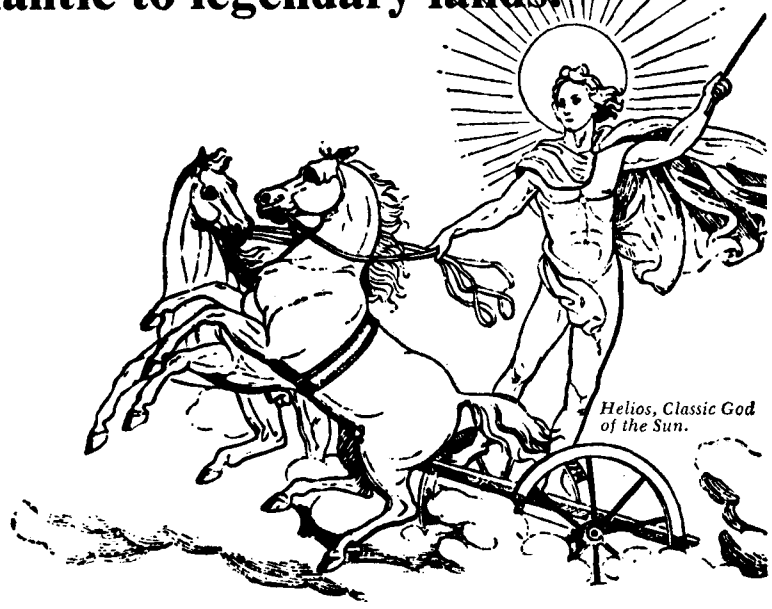

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by Harvey S. Olson

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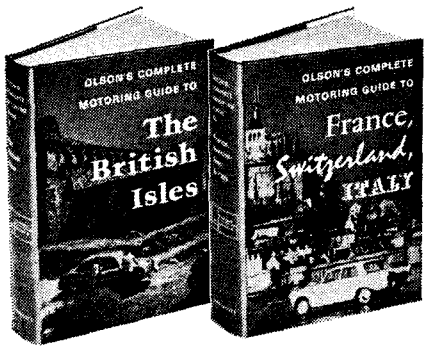

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Lippincott 175th Anniversary

Continued from page 63

Dr. Edwin H. Land

DR. EDWIN H. Land invented a revolutionary new camera that gave tourists on-the-spot assurance of total and accurate recall of scenes they thought worthy of snapping.

Back in the last century, George Eastman sold cameras by telling the world, "You press the button, we do the rest." But "the rest" was a bothersome trip to a camera shop, then days of waiting until the negatives were developed. Tourists on a tight schedule had no time for this. They had to bring it home, only to discover that the negatives were fogged, or underexposed, or that Trudy and the kiddies wore especially vacuous expressions that hot day in front of the Taj Mahal.

Now, with Land's "picture-in-a-minute" Polaroid-Land camera, the photographer can pull a finished picture out of the camera in sixty seconds and compare it with the scene. If he doesn't like it, he can do it again and again until he gets just the right picture of Trudy and the boys on that Disneyland ride, or the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, or the undulations of the hula at Mauna Kea.

It was the bright lights of Broadway that turned Land into an inventor-businessman. A seventeen-year-old freshman from Harvard, he was not pleased with the glare of the Great White Way during an evening stroll in 1926. Suddenly it struck him that one of the chief sources of annoyance, the harsh glare of automobile headlights, might be eliminated by polarized filters.

By 1928 he had perfected his first polarized sheets. Although never able to sell his development to Detroit—his idea of preventing headlight glare had been anticipated by other inventors whose patent applications dated back to 1920—Edwin Land started his Polaroid Corporation in 1937, with sunglasses as the chief product.

The Polaroid-Land camera came along ten years later. At first skeptics derided the new product as a passing fad. But from the outset the camera was incredibly popular.

Thanks to an aggressive selling campaign and improvements in the product, Polaroid moved ahead so swiftly that today it is one of the largest photographic concerns in the world.

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American Palate

Continued from page 38

are simple like a Dior dress; that first-rate ingredients are more important than fancy labels. In short, they're learning some of the deeper truths.

The growing refinement of the American palate is a healthy phenomenon (though some diehards consider it a symptom of decadence). Americans learn that, gastronomically at least, the world is big and round and exciting, and sometimes delicious. Along with the good things, they've learned a few silly ones. Epicurean snobbishness has become widespread in the wake of the gastronomic revolution. Now a whole legion of self-appointed "gourmets" go in for fashionable dishes—the fashions change as quickly as women's fashions—and believe that a dish must have a fancy name to be great. (The word *gourmet* is widely misused.) Strange tribal customs have developed in high circles whose members consider themselves epicureans *summa cum laude* and serve their friends chicken hash or *pasticcio de lasagne* as midnight supper, preferably soaked in Marsala or perhaps in Madeira, Malvasia, Malaga, Karl Marx, Martell, or Maraschino. Eventually they'll grow up, too.

Returning American travelers have already started the culinary education on the American scene. They won't be pushed around by tuxedoed characters with thick accents and refuse to take that expensive old wine which the sommelier has swung like a baseball bat before he put it into the basket. They know what they want and insist on it. They even learned to send things back, thereby helping the management. (The late Henri Soulé considered difficult guests his best allies.) The well-traveled American expects a fish knife with his fish, a hot plate with his hot food, a champagne that isn't chilled to death so that one cannot detect its taste. He doesn't like his food heaped on a plate, having watched good service in a good French restaurant. He won't tell the waiter, "Make it snappy," and he won't be impressed by phony ritual and lights that go out when the flaming spit is brought in, so you can't see the second-rate meat.

The new sophistication of the American traveler has led to a reassessment of good, native American cooking. Americans are now sure enough of their gastronomic footing to prefer an honest hamburger with a baked Idaho to a phony *coq au vin*, made to order in ten minutes.

Right now, as I sit here in Vienna, I wish I could get an American baked potato. Just a little fresh butter on top, please.

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Architecture

Continued from page 31

aissance and Baroque were telescoped into eighty years instead of the eight centuries, more or less, it actually took. One guarantee that similarities in international travel design will never become rubber-stamp uniformity is the coexistence of changing styles, since nobody is sufficiently rich to rebuild all transportation facilities every five years, and there is every assurance that the rate of change will continue and probably accelerate.

My favorite among the air terminals I have encountered in the last dozen years is Paris's Orly, which must already be getting "old," for I have the impression it was completed as far back as three or four years ago. Orly belongs to the category of modern design known as "endless," which means that the façades do not have a beginning, middle, or end but consist of repetitive elements which could be continued to infinity without any fundamental design change. It is the exact opposite in concept from Saarinen's TWA terminal in New York, which is a complete sculptural form incapable of modification or extension.

Since change is the order of the day, the Saarinen approach on this project has already produced major operational headaches. Orly, on the other hand, can change indefinitely because the central idea of the design *is* change. But Orly has other qualities which I find appealing—it has elegance, grandeur, and fine French logic in its plan. It can be negotiated without confusion by someone who has never been there before, and in some way, hard to put into words, it is more than a functional container for a process. Orly is not alone in its possession of these admirable qualities—I just happen to like it better than any other I have seen. This preference should hold for at least another few years, when the next "last word" will inevitably appear.

When it comes to hotels I find I avoid the Hiltons and the Inter-Continentals, although I have nothing in particular against them. I like has-beens, like the Regina in Paris, with its delicious open elevator and monstrous bathtubs and good service, the Euler in Basel, the Carlton Senato in Milan, the Japanese inns (rather than hotels) in Japan, and so on. To what extent these reactionary tastes base themselves on snobbery or nostalgia I have no idea and I do not have much interest in finding out. Apparently one gets one's fill of fine things like polished escalators, shiny coffee shops, fluorescent lighting, plate-glass windows, and all the rest of the contemporary package one gets living in any big city, and an escape from 100

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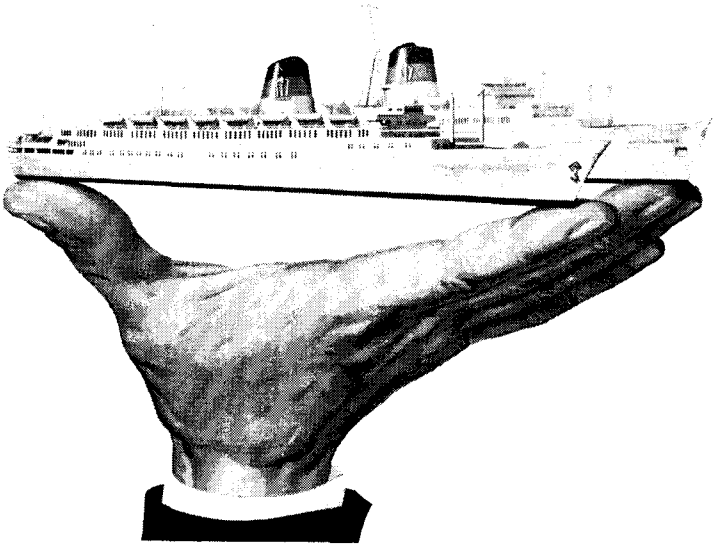

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per cent modernity is agreeable from time to time. As a designer I have contributed my mite to the modern look over the past two decades, and since modern is a mass style essentially, it is sometimes refreshing to walk back into an older world where the individual is more visible, particularly since it is disintegrating at a high rate of speed.

The prime characteristic of modern travel is that it tends to isolate one from experience and there does not appear to be any exception to this rule. In the move from open-cockpit plane to the noisy prop jobs to the near-vibrationless and silent jets one has the impression of more and more layers of padding being applied. The old open elevators have become sealed tubes stuffed with Muzak. The great expressways are a guarantee that you can now drive thousands of miles without seeing anything. Given the standardized international hotel chains, there is now the possibility of moving all over the world without ever, in a sense, leaving home; and as soon as the communications satellites can be linked with three-dimensional color TV, the only reason for ever getting up out of the overstuffed womb chair will be to get another can of beer. I am not bewailing the good old days. I am just observing that the invariable tendency in travel and in the architectural apparatus attached to travel deprive one of experiences—not all of them agreeable—formerly taken for granted.

It is happening this way because that's the way we want it, and as is always the case, there is a price to be paid for the gains. Encapsulation is a good part of the price paid for speed. An open cockpit at 575 mph doesn't work, and nobody likes traffic lights or cars without air conditioning during the hot months. The chance to get out of the capsule and take a walk is always there—you can still ride a camel in Egypt or chase bargains in Iranian bazaars if you feel like doing so—but the temptation to stay put in air-conditioned comfort will get stronger, not weaker. What happens to travel under these changed conditions remains to be seen, but in any event it will be a far cry from what it used to be. The structures will get bigger and bigger and more tightly sealed against polluted air and outside influences.

Mass is the factor which will keep changing the scene even more, possibly, than technology. Those out on the firing line—the planners trying to predict what will happen to hotels and resorts, the designers of the jumbo jets and the coming SSTs, the airport operators—all of them seem to have trouble estimating the size of the mobile masses and what has to be done to plan for them. The hotel planners are beginning to talk about jumbo hotels to swallow up the contents of the jumbo planes, and what this means is more and more smaller and smaller boxes piled up in bigger and bigger heaps. Many airports will be torn asunder by the impact of crowds being disgorged in massive clots of 500 passengers at a clip. Empty dunes and beaches will suddenly sprout skyscraper fringes twenty to thirty stories high.

I became involved as a planning and design consultant in a project in Portugal, where an empty peninsula is being invaded by an ultimate ten or eleven villages and an estimated population of 78,000. The only remarkable thing about this venture is that there are so many like it or much bigger. Since the most desirable resort areas are in undeveloped places, the results in terms of architecture will have to mean more and more prefabrication, more and more massive imports of technology and technicians, and more and more modern high-rise blocks in hitherto untouched places. Even now the sheer quantity of space being erected for the new nomads is almost beyond comprehension. The one safe prediction is that there will be much, much more. One pleasant aspect of this mass architecture in evolution is that if you don't like what you see today, wait three years. It will be different, and you may like it better.

Me, I think it is all too wonderful for words, and as soon as I can find a beat-up Victorian house in an abandoned village I'm going to remodel it and move in for every vacation. Its chief nonarchitectural feature will be a time capsule dropped in the old well. It sounds like a good, safe place to put one's passport.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53, sing, sign, gins.

Is Paris Burning? et seq.

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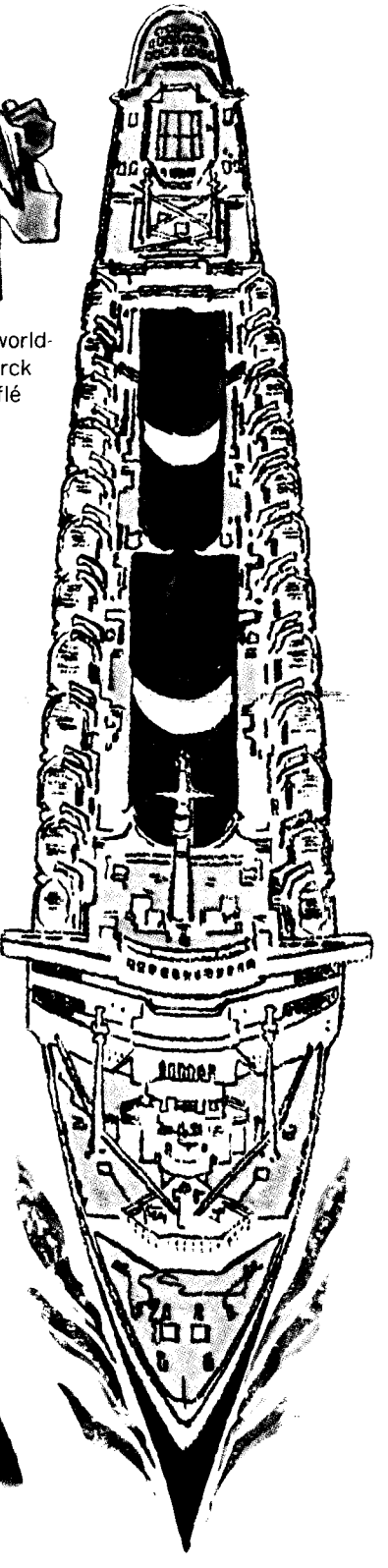

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Mobilism

Continued from page 29

ber the ships came back to Manhattan —the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Ile de France*, the old *Mauretania*, and the new *United States*, bringing home the hordes of wanderers with their labels and their trunkloads of souvenirs. "Great stuff, ain't it?" said a customs agent. "They're bringing back everything, everything in the universe."

WEALTHY Americans traveling in Europe were now practiced enough to drive around over there, and many had their own cars shipped over or bought a new foreign car to be delivered on arrival. At home TWA put on a new late-night luxury run between coasts, leaving New York after the theater and arriving in Los Angeles at 8:25 a.m. It carried forty-seven passengers in reclining seats and eight in extra-fare, $90-a-night-bunks. Late in 1953 American sent its new DC-7 roaring out of Los Angeles en route for New York. Over Indiana it picked up winds and, clocking a ground speed of 450 miles an hour, made it into New York in six hours and thirty-one minutes, a new record. National Airlines put the DC-7 on its Miami run and cut the time to three hours and a half from New York. Britain's Comet was establishing flashy flying times between London and Rome, and was contemplating extending the service clear to Nairobi and eventually across the Atlantic. The neglected Pacific finally got tourist-class fares, and an around-the-world ticket could be bought for $1,100. Out on the West Coast, Scandinavian Airlines took off from Los Angeles, touched down in Canada, and then went soaring over the polar ice cap to Bluie West 8 in Greenland and on to Copenhagen. It was the first over-the-pole flight; a northern route from western America to Europe then went nowhere near New York.

Credit card travel began in the mid-Fifties, and going now and paying later became as much a part of American life as buying a car on the installment plan. Miami Beach reached the apotheosis of its flight into high living with the opening of the Fontainebleau Hotel. Hilton Hotels, which had begun an international chain in San Juan, was now about to spread clear to Istanbul, and in preparation for that event it imported some likely Turks to train them in the American way of hotel keeping. Said the future operator of the Istanbul Hilton's soda fountain, "Sodass very nice, beautiful also. This is something in Europe no have it like that. Have ice krim, but no for each people different flavor, like pepermints ice krim, botta pecanss, moka cheep, chocolate cheep." The Americanization of innkeeping had begun. It was to spread far around the globe to Bali and India, South America and the Ivory Coast.

Yugoslavia opened to tourists, and then there were rustlings from Russia. My own visa came through late in 1955 and I hustled off in the dead of winter before they changed their minds. In New York, Cosmos Travel Bureau advertised trips to the Soviet Union. At $50 a day in luxury class, which was not always so luxurious, it became the fashionable experience and hostesses sought out travelers newly returned and still wearing a fur hat, a badge of the Moscow tourist. On the other side of the world Tahiti opened, too, though hardly in a welter of luxury, either. The first charter flight left for Honolulu packed with a planeload of men who had paid $1,000 for a four-day binge. A DC-4, the plane stopped at Canton Island, then put down on the old wartime strip at Bora Bora the next morning. A flying boat, ferried up from Australia, took the party onward to Papeete where, there being still no airstrip, it landed in the harbor.

THE Rockefeller family broke into the resort business with a big lodge at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, an area which they helped to develop as a national park. The concept endeared them to the country's conservationists, but proved not nearly so popular with the people who had homes and ranches in the valley. The same scene was replayed when Laurance Rockefeller, in the first venture completely on his own, scooped up giant tracts of a small West Indian Island called St. John, which he turned over to the government as a national park. He then refashioned a hotel once owned by the Danish West Indies Company, and called it Caneel Bay. It proved a great success with everyone except the islanders who wanted their island conserved as it was.

It was an exciting time and a comfortable one. The old fat Boeing Stratocruisers were lumbering across oceans, carrying a cocktail lounge in the belly, berths in which a person could sprawl, and a seat that would really recline, not just tilt backwards. United Airlines sent a plane from New York to Hawaii between dawn and dusk, a DC-7. For the first time planes carried as many people across the ocean as did ships. Soon they would take the lead; the first orders for jets were announced. On the sea new ships kept coming from the French, the Dutch, the Swedes, and later the Norwegians, and far out in the Pacific Matson began calling again at Tahiti. Miami Beach, on a French kick for the opening of the Fontainebleau, now moved on to explore new Continental worlds. It went Swiss with the opening of the Lucerne Hotel (which had a William Tell room), Spanish with the opening of the Seville;

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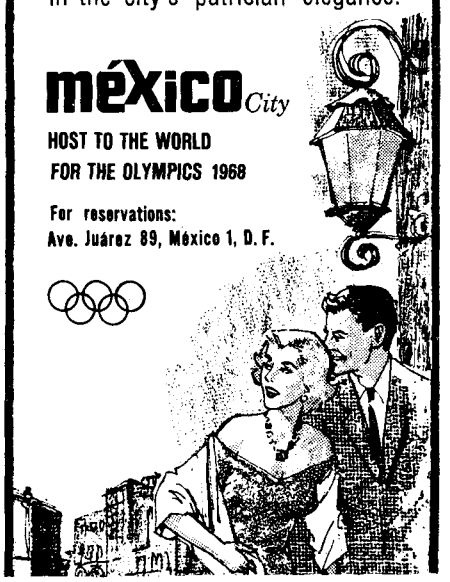

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In its headlong rush from war's end to the beginning of a new decade, travel had come so far so fast that the edges began to fray. The airlines that had in the early days been so solicitous were now cold and businesslike, seemingly too busy with traffic to worry about people. Stewardesses who had once been required to be nurses or at least college trained, who had cuddled passengers with "nursemaid care," were now short of temper and bereft of charm. The red-tape was tying tourists in double hitches. Cuba, then open for travelers, had tacked five separate taxes on airline tickets bought in Havana, including one levy for a new public library in the capital. Concessions that tended the needs of the traveler—airport newsstands and notions counters, drugstores in hotels—felt they were somehow especially oppressed by their landlords, so they charged premiums on drugs, cigarettes, and the tube of toothpaste one had overlooked in packing. The age of the fast plane had brought along with it the age of the fast buck, and the fast talk was wearing a little thin.

BUT new worlds were opening and even greater speeds were coming. The Pacific nations met in California to tell travelers that this world, too, was ready for visitors. It was a memorable conclave, its presence graced by the tourist commissioner of Burma, who was also his country's heavyweight boxing champion, and the tourist commissioner of Indonesia, who was also the Sultan of Jogjakarta. A tourist director had been appointed for Hong Kong and he stopped off in California to attend the meeting on his way from London to his new post. Taiwan was insisting that it was more than just a sanctuary for refugee Chinese from the mainland. Hawaii was expecting 270,000 tourists. It could hardly have suspected that in 1967 it would be expecting 800,000.

The first jets arrived, led by the British and followed by the Americans. They were small versions and they had problems with noise control, but true to their word they could whip up enormous speeds. The first great postwar fair opened in Brussels pitting the East and West in lively competition, and Hilton moved to the edge of the Communist world by planting a hotel in West Berlin.

In a 1958 proclamation, President Eisenhower set 1960 as "Visit the U.S.A. Year," but by 1960's end it was less than a resounding success. Although the United States had been expert in telling the European countries how to get Americans to Europe in the late Forties and the Fifties, it had proven inept, provincial, and naïve in bringing tourists here. Complicated visa restrictions, dif-

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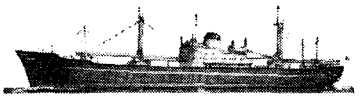

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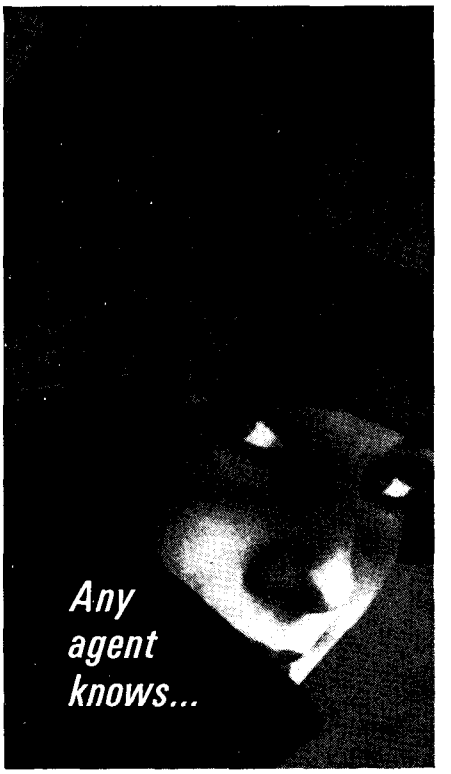
ficult customs formalities, income tax clearances, inability of hotels to handle the unfamiliar needs of foreigners—all combined to hold back our own modest tourist effort. The new Kennedy Administration realized we were suddenly facing a gold drain. Getting tourists to flow in the opposite direction, toward us, was now economically important as well as sociologically sound. Visa requirements were altered and trimmed, a United States Travel Service was founded and offices were established in foreign capitals. At the same time American tourists were notified that the free-spending days were over; the duty-free allowance which had been increased from $100 to $500 to get the dollar flow working toward Europe was cut back to $100 again. That minor curtailment didn't seem to hold anybody back. The new vogue in trips was a flight around the world. And those who counted themselves as sophisticates would announce that they were merely going *around*. The sophisticates who heard them knew they meant around the world.

THE new mobilism caused the sudden rise of such yeasty and once off-trail lairs as Hong Kong and Singapore. On terrestrial specks such as Tahiti, where there was hardly enough flat real estate for a jet strip, enormous lighted runways rose out of the sea. Hotels bloomed in such outlandish nooks as Pago Pago, Abidjan, and Tehran, whither the whistling jets came carrying today's traveler for whom no place in the world was farther than twenty-four hours away. And the rustlings came from hustings even more remote—Tananarive, Easter Island, and New Caledonia, to mention three whose hammers have been heard.

As dramatic as it was, and as powerful, the arrival of the new mobilism was not without loss. To the age of incredible speed one had to sacrifice the remnants of an age of comfort. Those wonderful nights when a traveler could descend to the lower-deck cocktail lounge of the old Boeing Stratocruiser for an aperitif, walk back upstairs for dinner, and then climb into a berth for a long night's sleep—those nights were lost. Berths on airplanes disappeared with the jets. So did seats that reclined until one was almost flat. So did those comfortable pull-out footrests on the DC-7s that made it possible to sleep supine. The jet chairs would go back only so far and it wasn't far enough for a good night's sleep. The planes were supposed to get you there before a whole night elapsed anyway, but the promises had been too grand. The long over-the-pole flights from California to Paris or Copenhagen, the jet leaps to the Middle East and to South America and Australia, were more comfortable by piston than by jet.

Where there once had been a fear of



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safety, the airlines now packed the new planes with the careful attention of a scientific tinner of sardines. The loads were so great, and on some runs the flight so short, that stewardesses hardly had time for the personal chat, the attention to individualized needs, even a solicitous attitude. Passengers had to eat when dinner was served or lose the opportunity forever. There wouldn't be time for a private serving later. The jets took so much room at the terminals that the walkways spread to infinity. The airport-planners—and one can only assume they worked with the concurrence of the airlines—seemed to have lost sight of human needs and human comforts. Elaborate terminals filled with millions of dollars of electronic gear had to patch up oversights by bringing in supermarket carts so passengers could wheel their hand luggage over the immense distances. When the distances proved too great, as they have in Hong Kong, in Singapore, in Orly, and in a score of other airports around the world, a bus was pressed into service to cover the stretch from the end of the terminal corridor to the door of the plane. But the concern over passenger comfort slipped so badly that at a port like Honolulu, where the economy survives on tourism, several of the largest airlines have dropped the planeside-to-terminal bus service. It got too expensive, and so now the passengers walk, sometimes halfway around the periphery of the field, to get from rampside to baggage dock.

WE have evolved into an age of mobilism all right, but it is also an age of cool computerization and cold cost analysis. Caring for the traveler is no longer an art; it's a science. About fifteen years ago I fetched up at the seaside buffet table of one of the world's most famous and elegant resort hotels. Chefs imported from Switzerland stood in starched linens and stiff white toques behind their bubbling dishes, explaining and suggesting. The temptations ran the long line from giant iced shrimp to the splendor of the dessert table. Last year I was back. The oceanside view was the same, but gone were the chefs in the white toques. One helped oneself from tables bereft of attendants. When the stewpot dwindled a third-assistant cook arrived with a refill. Gone, too, were the magnificent tortes and pies and puddings arrayed so temptingly. Now desserts were kept out of sight in the kitchen, and one had to ask a waitress to bring one. It was all a new system put in by the hotel chain's cost-accounting supervisor, the manager told me. What had once been the loving art of innkeeping had now become the function of feeding.

These are the sacrifices that the traveler has had to make for mobilism, and

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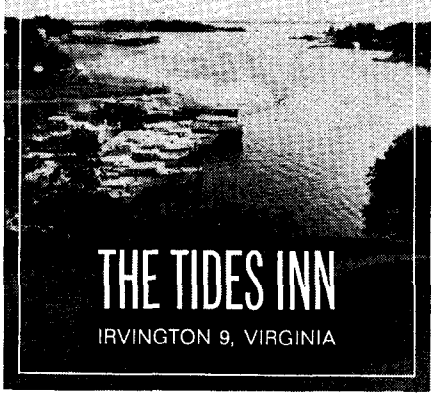

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perhaps it is worth it. Certainly there is always the fresh carrot of new fast modes of transportation and even an occasional ray of new comfort. We have looked over the shoulder of hydrofoils to new hovercraft. We see beyond the traffic jams on the airport routes and see monorails. There has even been a small, quiet renaissance—a return in a small way to the old time elegance. Travel to far places has given Americans an aptitude for Continental tastes both in dining and lodging. Even among the beanstalk hotels that soar out of the dollar-fertilized earth there appears every now and then a delicate and rare orchid, a fine inn of the old style, with old soigné ways and the grand manner. There even seems a hint of a return to some comfort when the jumbo jets arrive, some carrying nurseries for children, private staterooms, and upper-deck lounges. That will be grace and comfort's last stand before the supersonics come in and, ultimately, the rockets, all ready to lift us from Saskatoon to Swahililand between tiffin and tea. But the mind is too busy boggling, the imagination too busy staggering from this heady score years to give much mind to it. More power to those who make the next age even more mobile. We should live so long.

The Anniversary Writers

CONTRIBUTORS to the special section commemorating *SR*'s twenty years of travel coverage include: Homer Bigart, *New York Times* correspondent and two-time Pulitzer Prize winner. George Nelson won the Rome Prize in architecture in 1932 and is author of *Tomorrow's House* and *Problems of Design*. He has an office of architecture and industrial design in New York. Joseph Wechsberg covers both *Mitteleuropa* and the alimentary canal for *SR* from his Vienna base. Paul Friedlander, travel editor of *The New York Times* and a veteran travel-book watcher, surveys here the literary scene of guidebooks and travel books from postwar to the age of the jumbo jet. Geoffrey Bocca, a Briton, lives on the Riviera and commutes to America. He is the author of nine books; the latest, *The Colonels*, about the revolt of French army officers in Algeria, will be published by Prentice Hall this fall. Horace Sutton, who began *SR*'s travel department in 1947, and who has since journeyed from Antofagasta to Zanzibar, traces the history of an amazing time.

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Editorial

Continued from page 22

points we had made in our editorial. The manner of both Mr. Roche and Mr. Jorden was cordial and constructive.

Mr. Jorden reviewed the sequence of events concerning the message from Hanoi referred to in *SR*'s editorial. He said the message was actually an interpretation of a conversation by an official of a friendly government and not a direct verbatim offer from Hanoi itself. In any event, the U.S. Government had sought to obtain further information about the message. The word that came back was that Hanoi had reverted to its position on permanent cessation of bombing before it was willing to talk.

Mr. Jorden also discussed the statement in the editorial that arrangements by the United States and North Vietnam for negotiations had been close to completion last November and December and that the meetings were about to begin in Warsaw when the United States bombed Hanoi, resulting in the collapse of the talks. Mr. Jorden said that the bombing was entirely accidental. Bombing from the air, he said, is far from being the pin-pointed operation many people think it is. By mistake, he said, U.S. aviators had bombed American soldiers, South Vietnamese troops, and other wrong targets; it should not be surprising that the city of Hanoi was hit by error when the real targets were industrial and military installations outside the city. We asked why the U.S., knowing the imprecision of air bombing, would have authorized targets so close to Hanoi at such a critical time. Wasn't it virtually certain that an air attack on Hanoi would kill the exploratory talks then being arranged? Mr. Jorden replied it was difficult to believe that Ho Chi Minh would allow the bombing of Hanoi to interfere with talks if he really wanted them.

Mr. Roche said that considerable confusion and difficulty had been caused by the rather substantial number of parties who were involving themselves in the attempt to bring about negotiations or in public reports about negotiations. We inferred from this that much of the intervention was less than welcome. We called Mr. Roche's attention to the fact that the United States had publicly expressed the hope that all those who had access to Hanoi would try to persuade Ho Chi Minh to come to the negotiating table. He said that the U.S. was missing no opportunities to get into contact with Hanoi, directly or indirectly.

During the morning meeting at the White House, Ambassador Averell Harriman telephoned from the State Department at the suggestion of Secretary Rusk, and invited me to visit him at his office for the purpose of discussing the *SR* editorial. Early that afternoon, I saw Ambassador Harriman. He gave considerable emphasis to the fact that the Administration was pursuing a policy of restraint in Vietnam. It did not seek to crush North Vietnam but was attempting, through limited warfare, to bring Hanoi to negotiations. Then Ambassador Harriman said he hoped that the intellectual and liberal community in the United States would rally to the support of the President because of this policy of restraint and help to offset the heavy demands being made on the President by those who wanted an all-out military effort that would crush the enemy in the shortest possible time. The fact of the President's moderation was not being sufficiently appreciated, he said.

* * *

This completes our brief summary of our visit to Washington. It will be noted that we have not attempted to comment on the points made by government officials. Having had access to our readers in the April 1 editorial, we think it only fair that the government position should be stated on this page without editorial response. Readers who would like to ponder the main points at issue are referred to the original editorial. —N.C.

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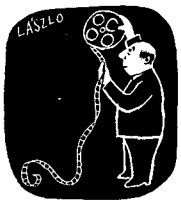
The Academy Looks Abroad

PERHAPS the least publicized and appreciated facet of the Motion Picture Academy's annual award-giving ceremony is its presentation of an Oscar for the "Best Foreign Language Picture." Each year the film-producing nations are invited to submit the picture of their choice for Academy consideration, and these are screened by a special committee of about 200 members. This year's committee looked at something like two dozen pictures before selecting the five—*The Battle of Algiers* (Italy), *Loves of a Blonde* (Czechoslovakia), *A Man and a Woman* (France), *Pharaoh* (Poland), and *Three* (Yugoslavia)—that were passed on to the membership at large for the final voting.

What complicates this award and robs it of some of its impact upon the general public is the fact that invariably several of the films nominated by their country of origin are also in commercial distribution in the United States, and hence are eligible to compete in other categories as well. *A Man and a Woman*, for example, was the French entry for the Best Foreign Language Picture award; but having been released in this country during 1966, it also won nominations for its direction, its screenplay, and for its star, Anouk Aimee. (This did not, however, prevent *A Man and a Woman* from becoming an early favorite to win the Best Foreign Language Picture Oscar, since its wide theatrical exposure gave it a distinct edge over its competition.)

As a result, what the Academy clearly intended as a goodwill gesture, a way of calling attention to superior foreign films and finding an audience for them, has been somewhat vitiated. Instead of introducing new films into the American market, the award tends rather to give extra prestige to those pictures already in distribution—and quite possibly makes it just a little more difficult for the less fortunate contenders to make a favorable distribution deal in this country, since the Academy's bloom is already off the peach. One solution, of course, would be to disqualify from the foreign film category any picture that has had an American release within the Academy's calendar year. Another, somewhat less satisfactory, might be to limit the award to *only* those foreign films that have been shown commercially in the United States during the year—a step that would bring the category closer to the regulations governing all the other Academy awards.

Either method, however, would eliminate an inequity that many Academy members are deeply conscious of, and which can only confuse the general public. (Why, for example, should *The Shop on Main Street*, which won last year's Best Foreign Picture Oscar, be represented this time by merely a Best Performance nomination?) On the other hand, it is to be hoped that there will be no elimination of the award, if only for the fact that this year it helped draw attention to the Italian entry, *The Battle of Algiers*. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo,



it nobly continues the neorealist tradition initiated by Rossellini and de Sica in the years immediately following World War II, a tradition that has somehow since meandered into the greener fields of "Italian-style" marriages and divorces.

But *Algiers*, which painstakingly reconstructs France's last-gasp efforts to stem the rising tide of Algerian nationalism, is as straightforward and unadorned as a newsreel. It is a newsreel, however, choked with indignation at the callous indifference of the French to Algerian demands for freedom, and suffused with the conviction that freedom is a cause worth fighting—and dying—for. There is no effort to mitigate the cruelties practiced by either side in this eight-year struggle; indeed, the objective, dispassionate surface of this film is its most remarkable quality. But if Pontecorvo recognizes without condemnation the motives of the French, his sympathies are without reservation with the Algerian people. And when, three years after the killing of his youthful hero—the Algerian street-boy who became a leader of the NFL—the streets of Algiers explode in a spontaneous demonstration for liberation, Pontecorvo is declaring in effect that men may die, but the will for a better life, never.

Incredibly, although the newsreel look of this film is sustained throughout, we are informed that not a single foot appears in the picture that was not shot specifically for it. If so, in Pontecorvo the screen has discovered an exciting new historian—a man who can recreate the past with all the force and immediacy of the film medium, but with the kind of perspective that only the distance of time can bring. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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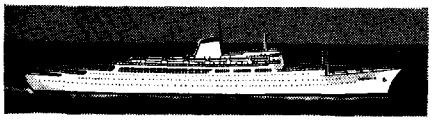

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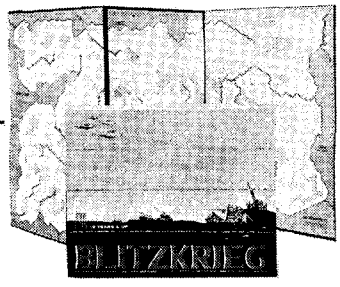

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THE THEATER

The Floating Permanent Company

SAN FRANCISCO.

IN A PERIOD when permanent resident theater companies are in danger of becoming too tame because of the pressure on them to please their boards of directors and their sources of financial support, it is heartening to encounter the spectacular success of the most unbridled maverick among them, the American Conservatory Theatre.

Under the audacious leadership of its general director, William Ball, ACT's company of seventy actors plus an equal number of technicians and administrators has stormed and captured San Francisco with a snowballing repertoire that has reached sixteen plays. Half are revised from already extant productions and half are newly mounted, and together they fill two theaters for twenty-two weeks ending in June. Then, after a summer break which will be filled with appearances at the Stanford Summer Festival and at Chicago's Ravinia Park Festival, ACT will return to San Francisco for a four-month season with nine new productions and seven old ones.

While the company is sponsored for its San Francisco season by the California Theatre Foundation, a group of civic-minded citizens who have guaranteed the raising of a projected deficit of $425,000, ACT's operation and choices are completely independent. Another group of citizens in Chicago has invited ACT to play a season in Chicago on a similar basis beginning next February, and it is expected that ACT will alternate between these two cities. Control of its destiny, however, remains with ACT, and should either San Francisco or Chicago find this cultural expenditure beyond their means, there seems little doubt that other cities would be eager to have them.

The response in San Francisco has been phenomenal, with ACT almost instantly having attracted both the old Actors Workshop minority audience and the conventional theatergoers who had been alienated by the Workshop's approach. Opening in January at the Geary Theater with a *Tartuffe* that is superior to Mr. Ball's highly acclaimed 1965 New York production, the company demonstrated immediately its skill, its theatrical vigor, and its eagerness to entertain.

The Molière comedy goes lickety-split as the articulate and superbly coordinated cast get maximum fun out of the most outrageous exploitation of the comic situations. René Auberjonois brings to *Tartuffe* the same sort of thoroughly carried out invention that Olivier brought to his Othello. At one point of lust-filled anticipation this twenty-seven-year-old actor scratches the velvet back of a chair to reach an inner heat that he proceeds to allay by dousing himself with holy water.

But just as important as this bravura performance is the way Ball directs his actors as he attempts the freest excursions within the very tight meter of Molière's rhyming couplets. So sure is this company's grasp that the entire cast can exit from the living room for a couple of beats and then come running back to pick up the next line.

Four days after its triumphant *Tartuffe*, ACT shot off the other barrel by presenting its very special version of *Tiny Alice*. This production has developed considerably since we first reviewed it in Pittsburgh [see *SR*, Sept. 4, 1965]. It is now even further revised, with every single moment in the play being made theatrically fascinating by the wildest possible exercise of performance antics. While one suspects that ACT has gone too far to make this difficult play effective, it should be pointed out that not only is it a smash hit here, but also that there is a certain no-nonsense sophistication that makes the play's strange events credible on a realistic level rather than metaphysically puzzling flights into abstraction.

Ensuing hits at the Geary and at the smaller Marines Theater include *Dear Liar*, featuring Michael O'Sullivan and Sada Thompson, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, with Richard Dysart playing the stepfather, *Man and Superman*, and a surprisingly cordial *Endgame*.

Beyond the public success of ACT, it is apparent that this company's philosophy of regarding every performance as work in progress, and every actor as a talent to be encouraged to train itself to a realization of its fullest and most expressive potential is bearing fruit. At this stage of its development ACT has perhaps concentrated too much on sustaining the atmosphere of fervor so that in the productions one often feels that although the action is high-spirited and adventurous, it might be more judiciously edited. But it is obviously Ball's hope that as his company matures, the actors and the directors will come to know their instruments so totally that the editing will be creative rather than restrictive.

—HENRY HEWES.

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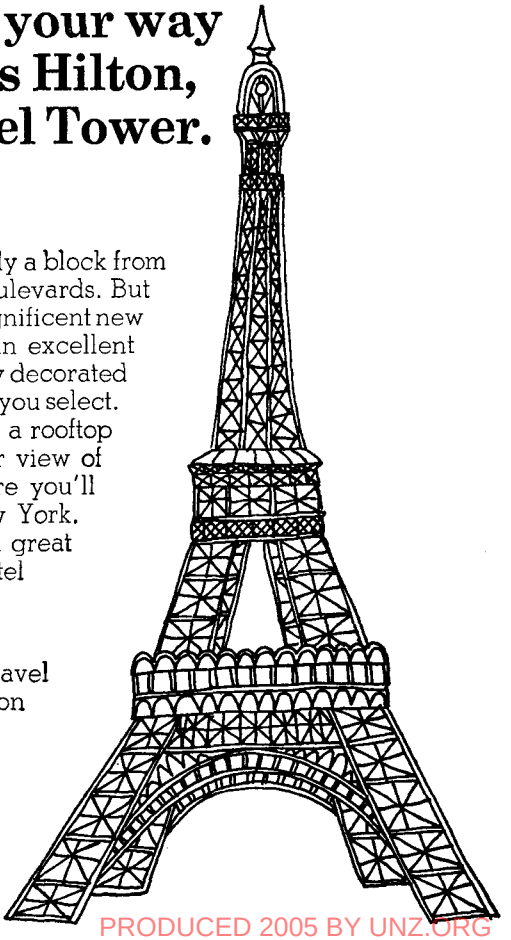

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The Truth Helps

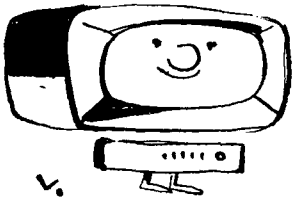
IN A SERIES of conversations and interviews called *A Chance to Grow*, produced by WGBH, Boston, and currently being distributed through National Educational Radio stations throughout the country, a husband and wife who were in military service in World War II may be heard talking with young men who are about to enlist in the armed forces. Among them is their own son.

The subject is enlistment. Mother had seen and remembered many horrible things, particularly burned bodies in a naval hospital, but she had never shared any of her terrible experiences with her son. Father tells only "a lot of funny things that happened." Both parents, of course, believe that they are sparing their son. At the end of the military enlistment program, Dr. Richard Chasin, a psychiatrist on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School, reflects on what has been said. The boys who are about to enlist, he comments, have private and popular notions about military service that are a far cry from the grim business of war.

One enlistee sees the service as a summer resort. Other common myths are that the military is a great cure for boredom: it "shapes young men up," teaches them discipline, responsibility. Recruiters, says the psychiatrist, help to propagate the myths; schools are generally ineffective in confronting them, and parents commonly do nothing to give sons a more realistic idea of what military service is apt to be like in a time of active conflict. "Perhaps we ought to do nothing," Dr. Chasin wonders. Perhaps, if it is necessary to sacrifice young men in the national interest, "the nation may have a personal stake in keeping up these various myths. . . ."

A Chance To Grow suggests, in eleven programs, that parents generally tend to avoid discussions with their children that may reveal inner feelings of pain and distress attendant upon the major crises that all people meet in growing up. The parents often resist stirring up memories of their own early encounters with loneliness, grief, and anxiety. This fairly universal blocking in the sharing of unpleasant experiences in normal family situations exacts a toll in the mental health of the nation, in the view of Dr. Norman Paul, clinical professor of psychiatry at Tufts Medical School, who conducts the interviewing for the radio series.

One generation passes on to the next its own inability to distinguish between expectations based on fantasy and reality. When in major life-adjustments a normal person is not adequately prepared, through empathic learning in stable family situations, to handle sudden challenges the result is a weakened personality. In the dialogue of our culture, Dr. Paul asserts, uncomfortable feelings are not supposed to be on the agenda. Trouble in the nuclear family



unit may be the cause of the fact that one out of every two beds in hospitals is occupied by a mental patient.

A Chance To Grow is part of an ongoing research project designed by the two psychiatrists, and carried on with the help of WGBH and several educational foundations. It represents a most advanced, sophisticated approach to the use of the mass media in promoting mental health. Foremost in the concept is the use of "normal" families in the interviews, assisting voluntarily in the search for knowledge of how healthy responses may be made to crises in maturation. The people are not problems or patients: They are engaged in the education of themselves and others. They listen to playbacks of first interviews, then are reinterviewed months later in new conversations involving strangers in common situations—getting married, having the first child, moving from high school to college or to work.

The series demonstrates vividly on the air, and through phonograph records and a book of transcripts of the interviews, that people have the capacity, outside the psychiatrist's office, to listen, to discover their own inner blocks, and to correct them. Each program reiterates the paradigm of the series—open discussion of deep feelings and shared insights. Involvement is inescapable for the listener; often a hearer may be angered.

In the program "A Child At Camp" a mother is surprised to discover that it was important to her boy to have her tell him that camp would have its uncomfortable moments which could be overcome. The boy cries, and Dr. Paul suggests that aggrieved listeners may be resisting their own uncomfortable memories. The program "Ghetto to Suburb" has its pleasant surprises. A Negro mother finds that, contrary to what she had been led to believe, white children in the new neighborhood are eager to play with her children. Her hostile fantasies are reversed when she meets a friendly white neighbor from Mississippi.

The programs, played at PTA meetings, have had strong impact. One parent declared that it was like "being introduced to an alien world." English teachers, testing the programs in their classes, have expressed excitement about their educational potential. Church groups have sought the records. It is not surprising, as Dr. Paul reports, that "those who probably need the open dialogue most tend to shut it out. The challenge for the method is to devise ways to help people who want to deny their past to accept it." The open dialogue of *A Chance To Grow* is worth widening. Inquiries should be addressed to WGBH, Boston, Massachusetts.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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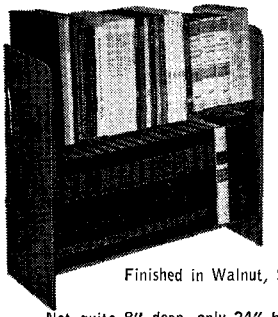

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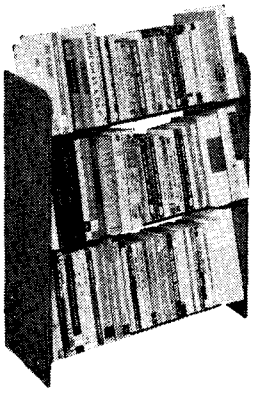

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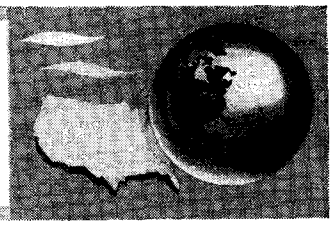
As Others See Us



VANCOUVER:

A Devil to Hate

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the Americans, above all people, need a devil to hate and that in the twentieth century that devil has generally been a Communist one. Right now, it happens to be a Chinese Communist devil.

Right or wrong, this explanation helps illuminate Senator Robert F. Kennedy's plea, to the University of Chicago conference on China, for the development of a U.S. Asia policy with the emphasis on an entirely new approach to China. "We have striven to isolate China from the world and treated it with unremitting hostility," he said. "That, however, is not a policy. It is an attitude founded upon fear and passion and wishful hopes."

We in Canada are only too well aware of this American psychic trauma and its effects on our own foreign policy. For twenty years, as Mr. Kennedy said, it has left the United States—"the strongest power in Asia"—without a conscious policy or direction in that continent, unaware of what it seeks. And it has left America's allies—or at least this one, Canada—in a similar sad condition.

From what Mr. Kennedy has said it follows that a more rational U.S. policy toward China probably would make it possible for a more rational approach to the situation in Vietnam, where, as some people think, the United States is in effect fighting a war with China by proxy. . . . —*The Sun.*

LONDON:

The Topless Craze

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THIS IS WHERE the continuing topless craze has led the insatiable appetite of the American executive. What chance for a poor flat-chested secretary, even with speeds of 150-100, if her prowess in figures is purely mathematical?

It all started last year with the topless waitress. Bare bosoms with the menu, from hors d'oeuvres to sweet, hovered over many a successful business deal, to the point where no visiting big shot from less cultural cities would even consider discussing a deal without a topless waitress in attendance. The quality of the food—no longer important to the diners—went from bad to worse. . . .

Topless cashiers came next, and expense accounts spiraled. Topless Pizza Parlors and Topless Drive-Ins brought the rage to the lesser mortals.

There are signs that the supply of topless cannot keep up with the demand. One restaurant operator invaded the University campus for recruits. He advertised for "College Topless Queens." "Put Yourself Through College by Becoming a Topless!" he shouted, intimating that a high IQ was no hindrance if other vital statistics were in evidence. . . .

—*Ninette de Vries in Punch.*

PEKING:

U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. "Collaboration"

ADOPTED AT the U.N. General Assembly under U.S.-Soviet manipulation, the treaty on the uses of outer space was formally signed recently in Washington, London, and Moscow. This . . . is another step of big U.S.-Soviet collaboration on a world scale. These two rotten eggs are conspiring together, proceeding from collusion on earth to "cooperation" in the heavens. How loving they are!

It is no coincidence that this treaty was signed precisely at a time when the United States and the Soviet Union were exerting themselves in their "peace talks" scheme about Vietnam. Last July, the Soviet delegate to the U.N. Outer Space Committee said that as long as the United States is engaged in its war of aggression in Vietnam, "the United States has no right to speak of wanting peace in outer space." But soon after that, the Soviet revisionists gave themselves a slap in the face by hastily affixing their seal to the so-called "Treaty on Peaceful Uses of Outer Space. . . ." —*Peoples Daily.*

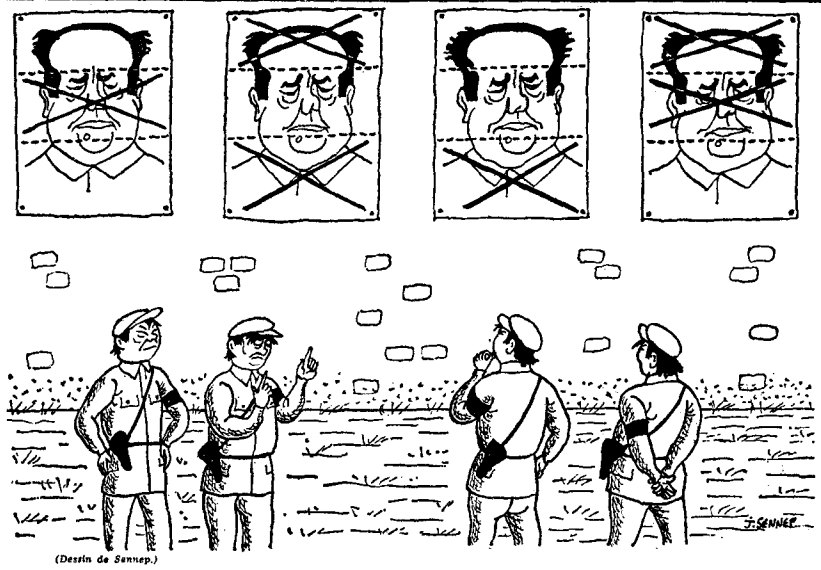
KIEL, GERMANY:

U.S. Nuclear Presence

IF A NUCLEAR POWER undertook to guarantee the security of a nonnuclear power it would have to be relied on to come to the latter's aid whatever the circumstances, even if this meant that the protecting power itself were placed in a dangerous position.

This kind of problem explains why NATO is in such straits. Since the time of the test-ban treaty the vulnerability of the U.S.A. has been the decisive factor in all military considerations. France drew the logical consequences from the situation and set about providing herself with her own nuclear deterrent.

For years the other NATO countries have been racking their brains in the attempt to devise a really effective Atlantic nuclear force. The responsibil-



The Thoughts of Mao

The distinction must be made: There are those who are for Mao, against Tse, and for Tung; those against Mao, for Tse, and against Tung; those for Mao and for Tse, against Tung; and those who are against Mao, against Tse, and for Tung!

—*Le Figaro, Paris.*

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ity for the decision to use these bombs has, however, remained indivisible—that is, control is still exclusively in American hands.

In addition, Moscow has expended a great deal of propaganda and diplomatic pressure against the Federal Republic's participation in any form of joint nuclear force whatever. The possibility of an Atlantic solution must be considered a thing of the past.

The only course now open to the Federal Government is to press for a continued American nuclear presence in Europe which would be the subject of a special agreement in addition to the general nonproliferation treaty. . . .

—*Kieler Nachrichten.*

MANCHESTER:

Poorer and Less Secure

NONPROLIFERATION has become more urgent than ever in the last three months. The Americans have discovered that Russian progress with antiballistic missiles has put both the superpowers on the brink of a colossally expensive and totally useless new arms race. Such a race leaves both sides poorer and neither securer. The Americans, at any rate, have seen the point and Mr. Rusk has already envisaged contacts with the Russians to seek a missile moratorium. Trouble with the Germans over a nonproliferation treaty could jeopardize the whole idea. —*The Guardian.*

Letters to the World's Editors

What People are Writing to their Newspapers

Save the Cow

THE DEMAND for a ban on cow slaughter is in essence the plea for *ahimsa*. Extend the rationalist argument that no one would kill milk-yielding cows, but only those which have dried up, and you end up with the plea for exterminating mad, old, infirm, and invalid human beings because they are an unnecessary burden on the country's economy. The "Save the Cow" campaign has, at the core, an ethical basis. Religious sentiment is a secondary issue.

For the rationalist who believes that man alone need live happily on earth and subhuman species are to subserve man—well, we have no answer except to leave him to his beliefs. A devout Hindu is ready to abstain from all flesh. He believes that all other creatures have as much right to live as he, "that a man is not a carnivorous animal, but we are born to live on the fruits and herbs that the earth grows." Besides the cow is a sacred animal to the Hindus. It is worshiped and looked upon as a mother and has an important place in Hindu mythology, where Kamadhenu is the mythical cow which bestows whatever one wishes. . . .

—*S. N. Ramoo,*
Illustrated Weekly of India.

Down with the Gypsy Mayor!

I'M A GYPSY from Balmazújváros (Hungary) and want to report to your readers that it was in 1954 that a gypsy was elected councilman in our village. Before that happened the "Gypsy Mayor" kept the gypsies in line. In many of our neighborhood villages this shameful "Gypsy Mayor" system is still alive. Not in our village, however! The Council cares about our fate; it has modernized our lives. We have in the village better living quarters, radio, electricity, even a library.

—*János Náni,*
Népszabadság, Budapest.

Baez and Japanese Singers

I HEARD the heart-moving songs of American folk singer Joan Baez on television and saw the thin profile of a martyr.

She said that she had longed to be on television and thanked the capacity audience. She also said that the profits from the night's concert would go to help the atom-bomb victims of Nagasaki. Listening to her talk made me think of Japanese pop singers.

Exactly twenty minutes ago, on the same TV, I saw a party in celebration of the bestowal of some award to singer So-and-So and the news of a wedding between two singers. I felt all the more empty because these parties were so elaborate. All these parties, wedding receptions, and overseas trips of Japanese singers end up in nothing but personal satisfaction.

I wouldn't say anything if the songs themselves were heart-moving. But if the songs sell because of a shallow popularity created by the PR work of the record companies, the singers should at least think of returning the benefits they have received from society to people in the lower strata of society at least once a year. Why can't they think of this?

I may be wishing for too much if I say that the young singers should stand up for the people of war-torn Vietnam.

It is not my intention to make a claim about the individual way of life, but I thought of this because of this big difference between the American singer and Japanese singers.

—*Michiko Hibino,*
Asahi Shimbun, Osaka.

Debt to America

DR. ADELAIDO G. TANHUECO wrote, in "On Marcos' U.S. Visit," that he "felt ashamed of being Filipino," especially when President Marcos declared in a speech that "Filipinos were neck-deep in debt to Americans, that we owed our progress to them." But isn't that the simple truth? And what is Dr. Tanhueco doing in the United States but piling up a debt of gratitude to his American friends and sponsors?

—*Francisco H. Medrano,*
Philippines Free Press, Manila.

Movement and the "Maginot Line": The black, sir, is the opposition. That Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber [editor, *L'Express*] may not agree with certain aspects of the French policy of scientific research and of its efforts in certain areas is his right. But by virtue of a polemic and masochistic systematization, there is only M. Servan-Schreiber who believes that all France has done in the domain of the atom, in space, and in color television has no utility for the nation and, beyond this, handicaps our economic future.

The one time that a government in France deliberately prefers movement to a "Maginot line" attitude in the area of technological application, thus giving the nation means to understand and master the activities which are of first order for our future, it is *L'Express*, the magazine that wishes to be modern, which reproaches the government.

What is fascinating in the case of M. Servan-Schreiber is the lightness with which he condemns the French effort. To understand M. Servan-Schreiber . . . it would have been perfect in the best possible of international cooperations to . . . buy rockets and satellites from the United States and to yield the market for nuclear centers to the Americans and the English.

Even supposing that the Americans . . . are only too happy to sell us their rockets, and that the United States will be eternally grateful for the absence of our concurrence on Spanish participation, one fails to see what mysterious advantages the attitude prescribed by M. Servan-Schreiber would bring to France. . . .

M. Servan-Schreiber has chosen the part of systematic denigration. Certainly, all is not perfect in the policies of the Fifth Republic, but can M. Servan-Schreiber's article really serve as the basis for a constructive and realistic policy to replace it?

—*Brigitte Friang,*
—*Letter to the Editor,*
L'Express, Paris.

EDITOR'S REPLY: *The tone used by these gentlemen—or these ladies—who wish to appropriate a monopoly over institutions and political truth is always a revealing one.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ozawa of Toronto, Singers of Parts

SEIJI OZAWA is far from an unfamiliar figure on the conductor's podium to concert-going New Yorkers, for he spent four years as assistant to Leonard Bernstein with the Philharmonic and has only recently guest-conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall. But if one is to judge adequately his all-round qualities as a conductor, he should be heard with one of the orchestras he conducts regularly. As of the winter season, that is the Toronto Symphony, with which he recently made his first venture in Carnegie Hall.

In common with other conductors of his age group, Ozawa has an eye for clarity, a mind for the literal specifications of a composer's score, a sure hand for the articulation of almost any rhythmic problem. But, rather more than most, he also has an ear for the fine distinctions of sound which make the difference between the approximate and the exact in matters of balance, blend, and tonal integration. It has never, to my recollection, been a real temptation to describe the Toronto Symphony under past conductors in terms of virtuosity or brilliance, but there were moments in this program when either—sometimes both—applied.

Perhaps this was an illusion created by Ozawa's own vitality and magnetism in Verdi's Overture to *The Sicilian Vespers,* with which the evening began, or a little later, in orchestral support to Leon Fleisher's playing of the Ravel Concerto for left hand alone, or in the *Symphonie fantastique* of Berlioz, with which it ended. But there had to be a swell of sound, a blaze of color, an arousing pattern of rhythmic emphasis to fulfill for the ear what he was doing for the eye. They were present in surprisingly abundant measure, considering the prior status of the orchestra, and the brief time Ozawa has had, since assuming command in 1965, to alter it.

There are, of course, patterns of behavior inherent in any conducting career less than ten years old. Ozawa has not yet heard, or at least not taken to heart, Richard Strauss's pronouncement, among other reminders to young conductors: "If you think the brass is not blowing hard enough, tone them down another shade or two." The opening of the Ravel Concerto was altogether too much of a love affair between the amorous conductor and the easily wooed wind players, with the strings treated like all-too-obedient children of their liaison, seen but not heard.

For a work of Ravel, Leon Fleisher is not the first pianist who comes to mind, assuming one has in mind the Leon Fleisher who has recorded all the Beethoven concertos with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. Despite the Toulouse-Lautrec kind of facial foliage he now wears, this was, indeed, the same Leon Fleisher, performing with flair, fluency, and immense gusto a work to which flair and fluency and perhaps a little less gusto would be appropriate.

Along with the standard works, Ozawa sustained credit for himself and the orchestra in a Triptyque of Pierre Mercure, a Montreal-born composer of considerable attainments. Unfortunately, it will never be known whether the promise of this colorfully imagined, sensitively orchestrated work would have led to something finer, for Mercure was killed in an automobile accident a year ago while still short of forty.

Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who has been having a season of his own these weeks, demonstrated another of his formidable list of specialities when he performed the role of Orfeo in a concert version of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* under the sponsorship of the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall. This is by no means the only contemporary approach to solution of a problem which history rendered insoluble with the disappearance of the castrated male singer for whose specie it was created. One can have a tenor (if one has Leopold Simoneau) as well as the customary mezzo.

So far as a baritone is concerned — whether Fischer-Dieskau or another —the crux of the matter is the keys utilized. Short of rewriting the whole opera, he is required to plunge into areas of sound where the average mezzo is much better conditioned to prosper than is the average baritone. In this venture, conducted by Jonel Perlea, the sanguinary center of the part—Orfeo's appeal to the demonic creatures of the underworld in "Furie! Larvae!"—was decidedly low for the performer's vocal comfort, with consequent dissipation of its proper effect. The succeeding "Che puro ciel" was more to his vocal disposition, as was, of course, "Che farò." In both, the singer's mastery of line and mood produced moments of exceptional beauty. Taken as a whole, however, it did not

(*Continued on page* 105)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Fame at the End Was Fickle

WHEN I think, as I often do, about the literary life in America throughout the years, I always come back to the career of William Dean Howells, just because it was so untypical. He did not die young as Edgar Allan Poe, Stephen Crane, Hart Crane, Thomas Wolfe, and so many others did. He was not driven into silence by neglect, as Herman Melville was. He did not feel the black gloom that Mark Twain felt so often in his later years. Howells lived a long and productive life, and, until near the end, was almost universally esteemed.

In 1912, when Howells's seventy-fifth birthday was being observed by his illustrious contemporaries in and out of the arts, Henry James wrote a letter to be read at the congratulatory banquet. After speaking as one craftsman to another of Howells's gifts as a novelist, James attempted to sum up the achievement of his old friend: "Stroke by stroke and book by book your work was to become, for the exquisite notation of our whole democratic light and shade and give and take, in the highest degree *documentary: so* that none other, through all your fine long season, could approach it in value and amplitude." But "documentary" was not for James an altogether complimentary word, and he went on: "You may remember perhaps, and I like to recall, how the great and admirable Taine, in one of the fine excursions of his French curiosity, greeted you as a precious painter and a sovereign witness. But his appreciation, I want you to believe with me, will yet be carried much further, and then—though you may have argued yourself happy, in your generous way, and with your incurable optimism, even while noting yourself not understood—your really beautiful time will come."

Most of those participating in the festivities—including, perhaps, as James hinted, Howells himself — must have been astounded by the suggestion that there could be a more beautiful time than this for a man whom the President of the United States had chosen to honor with his presence. In half a century he had published nearly one hundred books, and though he would have acknowledged that some were trifles, he knew how much substance there was in the best of them. In the opinion of the majority of his literate countrymen he was, and long had been, the greatest of living American novelists. Moreover, as assistant editor and then, for a decade, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* and after that as a regular contributor to *Harper's,* he had more influence on the literary taste of the American middle class than any other person of his age.

He had lived, in more ways than one, an exemplary American life. Born in the Middle West, son of a printer, he was largely self-educated, but from an early age he had literary ambitions, which centered his attention on New England. When, as a young man, he visited Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, and talked, both as journalist and as worshipful disciple, with Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson, he had found his spiritual home. In the same year, 1860, he wrote a campaign biography of Abraham Lincoln, chiefly for local consumption, and was given the consulship in Venice as his reward. Although this, his first visit to Europe, strengthened his conviction of American superiority, especially in morals, he was always and increasingly conscious of his debt to European culture. When he left Venice, married to the woman with whom he was to live, apparently happily, for almost fifty years, he had written enough to attract the attention of editors and publishers. Beginning humbly, as in the opinion of the nineteenth century an American should, he rose rapidly to an eminence he maintained for decade after decade.

By the time of his seventy-fifth birthday, however, there was a muttering of dissatisfaction with the Dean of American Letters, as he was often called, which was to become a roar and would eventually drown out his voice, seemingly forever. Discontent was directed chiefly against the attitude that had most commended him to his admirers—his almost unqualified adherence to what a later generation was to denounce as Victorian prudishness. In *Criticism and Fiction,* for instance, he had said that literature "was all the more faithfully representative of the tone of modern life in dealing with love that was chaste, and with passion so honest that it could be openly spoken of before the tenderest society bud at dinner." He, for one, he declared, would not write "things for young girls to read which you would be put out-of-doors for saying to them," nor would he deny himself "the pleasure—and it is a very high and sweet one—of appealing to these vivid, responsive intelligences."

There were scores of such observations that the young rebels could hurl back at Howells, so that he was nearly buried before his death in 1920. What the rebels forgot was that Howells stood for honesty as well as what he believed to be decency, and that in case of conflict he had almost invariably put honesty first. Not only had he urged his fellow-countrymen to read Tolstoy, Hardy, even Zola; he had championed Ed Howe, Stephen Crane, Hamlin Garland, H. H. Boyesen, Frank Norris, Charles Chesnutt, Abraham Cahan, and virtually every other young American who was pressing against the barriers of

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Victorianism. He deplored "the Southwestern, the Lincolnian, the Elizabethan breadth of parlance" that Mark Twain practiced in conversation, but this diminished neither his fondness nor his admiration for his friend, who, he said, would "bask in the same light as Cervantes and Shakespeare." The man who wrote *My Mark Twain* was not wholly a prude.

The young rebels assumed that realism was primarily a matter of candor, a willingness to present and examine all the aspects of life that the Victorians had tried to ignore and about which they had commanded writers to be silent. This was not, of course, what Howells had meant by realism when he was waging his fifty years' war on its behalf. In one of his early novels, *Their Wedding Journey*, Howells wrote, "Ah, poor real life, which I love, can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?" He was challenging not only the frankly romantic novelists, Scott and his myriad disciples, but also such contemporaries as Dickens and Thackeray, who, as he saw it, found it necessary to improve on "real life" to hold their readers. Says a character in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*: "The novelist who could interpret the common feelings of the common people would have the answer to 'the riddle of the painful earth' on the tip of his tongue."

The critics could argue that the "real life" Howells saw was a small part of American reality, and that was true, although it is to his credit that he saw more and more as time passed. They said, too, that he wrote dull books about dull people, and sometimes he did. They said, finally, that his theory of realism led him to see only the surfaces of life, and here they were largely wrong. Whatever else may be true of the man who created Bartley Hubbard and Marcia Gaylord, Silas Lapham, Dryfoos and Lindau in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, Northwick in *The Quality of Mercy*, Jeff Durgin in *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, and Dylks in *The Leatherwood God*, his knowledge of men and women was not superficial.

A "really beautiful time" did come for Henry James, though not until he had been dead for thirty years; but Howells's time hasn't come and probably never will. Although there have been many attempts to reawaken interest in his work, he drifts further and further away from us. He seems to be the kind of writer who speaks less and less clearly to people as the passage of the years works its ever swifter and swifter alterations in our society. If he is to be kept alive at all, it will be by the scholars, and they should keep him alive, for, if he is unlikely to be widely read, he deserves to be gratefully remembered.

—Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Konvitz vs. Hoffer

Professor Milton Konvitz's attack [*SR*, Apr. 8] on Eric Hoffer's essay on the Negro Revolution in *The Temper of Our Time* illustrates anew the typical liberal historian's misunderstanding of America's heterogeneous and diverse heritage, and his lack of faith in this diversity as a central pillar of American development. . . .

Hoffer's insistence on the development of Negro-created, -owned, and -run institutions, the development, in short, of a Negro community of which Negroes can be proud, as the only true road to successful and meaningful integration, is dismissed by Konvitz as "the rankest form of racism." "Racism without exploitation and with a large dose of race pride," says Konvitz, "is still racism." On the contrary, such community development and self-help has been the first step toward a positive role in American society for each ethnic or racial community in our history. The true tragedy of the Negro in America has been that his arrival on these shores destroyed, rather than helped create and extend, a sense of community pride and creativity.

Henry M. Schaffer.

St. Louis, Mo.

I would like to congratulate Mr. Konvitz. I have the feeling that more than "60 per cent of the population outside the South" side with him rather than with Mr. Hoffer. We Northerners need to be more than tolerant—we must assume a responsibility to love, accept, and help.

Pat Zahler.

Hutchinson, Minn.

Does Mr. Konvitz think for a moment that Hoffer is so shallow, so socially unconscious, that he does not understand or sympathize with the Negro plight? Hoffer is discussing our times in these essays—not just the ideals, not just what should be, but what *is*. His comments on the nature and temper of recent racial explosions are correct, bitingly correct, regardless of the zeal and high-mindedness of the Negro leaders. And to accuse Eric Hoffer of being unloving, by quoting St. Paul's hymn, is to utterly misunderstand the man.

Vent Fiscus.

Cleveland, O.

I would desperately like to meet Mr. Konvitz. He has grasped, with a "mature" mind, the fact that one cannot dismiss a human being with a wave of the hand and a belittling of that human being's problems. Nor can one simply say, "There is no justification here. Don't bother me." *Finally*, Mr. Hoffer, like so many others, assumes that because life is hard for everyone, it is meaningless to consider that for some life is harder than for others.

James A. Gorman.

Cummaquid, Mass.

Professor Konvitz completely misses the point of Eric Hoffer's writings on the Negro. Mr. Hoffer has the courage—and loving concern—to offer admonitions. It seems a strange perversion to call this a crude, murderous weapon! The reviewer satisfies himself with a quotation from a hymn to love, and deplores racism with pride. The professor does not tell us what he would substitute for pride, nor how, nor when.

Elizabeth G. Wagner.

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Do Statistics Tell the Story?

In my opinion, Fred J. Cook's review of *Overcharge*, by Lee Metcalf and Vic Reinemer [*SR*, Apr. 1], is one of the most biased I have seen in a long while.

I am not a principal in, nor am I an employee of, an investor-owned power company. I am a construction engineer, old enough to retire, who has been in a position to know about the power industry and the men who manage and control these investor-owned electric power companies. All of them whom I know are honest, hard-working, public-spirited Americans who are good businessmen with integrity.

You cannot compare the cost of producing electrical energy in Boston with the cost of producing it in Seattle, regardless of whether the energy is produced by a private utility or a municipality. The cost of electrical energy is made up of a good many things, such as fuel, labor, depreciation on plant and equipment, etc. I notice from the *Directory of Electric Utilities—1966 Issue*, published by McGraw-Hill, that practically all of the power produced by Boston Edison is produced by steam, and in my opinion the fuel is primarily coal, which is undoubtedly quite expensive around Boston

The Department of Lighting, Seattle, Washington, is listed as having primarily hydro-electric plants of quite large size. Therefore, there is probably no cost for fuel and the plants were undoubtedly built quite a few years ago when labor was cheap. Even at that I have my doubts, when the power is sold for an average of about $.01 per KWH, if all of the costs which go into producing this power are being charged to the production of power.

Curt E. Bottum, Sr.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Statistics tell the story," Mr. Cook says. "In Boston, 500 kilowatt-hours cost $13.41; in Seattle, the same amount of current costs $5." Do statistics tell the story? Seattle happens to be close to Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams, built with federal money, where large amounts of cheap power are available. Perhaps the Bostonians pay too much, or do the citizens of Seattle pay too little?

Wm. K. Munn.

Oakland, Calif.

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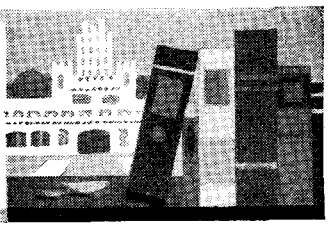
Perspective



"A Bit of an Ass"

WHEN he was a very old man, I used to visit G. M. Trevelyan, the historian, at his Northumberland home. Nearly sightless, he still clambered about the ruins of the great Roman wall which stretched across the fells he loved so much and knew so well. No day was so wet that it kept him from stumbling round the deep woodland garden that surrounded his house. During these walks he would stop, glare at the middle distance, and grunt a gnomic utterance. One day Namier was very much on his mind, another it was Russell. He paused in the drenching Scotch mist and growled at the dripping beeches, "Bertie Russell was always a bit of an ass." And for once I thought I heard a hint of envy from a man whose life was as generous and as malice-free as any I have known.

Bertrand Russell and Trevelyan had been young dons together at Trinity at the turn of the century, its period of greatest intellectual distinction since the days of Newton and Bentley. Here were clustered A. E. Whitehead, G. E. Moore, the physicist H. J. Thompson, the anthropologist Sir James Frazer, all of world stature, and a host of others just below. None are left now save Russell, the last lingering relic of a wonderful generation —liberal, humanist, agnostic, intensely proud of man's intellectual achievements. To participate in them was their desire. Before such men one can only feel humility and a profound respect and wish that one's own generation had half their sincerity and dedication.

And yet—what of Russell? When Trevelyan spoke, Bertrand Russell had recently been sitting, frail and old, amongst a horde of adolescents on the sidewalk in Trafalgar Square protesting the Bomb. Long after the others were dead, or had retired, or become conservative, he went on and on. The baubles of the Establishment meant nothing to him, and protest for human rights was still as indestructible a part of his nature as it had been seventy years before. Of course, one can point to occasional lapses that have betrayed both his historical sense and the warmth of his heart. Yet how rare have these moments been, compared with the decades of sane judgment and wise comment that he has offered the world.

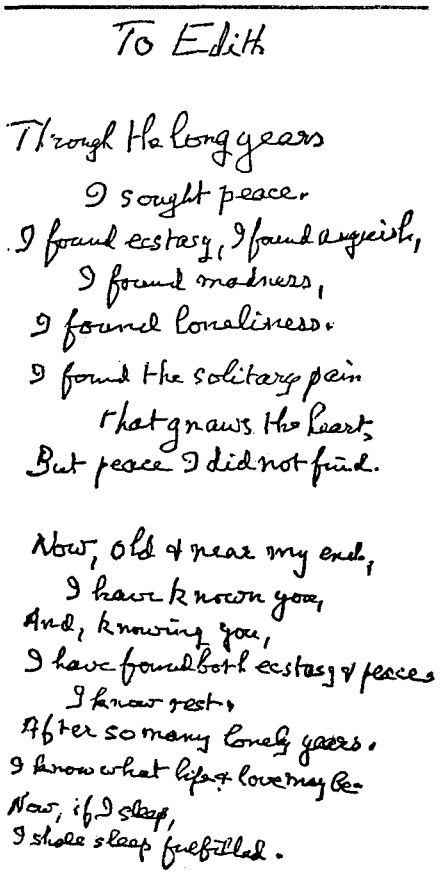
A Socialist, he was pro-Boer in 1901, a pacifist in 1914. He has been an ardent supporter of votes for women, an exponent of freedom in education, a despiser of conventional morality, a hater of Fascism and Nazism, a friend of Negroes and Jews, a protester against American involvement in Vietnam.

Filled with utter loathing of oppression in every form, a passionate adherent of human rights, since 1900 Russell has given his ardent support and superb intellectual dialectic to one noble cause after another. Who among us can present so honorable a record not only over nearly seventy years but even over fifteen? Which of our generation in America or in Britain of Lord Russell's eminence has gone gladly to jail for his beliefs? And the motives that have driven him on, an old man doing a young man's work, lie very deep, at the core of his personality. Much better than anyone else he himself explains this in one of the most beautiful forewords I have ever read—that to *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* 1872-1914 (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95). It ought to be engraved in stone and set up in every school and university throughout the world—an epitome of the noble aspirations of a noble man.

> Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.
>
> I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what—at last—I have found.
>
> With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.
>
> Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.
>
> This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

This should teach us that the deepest religious feelings can live in the heart of an agnostic, that the mind and the passions are not forever at variance. There is nothing more absurd than the notion that the intellect is cold, as inane indeed as to suggest that it is a poor guide to the affairs of men. There is none better or safer so long, as with Russell, it is warmed with compassion.

Russell, of course, was lucky. Like so many of his friends, he has a remarkable heritage. The grandson of Lord John Russell, "Finality Jack" of the Great Reform Bill, he is thus allied to the Dukes of Bedford and half the Grand Whiggery of Victorian England. He was educated privately, but in an atmosphere drenched with the philosophy of the Utilitarians and Positivists. Hence he was saved from the thoughtless philistin-


To Edith

Through the long years
I sought peace.
I found ecstasy, I found anguish,
I found madness,
I found loneliness.
I found the solitary pain
that gnaws the heart;
But peace I did not find.

Now, old & near my end,
I have known you,
And, knowing you,
I have found both ecstasy & peace.
I know rest.
After so many lonely years.
I know what life & love may be.
Now, if I sleep,
I shall sleep fulfilled.

Dedication in Bertrand Russell's hand to *The Autobiography*—a life governed by three passions.

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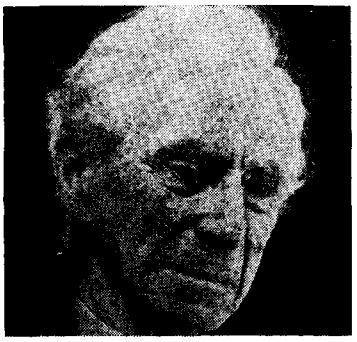
ism of Victorian public schools, and enjoyed the attentive interest of able personal tutors. In his ancestral background loomed Holland House, the great Whig bastion of progressive ideas, itself the child of the Enlightenment, whose belief in the value of words and ideas was intense. Cramped though it might be by a certain moral rigidity, this tradition's confidence in man's intellectual ability was as great as its confidence in its own rightful aristocratic privilege.

But Russell derived even greater advantages from that social environment than a belief in the value of free-ranging thought or the sense of authority natural in an aristocrat. Thought was expected to result in action—wherever it might lead. The Victorian intellectual aristocracy not only tolerated oddity but encouraged it. If conviction should lead to Buddhism or to Islam or to vegetarianism or to a crusade for birth control, so be it. To please other men was neither necessary nor desirable if it conflicted with truth. Secure in status and income, Russell's generation was freed from any need to subjugate their personalities for the sake of survival in the race for power and distinction. They could always quit their jobs out of principle and live on their private incomes if they so desired. This made honesty of purpose and its implementation in political action easier for Russell than it might have been, but such an attitude also led him to public conflict, public disaster, even—if rarely—to public and private humiliation.

For us, Russell stands as one of the last great figures of the Enlightenment. All mankind owes him a debt, not only for his philosophy and mathematics—his genius in which bred grace in his prose—but for his life. And now, in the twilight of it, he has given us the first volume of his autobiography, which will rank with the best; honest, of course; beautifully written, of course; poignant, wry, and deeply human. A bit of an ass, maybe, but far more of a saint. If only all saints had been as clever as he, what a different world we might have had. And the reverse is true. If only our intellectuals had his saintliness, the world might be more honorable to live in.

—J. H. PLUMB.



Bertrand Russell—"Poignant, wry, and deeply human."

Powell in the Pulpit

The Politician-Preacher-Playboy Collects Sermons and Meditations

—*Wide World.*

Adam Clayton Powell—"a directness, an economy of words."

By DAVID POLING

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL has successfully mixed politics and religion for the last twenty-five years. Although the House of Representatives has derailed his political career momentarily, the role of preacher is as strong as ever. *Keep the Faith, Baby!* (Trident, $4.95) is a collection of sermons, meditations, and speeches delivered at the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. Here we have a glimpse of the style, interests, and themes of Powell in the pulpit in contrast to the playboy of Bimini, Cutty Sark and milk fame.

Will the Reverend Powell be asked to conduct seminary classes on preaching or sermon construction? I doubt it. But he has to be considered above average in ability to relate scripture to the needs and problems of everyday life. There is a directness, an economy of words that eludes too many preachers. The strongest sermons are fashioned around social issues that have swirled about the church in more than a decade: capital punishment, McCarthyism, civil rights, God is Dead, and, of late, Black Power.

David Poling is editor of *Christian Herald*.

He describes his own ground rules:

> I believe it is the business of the preacher to say an eternal word in a contemporary setting; to say a permanent word in a changing world; to help those who enter the doors to have not only a sense of history but a sense of the age.

In the sermon on capital punishment he notes that the rich usually go free while the poor go to the graveyard.

> In this decade we must move still further. The gallows, the gas chamber, the electric chair, should be relegated to our museums; to their appointed places along with the rack, the thumbscrew, the guillotine, and other discarded instruments of primitive injustice.

A thunder-and-lightning sermon on McCarthyism came right to the point when Powell said, "It is a reflection of the moral irresponsibility of the church which condones him, the press which praises him, and the large numbers of American people who follow him." As strong as this piece was, it seemed rather late in the fray: November 29, 1959.

We come to the best and the worst of this book for faith-keeping babies: respectively Powell's attitude toward Black Power and his slighting of Vietnam. If the ground rules have not changed on Powell's definitions, many people would be able to subscribe to his interpretation and promotion of Black Power: He writes:

> . . . black power is not anti-white.
>
> Black power incorporates everybody who wishes to work together, vote together, and worship together. . . . Violence must play no part in its fulfillment . . .
>
> After years and years of rioting, black people should realize by now that when we burn up the neighborhood dry cleaners in a riot or a rebellion, we set our own clothes on fire. . . . Whites must join hands with blacks to achieve the full freedom of the Guaranteed Society because they are determined to get their full measure of freedom.

Powell's civil rights-Black Power statements have none of the yakety-yak that he has been feeding the public via press and TV interviews from the decks of *Adam's Fancy*. Vietnam, however, is a large shameful gap in Powell's sermons. Apparently his war is in Rhodesia

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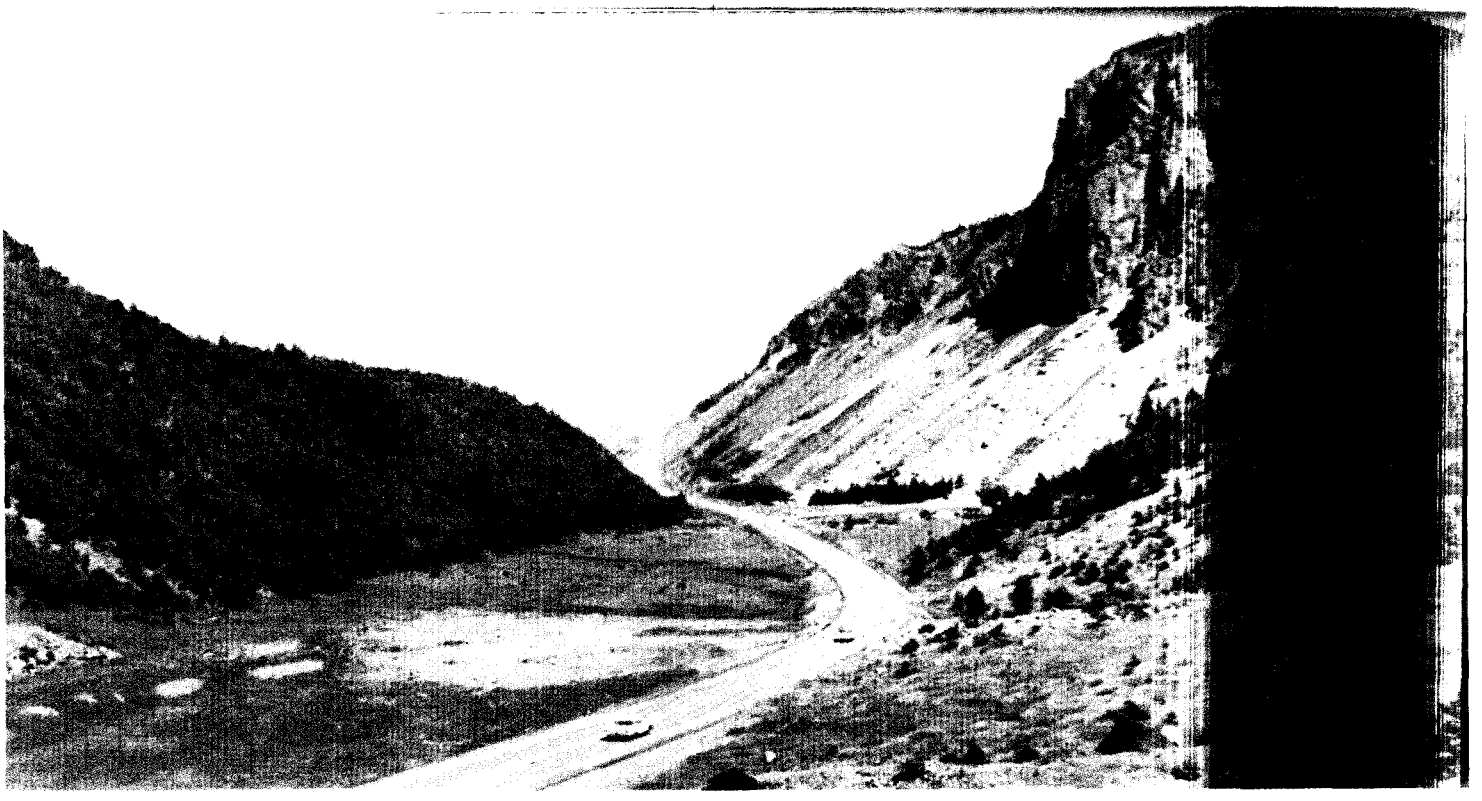

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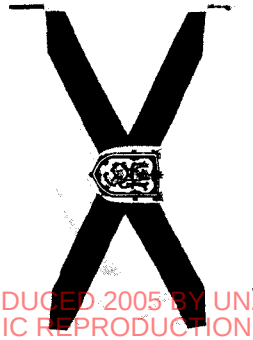

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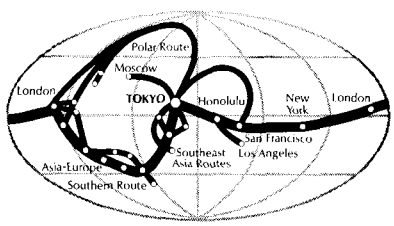

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and South Africa, not with troops in the jungles of Southeast Asia.

One of Pastor Powell's difficulties is giving credit to original sources. Quotation marks are about as rare as his appearances in Harlem. In his sermon, "The Temptation of Modernity," the text is Matthew 4: 1-10, the account of Jesus's temptation in the wilderness. Fascinating parallels develop between Powell's discourse and George A. Buttrick's exposition in Vol. VII of the *Interpreter's Bible* (Abingdon Press, Cokesbury, 1951).

POWELL:
Let us now examine these temptations of Jesus' day and of today. For as Browning said in his *Aristophanes' Apology,* "When the fight begins with himself, a man's worth something." . . . Men and steel are alike uncertain until they are tested.

BUTTRICK:
. . . It is a chance to rise as much as it is a chance to fall. "When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something," for men and steel are alike uncertain until they are tested. (Browning, "Bishop Blougram's Apology")

POWELL:
I want you to note the Old Testament doctrine of the devil. He is a personal devil. And let us admit that the temptations that beset us today are personal persuasions.

BUTTRICK:
Notice the O.T. doctrine of the devil. He is personal. Are not the seductions that beset us personal persuasions, and not merely of ourselves?

POWELL:
I love the story about Dwight Moody during a crisis; he wouldn't pray while others did, and when they upbraided him he said, "Brethren, I'm all prayed up."

BUTTRICK:
When Dwight L. Moody was upbraided because he failed to attend a prayer meeting in the midst of threatened shipwreck, he replied: "I'm prayed up."

POWELL:
Jesus did not center His mission on an economic crusade. He did not forsake the Cross for a bakeshop. Man does live by bread, but not by bread alone.

BUTTRICK:
Jesus would not center his mission in an economic crusade. He would not live merely for time, or forsake a Cross for a bakeshop. Man does live by bread . . . but man does not live by bread alone.

POWELL:
I like the story I heard in Transjordan of a hungry Arab who suddenly finds a treasure in the midst of the desert and cries, "Alas, it is only diamonds!"

BUTTRICK:
The famished Bedouin, finding treasure in the desert, cried, "Alas, it is only diamonds."

POWELL:
Carlisle [*sic*] in his great *Sartor Resartus,* Book II in the ninth chapter, says, "Not all the finance ministers, upholsterers, and confectioners of Europe in joint stock company, could make one shoeblack happy for more than a couple of hours."

BUTTRICK:
Carlyle said that not all the "Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe. . . in joint stock company," could "make one shoeblack happy . . . above an hour or two." (*Sartor Resartus,* Bk. II, ch. ix.)

POWELL:
Jesus might be able to shake a shallow generation out of its indifference, its unbelief.

Noble spirits are always tempted to be sensational for the sake of God. God is not proved by sleight of hand. . . . How often we try!

BUTTRICK:
He might startle a shallow generation out of its indifference into sudden belief. Noble spirits are tempted to the sensational for the sake of God. . . . God is not improved by sleight of hand: the soul has its own testimony, and God is his own interpreter. . . . man has no right to force God's hand. How often we try. . . .

POWELL:
At that very moment the Romans had a garrison in every town, crushing with taxes and ruthlessly oppressing the people.

BUTTRICK:
At that moment the Romans had a garrison in every sizeable town, by which they levied crushing taxes and ruthlessly suppressed any attempt at revolt.

These are examples of the curious duplications that crop up in *Keep the Faith, Baby!*

In the sermon "Are You the Right Size?" Pastor Powell takes the wrong measurements. He tries to ease Halford Luccock's sermon into his own book but it just doesn't fit. At first it seemed just a coincidence of text and title but then Luccock's illustrations and skillful way of saying things kept breaking through. Small wonder. Luccock, who taught at Yale Divinity School for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1953, was the preacher's preacher for almost a half-century. In his book of sermons, *Marching Off the Map* (Harper & Bros., 1952), appears the sermon "On Being the Right Size." Compare the two:

POWELL:
I sat the other day talking to a very wealthy young woman. She talked literally for hours. I couldn't get a word in. In this earth-shaking hour the important people for her were Helena Rubinstein, Elizabeth Arden, Hattie Carnegie, Emily Post, Lilly Daché, Fanny Farmer, and Betty Crocker. They are all good gals but they are too small for our world.

LUCCOCK:
I have heard one woman talk voluminously on several occasions—when the exits were blocked and I couldn't get away. She made it clear that in her mind there is a little private Pantheon, in which are all the people who really count in her diminutive world. Here are some: Helena Rubinstein, Elizabeth Arden, Hattie Carnegie, Emily Post, Lilly Daché, Fannie Farmer, and Betty Crocker! They are all good girls! But it is a microscopic world.

Luccock never went to Bimini but it appears he has been heard frequently in Harlem. *Vide:*

POWELL:
I can take an electric micrometer and measure one ten thousandth of an inch. I can peek into one of the new giant telescopes and see a galaxy of stars a thousand light-years away.

LUCCOCK:
For there are incredible instruments today which can measure everything, from one ten-thousandth of an inch to a galaxy of stars a thousand light years away.

POWELL:
"A small animal has resistance to gravity relatively ten times greater than its driving force." That's why a fly can walk on a ceiling or a mouse can fall a thousand feet and only be slightly dazed.

LUCCOCK:
"A small animal has resistance to gravity relatively ten times greater than the driving force." Hence, flies can walk on the ceiling, and a thousand-foot fall, which would kill a man, or even a rat, will give a mouse only a slight daze . . .

POWELL:
Our question for this morning is: "What is the right size of mind and heart to fit our day and our world?"

LUCCOCK:
Our simple question is this: what would be the right size of mind and heart to fit our day and our world?

POWELL:
Through motion pictures and televi-

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sion we can hear a pin drop in Europe and a bomb drop in Asia. Do we have minds that match our eyes and our ears?

LUCCOCK:
Ears, that in New York can hear a pin drop in New Zealand, or a bomb drop in Korea! There is need of minds to match the eyes and ears.

POWELL:
Anyone who fits snugly and snugly into a small world of individual interests is the wrong size.

I call upon you this morning to take the most momentous journey in the world—from "I" to "We."

LUCCOCK:
Anyone who fits snugly into a small world of merely individual interests is the wrong size—too small. . . . We are all called upon to take the most momentous journey in the world, the journey from "I" to "We."

POWELL:
When the rich young fool purred to Jesus his self-satisfaction over his prosperity in three short sentences he used the word "I" or "my" thirteen times. Jesus said, "Thou fool."

LUCCOCK:
When the Rich Fool purrs his self-satisfaction over his prosperity, in three short sentences he uses the words "I" or "my" thirteen times! For him, at least, thirteen was an unlucky number! For God said, "Thou fool!"

POWELL:
We need people today who are the right size to fit the globe, the only size that has any survival value.

LUCCOCK:
Again, consider the need of people the right size to fit a globe. That is the only size that has any survival value.

POWELL:
One person with his mind made up can push a lot of folks around.

LUCCOCK:
Casey, the ex-preacher in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, put it truly and forcibly: "One person with their minds made up can push a lot of folks around."

POWELL:
The empty promises of Communism make no appeal to well-fed Americans, but they are of tremendous appeal to the hungry, landless and hopeless millions of Asia, Africa and Latin America.

LUCCOCK:
The empty promises of Communism make no appeal to well-fed people in the United States. They have a tremendous appeal to the hungry, landless, hopeless millions of Asia, people with little or nothing to lose.

POWELL:
If we are to be the right size for our day, we must be tall enough to bump the sky.

LUCCOCK:
If we are to be the right size for our day and its demands, we must be tall enough to bump the sky.

Now we must consider Powell as politician, playboy, and preacher. Like some of his colleagues, he has discovered that it is one thing to preach and quite another to publish. Dean Liston Pope of Yale once said to his students before an examination: "I trust no one will glance at another's paper, for lo, if he does, some Saturday night he will take another man's sermon."

Psychedelic Trip to Revelation

The Private Sea: LSD & The Search for God *(Quadrangle. 255 pp. $5.95), by William Braden, examines the Eastern influence on the "new theology" and includes an account of the author's personal experience with mescaline. Nancy Wilson Ross's latest book is "The Three Ways of Asian Wisdom," published last fall.*

By NANCY WILSON ROSS

I MUST admit that I approached the reading of *The Private Sea* with a certain degree of wariness. I knew nothing about the author except what the publishers told me on the jacket: that he was a "serious student of philosophy and theology," a brilliant young journalist who had won a number of prizes for distinguished reporting, and that his newspaper, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, had sent him out on a somewhat unusual assignment—to find out "who killed God."

To bring back the story, William Braden interviewed a number of those eminent, and radical, theologians who are today contributing to the death-of-God controversy, among them the American "pantheist" Thomas J. Altizer, whose "man is God" position Braden skillfully clarifies, and the famous British bishop John L. Robinson, author of *Honest to God*, an originally "heretical" and subsequently—and ironically—"square" best-seller. In addition to personal interviews, and out of fairness to the general subject, Braden also underwent a psychedelic experience, having reminded himself, so he says, of those schoolmen who would not look through Galileo's telescope. This particular experience, recounted in a long Postscript, serves to make a valuable and original connection between LSD experiences and current trends in Western religious thought.

Not long before reading *The Private Sea* I had read Ved Mehta's *The New Theologian*, a study of what is sometimes called "religionless Christianity." Although I had greatly admired Mr. Mehta's power to organize and compress, in the best *New Yorker* style, a very complex subject, I closed his book with a feeling of incompletion, one I had not stopped to analyze until I came on Mr. Braden's wider-reaching and certainly more sprightly presentation of the same general theme. What Mr. Braden lacks in depth (a depth to which Mr. Mehta's many long quotations from such writers as Barth, Tillich, Niebuhr, Bonhoeffer, and others have considerably contributed) he more than makes up for in the range of his inquiry. He has not confined himself strictly to the monologues, dialogues, and debates among modern Christian thinkers within the confines of formal Christianity. Any study of a new theology must, in his opinion, also embrace that very obvious "leap to the East" which the West is experiencing by way of certain Asia-grounded metaphysical theories and practices.

The contemporary shift of emphasis from God as a Transcendent to an Immanent Being, in Braden's view, can hardly be considered without reference to Zen Buddhism, Vedantism, and LSD, subjects now commanding a more than passing interest from many Western people personally engaged in asking "ultimate questions," which—again in Braden's view—must imply some belief in "ultimate answers." (By contrast to this passionate concern—felt particularly among the young—"intellectual Christians," in their current soul searchings, appear to shy away from involvement with any "ultimate" questions or answers, perhaps lest this, by association, tend to relate them to a now outmoded Fundamentalism.)

THE Asian flavor of much of today's unorthodoxy is hardly new to Americans, as Mr. Braden reminds us in his chapter on "Yankee Hindoos." It was the New England Transcendentalists who first introduced Asian metaphysical philosophy to America in a "bewildering blend of Unitarianism and Orientalism, of Yankee self-reliance and Hindu self-abnegation." Ralph Waldo Emerson found "Hindoo books the best gymnas-

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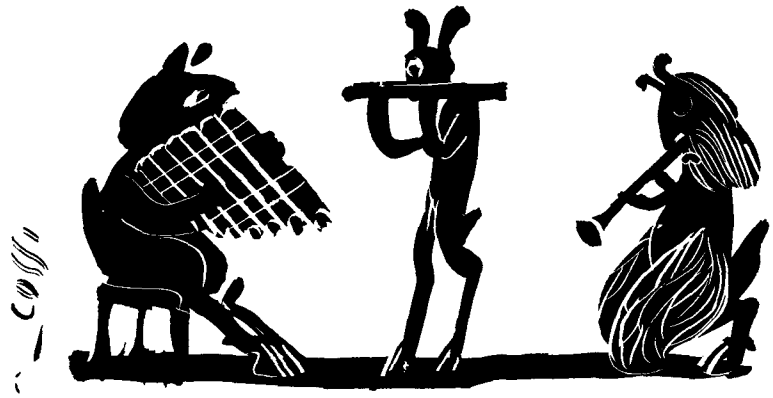
tics for the mind. . . . These Orientals deal with worlds and pebbles freely." William James made a revolutionary and still influential contribution in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. The Theosophical Society, founded in New York in 1875, preached a direct mystic knowledge of a Universal Self and a monistic brotherhood of man. Long before Aldous Huxley wrote *The Doors of Perception* or Timothy Leary founded his "psychedelic church," American Indians were using peyote as a sacrament in their religious ceremonies; and psychoanalysis had never been heard of when Henry Thoreau suggested exploration of one's personal interior worlds and private continents—if, to be sure, one possessed the courage for such adventures. "It is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals," warned Thoreau, ". . . than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone."

In boldly invading his own private sea Mr. Braden undertook a psychedelic experience, which comprises the last chapter of his book. The drug mescaline (used because LSD was off the legal market) brought the author face to face with an overwhelming discovery, one that led him to recall words from a chilling story of Unamuno's about the good priest Don Emmanuel. When a desperate member of his flock demanded to know the final truth of all truths, Unamuno's good priest could only whisper in the villager's ear: "The truth? The truth, Lazarus, is perhaps something so unbearable, so terrible, something so deadly, that simple people could not live with it!" Braden, under the drug's effect, felt that this arcane secret had been personally revealed to him; he was It, Everybody, the Self, and It was All There Was. This stupendous revelation led him to cry out to the man who remained with him during his experiment, "Jim, we're all there is," to which he received the blithe reply, "That's right, buddy boy." This calm, flip answer failed to pacify Braden. He found himself protesting in mounting fear and dismay: "It's too soon, too soon. Too soon, I tell you. Oh God, we're not supposed to look at this. Not now. Maybe in a million years, or a billion years, or ten billion years. But not now, not yet. . . ."

BRADEN's vivid description of his reactions to the drug—of which the passage above is only a fragment—are singularly impressive. Although once out from under the drug's influence he set out to analyze rationally his responses and the psychological reasons, past and present, for his various reactions, the searing memory of the revelation of himself as The Ground of Being, while fading somewhat, did not entirely disappear. In fact, he ends the final chapter



with the words: "I shall think about it for the rest of my life."

There is a good deal to think about in this swift-paced, highly readable, and honest book, and it is well worth the time of anyone who takes even the most cursory interest in today's intense religious searches. My only quarrel is with the inadequacy of the index (a quarrel I also have with *The New Theologian*) and the absence (true of both books) of a bibliography.

LSD—A Medical Overview

THE RAGING LSD CONTROVERSY has produced a farrago of books and articles which for the most part emphasize the putative benefits of the drug in regard to religious experience, insight, or psyche. The following is one observer's interpretation of the current status of LSD.

There are four disparate levels of actual or potential LSD use:

1) Laboratory studies using experimental animals. This important facet of the world of LSD has been drastically circumscribed by the adverse publicity given to illicit use of potent hallucinogens. The profound reduction in biochemical, physiological, and behavioral experimentation is to be deplored.

2) Carefully controlled human experimentation. Used under these conditions, after meticulous screening of patients, LSD has been found to be beneficial in some cases of alcoholism, neurosis, psychosis, sexual perversion, and terminal, painful disease. Even in these instances, despite years of research, the role of LSD in therapy is not clear. When LSD has been thus used, the adverse reaction rate (*e.g.*, prolonged psychosis, suicide, etc.) has been small, ranging from 0.2 to 2 per cent. Here the risk/benefit ratio has been advantageous enough to justify marked expansion of this type of research.

3) Administration of LSD under medical or nonmedical aegis in community centers to determine accurately its psychosocial effects. This has not been done but many advocate it, under the purview of careful researchers using appropriate controls, applying rigid criteria for selection and structuring the experiments carefully.

4) Promiscuous use by individuals or groups in nonmedical, nonscientific, nonresearch situations. These are currently the conditions under which LSD is most often taken. Under such circumstances there is no convincing evidence that the individual achieves prolonged benefit, either in psychosocial adjustment, creativity, or insight. Mystical experiences, which occur in a substantial number of individuals under controlled conditions, are less frequent, their mystical nature questionable, and their value to the individual unproved. Since the putative benefits remain ill documented, the aforementioned ratio must be risk/pleasure rather than risk/benefit. Taken in these indiscriminate circumstances, the risks are enormous.

Studies from Bellevue Hospital in New York City and from several centers in California show that LSD taken one or more times can produce prolonged panic, acute psychosis, paranoid reactions, the acting out of sociopathic impulses, intentional or inadvertent suicide attempts, and uncontrolled aggression, including attempts at homicide. Not only can the drug produce a psychosis requiring hospitalization in a previously "normal" person, but LSD may also induce either an acute or *chronic* psychosis in an individual with substantial underlying personality defects. Whether LSD can induce permanent mental derangement in a previously "normal" person remains unclear, but this possibility has certainly not been excluded. Additionally, many of those who take LSD chronically have renounced family, friends, and work to enter into a solipsistic, negativistic, withdrawn existence in which LSD is not a means to an end but an end in itself.

The incidence of severe adverse re-

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actions when the drug is taken without proper controls or screening is not known, but it is clear that the risk/pleasure ratio is high. Because of this the medical profession and governmental agencies have urged that the drug be proscribed for use except under medical supervision.

In attempting to interdict illicit use, the federal government and several of the states have passed laws regulating LSD. (In some of the states LSD has been lumped with heroin as a narcotic, thus perpetuating the myth that hallucinogens such as marijuana and LSD bear some chemical or physiologic relation to heroin.) Whether these laws will reduce LSD use or merely drive it underground remains uncertain, but the attitude of young LSD advocates virtually guarantees that laws will have to accompany efforts to educate them to abjure promiscuous use of LSD. The young users say "educate us but don't make us criminals by passing laws"; they then indicate that they are unconcerned about potential risk and intend to take LSD regardless of attempts to convince them by either facts or logic. Faced with this intransigence, legal restraints are almost inevitable.

Young persons can readily be divided into three groups: those who are implacably opposed to LSD use, those who are undecided and educable, and those who are committed to the LSD experience. The anti-LSD group constitutes a minority of college-age persons, while those unalterably committed to LSD comprise an even smaller number—estimated at between 1 and 10 per cent of the college population. The majority are neither for nor against LSD; whether they opt for it or reject it depends on a variety of factors, including the comparative articulateness of proponents or opponents of LSD and the existence or nonexistence of legal barriers. For this large, important group, laws interdicting illicit possession of LSD may well be a major deterrent.

PART of the problem for those who feel indiscriminate LSD use must be halted is the seductive charisma that characterizes many of the leaders of the LSD cult. To their zeal and semi-religious façade has been added a promotion effort that would do credit to any Madison Avenue advertising firm. As might have been anticipated, some of those who have joined the hallucinogenic movement have become acutely aware of the enormous, indeed virtually unlimited, commercial aspects of psychedelics — art, movies, discotheques, theater, clothes, books, etc. These (*e.g.*, movies and plays) are presented as giving the uninitiated only minuscule pleasures compared to the ineffable ecstasies accompanying actual ingestion of LSD. Clearly some of those attracted to and enjoying the non-drug aspects of the psychedelic experience will be inveigled by the proselytizers into moving from ersatz to the real thing.

A major facet of the current LSD pitch is the claim that the drug is the world's most potent aphrodisiac. There is nothing unique about this claim; virtually every pressure group advocating widespread use of a heretofore controlled drug has extolled its capacity to heighten, prolong, or beautify the sexual experience. Thus LSD now joins a gigantic list which includes marijuana, cocaine, amphetamines, codeine, amyl nitrite, nutmeg, and a veritable cornucopia containing an extraordinary number of spices and condiments. In point of fact, LSD is a mental aphrodisiac—the hallucinations, visions, images, and thoughts are frequently enormously erotic in content—but there is, at least for the overwhelming majority of users, no physical counterpart. In this sense LSD is, if anything, an anti-aphrodisiac. Even LSD's champions admit, when compelled to, that the drug is virtually worthless if the user takes it with the idea of engaging in promiscuous or casual sexual dalliances. On occasion, if LSD is taken by persons deeply in love, sexual intercourse may indeed be extraordinarily enjoyable and meaningful. Of course there are some inveterate spoilsports who insist on pointing out that such loving couples are capable of enjoying profoundly meaningful sexual relations without the intervention of LSD or other hallucinogens, sedatives, stimulants, or tranquillizers.

Similarly, as noted in this issue of *SR*, LSD is being advocated as a technique for instant mysticism, transcendental experiences, and direct communication with God. It may well be that LSD heterodoxy will present a challenge to conventional Western religions. However, before LSD can be considered a threat to religious orthodoxy, a more careful evaluation of claims relating to transcendental experiences will have to be made. Recent studies suggest the members of the LSD cult have, as a group, disturbed personality patterns. Given a disturbed personality, are so-called mystical experiences merely superhedonism, or misinterpretations, or the invalid accompaniments of drug-induced psychosis? Do they in fact alter the personality as true mystical experiences should? The evidence thus far suggests not. As of now the self-denial, contemplation, and careful preparation that have characterized the lives of the great mystics of Eastern and Western civilizations are not likely to be replaced by the instant mysticism of a hallucinogenic trip; nor is it likely that a young college student or a beatnik in rebellion against society will discover divine truths or experience valid apocalyptical visions regarding himself, his society, or his world merely by ingesting a drug-coated sugar cube that distorts perception and shatters reality.

LSD is obviously an inordinately powerful drug. It may well become an important addition to the pharmacopea of the medical profession. Its extraordinary dangers when used injudiciously mandate stringent controls. This is not a drug for amateurs, neophytes, or self-styled experts whose expertise consists of having taken the drug on one or more occasions. Its use should be expanded slowly, cautiously, with careful selection of recipients. The young in mind who, lacking documentation, wish to take LSD in the dubious hope of gaining insight, augmenting creativity, improving their personalities, or having mystical experiences must by education, laws, and reduction in supply be restrained from experimenting with this potent drug; for otherwise the number of LSD-induced psychoses, accidents, suicides, and other tragedies will ineluctably grow. Society cannot and will not tolerate increasing numbers of these untoward reactions, nor can the proponents of LSD exculpate themselves for the tragedies their proselytizers induce. LSD, and the myriad of other hallucinogens now waiting in the psychedelic wings, must, like all dangerous drugs, remain under governmental control as well as under medical and scientific aegis. —DONALD B. LOURIA, M.D.

Donald B. Louria is president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction.

THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS of LSD on the human personality were first examined in *SR* June 1, 1963, by a British scientist who took the drug as a sober experiment. As Dr. Louria suggests in his comments on William Braden's book, these effects have been confirmed with sufficient fidelity to discourage use of LSD by anyone not under strict clinical surveillance. Given such a context, it is difficult to accept Mr. Braden's argument—which is being repeated in many places—that meaningful evaluation of LSD requires actual use of a "mind-expanding" agent. Criminal court judges are not expected to undergo apprenticeship as thieves in order to weigh cases of thievery. Christian theologians are not asked to try crucifixion in order to understand the cross as a symbol of man's inhumanity to man.

—JOHN LEAR.

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The Word and the World

—From the book jacket.

The Bridal Canopy, *by S. Y. Agnon, translated from the Hebrew by I. M. Lask (Schocken. 389 pp. $5.95), a reissue of the 1937 English version of the Nobel Prize-winner's novel, adapts the structure of the classical Hebrew picaresque entertainment in its story of Jewish life in early nineteenth-century Galicia. Curt Leviant teaches Hebraic studies at Rutgers.*

By CURT LEVIANT

TWO OFT-REPEATED and superficial comments on *The Bridal Canopy*—first published in 1931 and considered to be one of the high points of modern Hebrew fiction—are that it is a Jewish counterpart of *Don Quixote,* and that it is a placid story set in a world (early nineteenth-century Galicia) where the order of Jewish life is secure and its rhythms untroubled. In reply one might state that there exist Hebrew antecedents to *The Bridal Canopy*'s form, spirit, and prosody; and that beyond the innocence and comic surface of the novel, which describes the adventures of Yudel and his driver Nuta, there lurk the tensions of the modern world.

It is true that both the Spanish and Hebrew novels are picaresques wherein hero and assistant share a number of adventures, listen to and exchange stories, and meet a spectrum of character types. However, while Don Quixote is a romantic in quest of personal glory and ideals—Romance and Chivalry—that are already superannuated, Yudel is more realistic in his quest. His world view is not passé and the ideals of his society, if not universally practiced, are at least acknowledged to be always pertinent.

A more accurate literary ancestor for *The Bridal Canopy* than *Don Quixote* would be the classical Hebrew picaresque—the late twelfth- and early thirteenth-century rhymed prose entertainment called the *maqama,* in which two people travel about, exchange stories, epigrams, poems, and songs in witty fashion. Agnon artistically adapts the *maqama's* frame structure and some of its genres and applies them selectively to what is basically a novel modern in design and execution.

The all-pervasive Jewishness of Agnon's writing is evident in *The Bridal Canopy* from title through theme, from images and dialogue to characters and plot. The title in Hebrew, *Hakhnasat Kalla,* is a Talmudic term referring to the obligation of dowering the bride; and it is this *mitzvah,* or precept, that impels the impoverished hero to wander about his native Galicia and collect sufficient alms to provide dowries for his three daughters. The images, too, reflect the intimacy of the Jewish experience. A lad holds on to a man "as carefully as though he were a fine citron on the first day of Tabernacles"; girls blush like the apples on top of the children's Simchat Torah flags; and a bent man with a cane and a pack on his back resembles the Hebrew letter aleph (roughly like an X).

Sometimes even the turns of plot are thoroughly Jewish. In one scene an impostor claims to be Reb Yudel. No strawberry mark differentiates the two, but a typically Jewish test is applied. Each Jew is expected to know the biblical verse wherein the first letters of each word form the acrostic of his name. And so, when the false Reb Yudel is challenged to recite his verse, he immediately exposes himself.

FROM major principles of behavior to minor personal habits, Reb Yudel's entire life is influenced by Torah teaching. When Yudel sees a wolf, he confirms its existence and predatory nature by recalling the Talmudic story of the wolf who ate two children. The world, then, becomes a proof text for Jewish lore. Nevertheless, the well-ordered universe posited by Yudel quavers: coherence is not all. In his travels he meets and hears about the ex-religious, apostates, and schemers—characters who in the very act of fulfilling one precept violate others.

Reb Ephraim has the laudable trait of never eating unless there is a guest at his table. Yet when Yudel joins him, Ephraim humiliates him and berates his own wife. In a "told" story we encounter Reb Israel Solomon, the rich man of Shebush—this village is the antithesis of all the good villages Yudel travels through—who supports an uneducated youth on condition that he sit silently in the House of Study and pretend to review the sacred texts. Reb Israel's sole purpose is to induce his enemy's daughter to marry the supposed Torah scholar and then revel as she discovers his ignorance.

The leisurely pace of the narration—the freezing of action and subsequent digression into story-within-story—actually disguises the novel's inner tension. The frame story here has several functions: In musical fashion, it acts as a counter-theme to the main motif; it provides a commentary, parables and alternatives to the life-ways depicted in the primary adventure; it links past and present, for many of the characters of the inner stories are related to people in the basic one; it often serves as a device to point up character as in the *Canterbury Tales,* where the teller and his tale are psychologically one. The hero of the story told by the irascible Reb Ephraim is a testy man, too; by extension, Ephraim's tale justifies his own behavioral quirk. The enlightened Heshel's tale pokes fun at a naïve young scholar whose fiancée runs away with her gentile lover. Heshel's moral is that one must know more than just Torah. Even when one of Nuta's horses tells a story, his subject is, naturally, animals—a mouse and a rooster who exchange biblical quotations.

From the very beginning of the novel where Nuta's horses converse, disbelief is suspended. The technique used to describe an inn scene is representative of the novel's storybook atmosphere. In *maqama* fashion the business agents and Yudel speak in verse or in rhymed prose, and the dialogue has the effect of a formal dance. Yet, unlike fairy tales or slick fiction, *The Bridal Canopy* does not deal with lily-skinned, rosy-cheeked heroes and heroines in a sunny, silk-lined world. The book's uniqueness lies in its magnificent fusion of apparently contradictory elements. Juxtaposed with the make-believe is a historically and socially accurate re-creation of an entire civilization, now destroyed. Agnon utilizes a Hebrew the linguistic layers of which extend from the Talmudic-Midrashic period up to the nineteenth century, yet this idiom always contains the undercurrents of the Yiddish turn of

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phrase, its earthy humor, its word-and thought-play—in short, chiseled, refined Hebrew fashions a vibrant, Yiddish-speaking world. Finally, the novel's literary modes are at once classically Hebraic and Jewish—the quotes and allusions, the images, the characters and their mores, and the various genres from the Hebrew classics: parable, anecdote, story, song, intricate poem, parody of biblical verses; and yet, concurrently, the sentient pen that manipulates, balances, and invents is influenced to a great degree by Western literary sensibility.

I. M. Lask's translation of *The Bridal Canopy* (this volume is a reissue of the 1937 edition) was a pioneering effort, the first of Agnon's major works to be published in English. While the enormity of the translator's task, the erudition required, and his fidelity to the text should not be denigrated, his version with its purposeful use of "early Quaker and seventeenth-century" prose (as Lask stated in his 1937 foreword) must be considered inadequate. To be sure, Agnon's genius does shine forth in the book; nevertheless, an English reader should not be expected to run the gantlet of a linguistic obstacle course, an imposition that the Hebrew reader is not subjected to. In addition to the often thickly textured and occasionally crenellated prose, there are no quotation marks and no new paragraphs to indicate change of speaker.

Mr. Lask's basic error was one of planning, not execution. Rightly called the dean of Hebrew translators, he has displayed his talent in rendering Agnon, especially in the short story "Tehilla" and *In the Heart of the Seas*. Lask thought that in *The Bridal Canopy* he could use "an English style recording a period corresponding" to that of Yudel's; hence the choice of pseudo-Quaker prose. But, whereas Agnon's idiom is native to him, seventeenth-century prose is not to the translator.

> What are you doing here in town, Reb Ephraim asked Reb Yudel at length. Reb Yudel took out his letter of recommendation and said, Since my daughters have attained marriageable age and I lack the wherewithal to marry them off, the Rabbi of Apta, long life to him, amen, has given me this letter to serve as my mouthpiece before our fellow Jews with their generosity worthy of the people of the God of Abraham, to stir up their hearts to my advantage and the benefit of the commandment of the Bridal Canopy.

In words that are still applicable—they might even be considered the Translator's Creed—Maimonides gave the following advice to his translator of *Guide to the Perplexed* in 1199:

> The translator who proposes to render each word literally. . . . will meet with much difficulty. . . . The translator should . . . state the theme with perfect clarity in other languages . . . so that the subject be perfectly intelligible in the language into which he translates.

—Sketch by Moshe Gat, reproduced with the permission of the Cultural Department of The Israeli Foreign Ministry.

S. Y. Agnon—"reaching for others, but himself unreachable."

—Jerusalem, Israel.

A Man Touched by God: Shmuel Yosef Agnon was out for a stroll in the afternoon sun of Jerusalem, brilliant even in February, and he asked me to join him. There was no hint in his appearance—short stature, ruddy complexion, unobtrusive bearing—that here was a Nobel laureate. Only his luminous blue-gray eyes and sharply etched nose suggested the extraordinary.

Well known as he has been in Israel for so many years, he was surely accustomed to the rigors of fame. But had his new international recognition affected his life in any way?

"I am not a young man. The papers say I am seventy-eight, and I suppose they are right. For months now I have been doing nothing but giving interviews and greeting well-wishers. This is my first walk in a long time. The prize gave me much honor, but it is an honor wrapped in much trouble. From morning to evening they come to my door—professors, neighbors, students. Can I say no to them? Tourists come with their children, ask me to step outside and pose with them. They snap a picture and they disappear. I am trying to do my work, I am trying to answer all my mail, but I will need twenty years just for that." Abruptly he turned to me and said rather briskly, "Well, what can I do for you?"

Off guard, I chose the wrong question: why had he changed his name to Agnon many years ago, and did this have any connection with the title of one of his early stories, "'Agunot," which means alone, bereft, isolated? "Yes, there is a connection," he said, and walked along silently, obviously unwilling to elaborate.

I turned to his craft. Does he deliberately write in the symbols and metaphors which the critics see in his work; does he in fact read the critics at all?

"Critics say many things, but I want you to know that I don't read the critics. First of all, I certainly don't read the foreign critics, because I don't know their language. And even in Israel I tend to ignore them. Critics are not always reliable. I've never been one to give out details of my life—I have written no autobiography—but they write things about me as if they were facts. Totally untrue things. Now I understand how history is made. Everyone writes what he pleases—or what pleases him. It's all very subjective, even when it comes to cold facts that are not matters of judgment.

"There are writers who are greatly influenced by critics and by what they say, and there others who are not. I in general am not greatly affected by my surroundings or by what is said about me. I live in the modern State of Israel, and I love it, yet I write very little about it. Everyone about me speaks modern Hebrew, yet I don't write in modern Hebrew.

"As for the symbols they find, different people will see different things. Look over there. Some will say, 'The sun is setting beneath the earth.' Others might say, 'The evening is rising from the earth.' Who is to say which one is right? They are both right. Or take the *'Alenu* [the concluding prayer of each of the three daily services]. We are so familiar with it, we say it so often that we just mumble it quickly without giving it much heed. But comes Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, and what happens to the poor *'Alenu*? It becomes the focal point of the services. The entire congregation rises, they open the Holy Ark, and they read the *'Alenu* as they prostrate themselves, and the cantor chants every single word slowly. What has changed? The *'Alenu* is the same. Why suddenly all the fuss and

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bother? The answer is that we are different on those days. Take different attitudes and different approaches, and the same words mean different things. Especially in Hebrew. Every word has thousands of shades and nuances. Whatever a man sees in my writing, if he has a trained mind and an attuned heart, that is in my writing." And then, almost as an afterthought, he added with a smile, "The word that God puts into my mouth, that do I speak."

Agnon knows the Bible too well not to be aware of the undertones of this last remark: it is a quotation from Numbers 27:38, and is uttered by the heathen prophet Balaam. This is a typical Agnonism and reveals his mastery of original sources as well as his sense of irony about himself. Although the world makes much of his ability to call easily upon the resources of the Bible, Agnon exemplifies many Jews for whom the Bible and its accompanying literature have since childhood been natural components of daily vocabulary. Perhaps it is in the puckish quality with which Agnon clothes the source material that part of his uniqueness lies. Later, when I asked his son about his father's constant utilization in his stories of the supernatural, he replied, "You must understand that my father has a fine gift of laughter." It may be that the key to much of the dark mystery surrounding Agnon's use of metaphor and allegory is precisely in his ability to poke fun at himself and at the world around him, which in his eyes contains no border between the mysterious and the ordinary, and where there is, in Musil's phrase, "a sliding away of boundaries."

From Agnon's front steps, incidentally, one can almost reach out and touch the desolate hills across the Israel-Jordan boundary line. Every so often he would stop short, touch my arm, point to the hills and say, "Look, just look," and we would stare across the border at the softly rounded slopes brooding in the strange yellow light of the afternoon sun. I thought of Leah Luria in his "The Betrothed," who is so deeply moved by the sight of the moon on the sea that she can only call out, "Girls, girls, just look! Look!"

How does one put into another language the subtle rhythms and cadences, the artlessness, the archaic tone, the radiance and lyricism of a prose that is really poetry? Did Agnon think he could be adequately translated or understood by anyone who was not oriented in the nuances of Jewish life and learning?

He smiled. "The Nobel Prize committee members do not read Hebrew, they were not brought up in Judaism, they do not study Talmud. But apparently this did not bother them.

"I will tell you. I don't know French, yet I read Flaubert in translation and

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appreciate him. I don't know Russian, yet I read Dostoevsky in translation and appreciate him. Certain aspects of writing are evident even in a translation. I can take any story, in any translation, read any two lines and know if it's trash or worth reading further. I don't think Edmund Wilson knows Hebrew, but a long time ago he proposed me for the Nobel Prize."

Agnon looked up at the sky. "Come, it grows dark and you must be getting cold. Let us go to my house." I protested that I had already taken enough of his time. "No, no. It's chilly and you must have a cup of tea before you go." He guided me up an unpaved street to an old pleasant-looking cottage surrounded by an iron fence. He carefully scraped his shoes on the concrete walk. "My wife has no helper, and when I come in with mud all over my shoes I just cause her extra work."

Inside, Mrs. Agnon was darning his socks at the dining-room table. "Get him a cup of tea right away, my dear. The poor man is freezing." Dainty and graceful even in her seventies, she nodded knowingly and disappeared into the kitchen.

"She is a good woman for putting up with me. I am a totally disorganized person. I save every scrap of paper; my workroom is always a shambles. There is no *seder*, no order in my life—even in normal times. And now I get fifty letters a day, and I try to answer them all. Each one took the trouble to write me. Shouldn't he get a reply?

"Nelly Sachs has sent me everything—books, manuscripts, poems. She is a kind soul. I have sent her nothing yet, I've been so busy. But she has been busy too. My son helps me a little. He is an engineer so he should be a little more orderly than I am.

"It is interesting. People keep telling me, 'Agnon, you are the glory of all Israel.' Why am I the glory of all Israel? Because the nations now approve of me?"

I asked permission to take a snapshot of him. "Go right ahead." As the camera snapped he said playfully, "Not good; you'd better take it again. My eyes blinked." Was he twitting me? I wasn't quite sure but I took it again. "Pictures," he said, "pictures, the whole world is pictures. What is it about a picture that is so fascinating?"

He rose suddenly from his chair. "You must excuse me for a moment. It's practically nightfall and I've almost forgotten about Mincha [the afternoon prayer]." He went into the next room. Agnon adheres scrupulously to such traditional practices as blessings before and after meals, morning and evening worship, strict observance of sabbaths, holy days, and dietary laws. While he goes about these duties in a natural and unostentatious way, they are not merely perfunctory acts but part of an intricate pattern of a life that is pervaded by the past.

For example, when asked what he considers his greatest literary achievements, he likes to reply, "*Yamin Noraim* and *Atem Re-item* [*Days of Awe* and *Ye Have Seen*] plus some additional tales and novels." Each of these books is a compilation of ancient homilies and anecedotes, one based on the High Holidays and the other on the Sinaitic Revelation. For Agnon to select these anthologies as his best work may be, as some have suggested, a whimsical jcke on his public, but it is more likely that it underscores his preoccupation with the tradition.

In view of all this, would Agnon classify himself as a religious writer? The answer seems obvious, but he evades it: "I am a writer. I do not need labels." What is clear is that he is far from being the simple man of simple faith he tries to project. The European Jewish holocaust and the apparent hiddenness of God left their mark on him and his art: his Galician town of Buczacz, so endemic to his work, is the *Everyshtetl* whose caftans and earlocks went up in smoke—and only Sinai (God reaching down to man) and the Days of Awe (man reaching up to God) remain intact. This may account for the classic Agnon character who embodies, in Edmund Wilson's phrase, "the granting and withholding of divine grace."

Agnon himself is the prototype of this ambivalence. On the one hand is his anguished awareness of a God who is able to withdraw from the affairs of men; on the other, despite his air of a man who does not take himself too seriously, is his apparent view of himself as having been touched by this God. In his Nobel acceptance speech he claims to be "of the lineage of the Prophet Samuel." He continues:

> In a vision of the night I saw myself standing with my brother Levites in the Holy Temple, singing with them the songs of David, King of Israel. . . . The angels in charge of the Shrine of Music . . . made me forget by day what I had sung by night, for if my brethren were to hear, they would be unable to bear their grief over the happiness they have lost. To console me for having prevented me from singing with my mouth, they enabled me to compose songs in writing.

This is poetry, but his phrase "the words that God puts into my mouth" is apparently more than banter.

The alternately hiding and speaking God is part of the complexity of Shmuel Yosef Agnon. Perhaps this is why he is open and innocent, yet elusive and mel-

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ancholy; congenial and friendly, yet lonely and brooding; gentle, but capable of a sharp retort; reaching for others, but himself unreachable. His friend Professor Gershom Scholem describes Agnon's frequent conversations with others as "actually walls guarding his loneliness."

Agnon calls to mind his own story "Tranquillity," in which the just and God-fearing neighbor of Moses asks the lawgiver to do him a personal favor when he goes up to Sinai: would he kindly ask the Lord to grant him a little tranquillity? Moses promises to do what he can. After his mission is done, Moses puts in a good word for his neighbor. And God replies: "Son of Amram, everything that I created, I created during the first six days; but tranquillity I did not create." Agnon is that restless neighbor, still searching for that which he alone must create. —EMANUEL FELDMAN.

Emanuel Feldman, currently on leave to teach at Bar Ilan University in Israel, is rabbi of Congregation Beth Jacob in Atlanta, Ga.

Angst on the Autobahn: The lack of sublety and the pseudo-realism in Agnar Mykle's new book, *Rubicon,* translated from the Norwegian by Maurice Michael (Dutton, $4.95), is exemplified by this brief passage:

> The man gave a quick smile, a shy and slightly twisted smile, and then in impeccable Norwegian said: "Yes."

Mykle tends to the hyperbole when he strives to depict actuality. The main character, the twenty-three-year-old Valemon Gristvåg, is introduced in an unlikely scene at the German-Danish border in June 1939, and followed on a trip by motorcycle to Paris. He shudders, has chills, is terrified, and turns pale throughout the narrative. He crosses not one but many Rubicons, all of which have about the same breadth and depth, although they represent decisions as different as whether to flee Norway after a shotgun marriage or to eat a piece of rare beef in a *prix-fixe* restaurant. Time and again Mykle undertakes to build up suspense, but succeeds principally in creating a series of false cadences.

The author's intent has been to portray *Angst* through a series of recollections that release complex associations in the mind of the hero. The technique is commendable; but the situations Valemon remembers are supposedly real rather than psychological interpretations of experience. As a result the reader is disappointed, even though he recognizes that Mykle has considerable talent in working with words, as evidenced by striking images scattered throughout his prose and especially by the two-page "1939 Overture," an original and clever conversation among a group of musical instruments written in German. Flashes of originality do not counterbalance the cyclopedic filler with which Mykle has extended his novel: remarks on the language controversy in Norway, observations on Norwegian geography and folk life, and even the lamely allegorical précis of a tale from the Younger Edda.

In an earlier novel Mykle walked the brambly path between art on the one side and pornography and blasphemy on the other. As a result he became involved with the law and acquired a name on the literary scene. He may subsequently have overlooked the fact that while a new esthetic in imaginative literature can elevate what hitherto has seemed bold and daring, boldness is no guarantee of a new esthetic. There are a few scenes in *Rubicon* which would have been considered piquant and overly frank only a decade ago, but they will not raise many eyebrows in antepill 1967. They certainly do not suffice as the book's *raison d'être.*

—P. M. MITCHELL.

No Company: On the opening page of William Sansom's *Goodbye* (New American Library, $5.50) Anthony Lyle, an executive in the bond department of a London bank, learns that his wife is leaving him after eighteen years of marriage. Incredulous at first, and expecting her to stay, Lyle stumbles about looking for sympathy. When the split proves to be permanent, he becomes by turns sour, resentful, and falsely buoyant; but he feels most often the pangs of wounded self-regard. His wife, determined to avoid a noisy scene, is finally angered into a venomous monologue explaining her decision:

> "To me you're nothing, absolutely nothing. I don't hate you, I don't even dislike you. I just don't feel anything about you. And who in God's reasonable name wants to go on living side by side with a nothing? It's no company."

Confirmed in his hopelessness, Lyle strikes back with a maniacal scheme designed to end in double death by poison.

Except for a lunatic disorder at the close, much of the material in *Goodbye* is drawn from the familiar repertoire of recent urban comedy. At a dinner party people are exposed by the nullity of their conversation; at a neighbor's house the injured husband hopes for consolation but gets instead a catalogue of the other fellow's love life. As his desperation increases Lyle becomes childish, irrit-

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able, and eager for company. In a predictable set-piece he visits a prostitute, but is too weary to respond to her.

Since the people and the action are so familiar, *Goodbye* depends for its life on Sansom's ability to make poetry out of "dull daily bread." But, at best, his scenes are little more than shrewd pieces of social observation, eliciting a mild "Yes, that's the way it is." The routine bourgeois will be a comic bumbler in time of stress; but Lyle's fecklessness had become a tic long before his collapse, so that at the crisis he has already forfeited compassion and interest.

Some of the novel's brightest moments are provided not by the Lyles, but by people who walk on, do their comic turns, and move off again: Chalcott-Bentinck, defending marital strife as "passion's policemen"; Savory, an unmarried copywriter, collecting photographs of oddly shaped drainpipes; an ancient handyman, admitting that he hasn't spoken to his wife in twenty years:

> "Felt a bit funny at first. . . . You know, bangin' into each other in the passage. You soon get used to it. Learn to swerve like a fish. Soon get used to anything."

In answer to a recent biographical questionnaire Sansom listed his recreation as "watching." The rewards and hazards of the pastime are obvious in *Goodbye*. —Lawrence Graver.

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—Compiled by Naid Sofian.

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Realism, Not Absolutism

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

THE CULTURAL affairs editor of the *State* (a Columbia, South Carolina, newspaper) responded to "Children Face Reality" [*SR*, Jan. 28] with a long article in which I am raked over the coals for having praised realistic books for children.

"Society's Woes . . . Topic for Youth?" it asks. "Too tardily," Adger Brown's article begins, "I recognize myself as the product of a misspent childhood—bereft of the benefits of exposure to really good literature." ". . . you must share with me my bitter regrets of a benighted childhood." Mr. Brown then goes on to describe his own childhood reading: Mother Goose, the Tarzan books, Dickens, Alcott, Greek myths, Zane Grey, the Bible, et cetera.

"These stories did not lack for gore and violence, but I'm afraid they still would not be those Miss Sutherland so much admires." Well, now. What a coincidence; I read most of those books, liked them, and gave them to my children. I still like them, despite the occasional gore and violence that—by implication—were an appealing factor.

What makes a reader go off on this kind of tangent? If you read an article by the food editor in which she announces that bananas are a delicious, nutritious food that can be used in a variety of recipes, do you jump to the conclusion that she eschews bread and milk? Does she stand accused of vegetarianism? Can one approve of realistic books and still approve of family stories, folk tales, poetry, science fiction, or biography? One can and one does.

—From "A Dog's Book of Bugs."

Another reviewer told me that she had had an indignant letter from a Minneapolis schoolteacher asking how she could possibly have recommended, in view of the economic opportunity programs and other bootstrap efforts, a book that extolled poverty. The book was La Fontaine's *The Rich Man and the Shoemaker* (Watts, $3.95), in which, the review stated, the cobbler found that material possessions were not always worth the responsibility they entailed. What the teacher had seen, it later developed, was a terse interpretation in her school's library purchase bulletin: "A shoemaker finds it is better to be poor and carefree." Personally, I'll vote for being rich and carefree.

I've participated in many passionate debates with other reviewers, on and off the platform, and of course we don't always agree. My plea, however, is for carefulness in reviewing and carefulness in reviewing reviews. It isn't difference of opinion I object to, and it isn't Adger Brown's dislike of realistic books that I object to, but the ignored fact that my article had begun, "I'd hate to see an avalanche of grim realism bury the happy in publishing." Please pass the tranquilizers.

Grandpa. *By Barbara Borack. Illustrated by Ben Shecter. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. For all those who have, or once had a loving grandparent, this should bring the pleasure of recognition, because Barbara Borack sounds exactly the right note from the very start of the book. Marilyn ingenuously and lovingly recounts the delights of being with Grandpa, beginning with, "My cousin has to call him Uncle Jack. But I can call him Grandpa." He clearly dotes on Marilyn, and Marilyn enjoys to the hilt every ploy, every secret, every bit of petting or teasing. The illustrations pick up, with engaging simplicity, the warmth and humor of the text. Ages 3-7.

The Guard Mouse. *Written and illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Chin up, shoulders back, tail smartly curled, Clyde the Guard Mouse stands on duty outside the walls of Buckingham Palace. He is clad in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and it is his duty to keep small creatures from creeping through the spaces in the palace wall. When Clyde has an unexpected visit from American relatives, he gallantly escorts them on a quick trip around London, thereby affording Don Freeman an opportunity to paint some delightful London scenes. The story ends with a minor, easily surmounted crisis, Clyde back on duty, and the American cousins (happily ensconced on the head of a stone lion) watching the ceremony of the Changing of the Guards. The illustrations are awash with color, movement, humorous details, and a splendid feeling of amused affection for Londoners. Ages 5-8.

How You Talk. *By Paul Showers. Illustrated by Robert Galster. Crowell.* 35 *pp.* $3.25. It isn't easy to avoid the pitfalls of popularization and pedantry when writing a science book for the beginning reader; Paul Showers succeeds very nicely, as he has in previous books about human physiology. He discusses the parts of the body used in making sounds and suggests some simple home experiments that clarify or corroborate the text; he describes the progression from an infant's apparently aimless noises to the intelligible speech of the older child, and he adjures the young reader not to tease the lisping child or talk baby talk to the prattler. Ages 7-9.

A Dog's Book of Bugs. *By Elizabeth Griffen. Illustrated by Peter Parnall. Atheneum.* 58 *pp.* $3.25. "This is a book for dogs that like bugs. They search out the ways of bugs with patience, with curiosity, and with joy. This book is for them." It's a book for anyone with a sense of humor; the delightful black-and-white illustrations show an insatiably curious hound observing the antics of an assortment of bugs. The random arrangement and the lack of an index limit the book's usefulness somewhat, but the drawings are beautifully precise and often very funny. Ages 7-9.

The City and Its People: The Story of One City's Government. *By Alvin Schwartz. Photographs by Sy Katzoff. Dutton.* 64 *pp.* $3.95. Not until the close of the book does the reader learn that the city being described is Trenton, New Jersey; wisely, the author prefers that the reader think in terms of a typical city rather than a particular one. He discusses, objectively and clearly, the problems of contemporary urban administrations, changing patterns resulting from population pressure and physical deterioration, and the functioning of the branches of municipal government and its services. Ages 8-12.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. *By Pearl S. Buck Illustrated by Mamoru Funai. John Day.* 80 *pp.* $3. All the more moving because it is told with no note of pathos, this story of four Korean children is only slightly weakened by the pat ending; it is an affecting account because the youngsters are illegitimate waifs rejected by society and struggling for survival. Matthew's mother, ashamed of having borne one of "Those," arranges to lose her child of shame; Matthew picks up another, younger boy and calls him Mark, having heard an American say "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. . . ." Luke has been trained as a thief; the child whom Matthew names John is only five. During a children's party at an American camp, Matthew makes a friend. The soldier decides to adopt him, and the book ends with Matthew pleading successfully for the adoption of his three "brothers" by the other people of the small American town. Ages 9-11.

(*Continued on page* 100)

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Continued from page 99

Jennifer, Hecate, Macbeth, William McKinley, and Me, Elizabeth. *Written and illustrated by E. L. Konigsburg. Atheneum.* 117 *pp.* $3.50. Elizabeth hadn't been long enough in the school or the neighborhood to make many friends; then she found Jennifer sitting in a tree, and that was how she became an apprentice witch. Under Jennifer's direction, Elizabeth practiced all the mandates and taboos of her period as a journeyman witch: onion sandwiches every day for one week, a raw egg every day for another. Nobody in Jennifer's fifth-grade class appreciated her powers; nobody in school or at home realized that there was a relationship between the two girls. The fact that Jennifer is Negro is of casual interest and is handled with no more or less importance than it deserves; she is simply a highly fanciful and compelling child in whose play ritual another child becomes involved. When Elizabeth tires of the game, the girls relax and have an ordinary friendship. A nicely written story, freshly imaginative and tightly constructed. Ages 9-11.

Don't Take Teddy. *By Babbis Friis-Baastad. Translated from the Norwegian by Lise Søme McKinnon. Scribners.* 218 pp. $3.95. Teddy is fifteen, a mentally retarded child whose younger brother, Mikkel, is fiercely protective; when, quite by accident, Teddy hurts another child Mikkel runs away with him, leaving a note for their parents. He is afraid that Teddy will be put into an institution. By the time the two boys reach the summer cottage where Mikkel plans to hide, they are both ill from fatigue and exposure. Mikkel realizes that Teddy is a heavy burden but he accepts the idea of placement in a special school only when he learns that Teddy will have day care and will return to his family each evening. This is quite a remarkable book, because the author teaches a lesson without preaching. In Mikkel's love for his brother there is a realistic embarrassment but no shame; there is a realistic range of reactions from people he meets, and a realistic acceptance of the limits of the educability of the retarded. The book is a plea for understanding, but the plea is not made directly by the author; by having the story told by Mikkel, the communication is more direct and most touching. Ages 10-14.

How Animals Tell Time. *By Millicent E. Selsam. Illustrated by John Kaufmann. Morrow.* 94 *pp.* $2.95. In yet another admirable example of scientific writing Millicent Selsam discusses the observations, experiments, and theories about the rhythmic cycles of animal behavior. She describes the day-night patterns in animal life, man's daily clock, and the evidences of lunar, tidal, and seasonal influences on behavior. The material is carefully organized and lucidly written; the author abjures fictionalizing and popularization. Ages 10-14.

Casilda of the Rising Moon. *By Elizabeth Borton de Trevino. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 186 *pp.* $3.50. Casilda, daughter of an eleventh-century Moorish king, became a saint; her story, based in part on fact, is told in a flowery, devout, and romantic vein. From the prisoners in her father's dungeon Casilda learned of the Christian faith and was later baptized at Castile; she then went to live in a cave and performed miracles until her early death. The book has some of the fine writing and some of the historical interest that distinguished the author's Newbery Award biography, *I, Juan de Pareja*, but it is so swaddled in melodrama and lilac prose that it is saccharine. "Then she put out her long and slender hands, white in the moonlight as trumpet lilies, and from the ends of her fingers there flew out toward the bonds holding the knight a magic fire. It burned quickly through the thongs, and with one great wrench of his powerful shoulders the knight stepped free." Ages 12-14.

Good-bye to the Jungle. *By John Rowe Townsend. Lippincott.* 184 *pp.* $3.75. The jungle is a slum scheduled for demolition, and most of the members of the Thompson family are delighted at the prospect of moving to a new housing development. Walter Thompson is a shiftless, irresponsible braggart whose two children are being brought up less by the mistress who lives with them than by the adolescent cousins, Sandra and Kevin, whose parents are dead. Kevin tells the story of the family's struggle to achieve a modicum of respectability; it's an uphill battle since Walter can't keep a job, spends his money at pubs, and is an indefatigable petty criminal. His one love is his son, whose near-genius mentality earns him a scholarship at a good school; this is the lever that Sandra and Kevin use to hold the family together. Despite the squalid circumstances, the story is cheering—perhaps because of them; it is clear, at the end of the book, that the integrity and loyalty of the children have triumphed over the odds of their situation. An honest book written with perception, *Good-bye to the Jungle* gives a candid and colorful picture of a segment of the British lower class. Ages 12-15.

China and the Chinese. *By Lyn Harrington. Photographs by Richard Harrington. Nelson.* 224 *pp.* $3.50. For seventeen weeks the author, a Canadian, traveled through China from the Pearl River in the south to the northern part of Inner Mongolia; the rambling, conversational text of her report is studded with anecdotes and with the small, sharp details of personal observation. There is little historical material in the book, the emphasis being on the contemporary scene. This isn't incisive prose, but it offers an objective, fairly comprehensive look at China today. Ages 12-15.

Cross Currents. *By Joan Phipson. Illustrated by Janet Duchesne. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. Jim and his father had already argued about Jim's going on to college; when the chance came to use the family sloop and sail to an island where he had heard of a job, Jim expropriated the boat. Unfortunately, his thirteen-year-old cousin, Charlie, was on board, so there was nothing to do but take Charlie along. In the course of their adventures while sailing along the Australian coast, Jim learned to respect the cousin he had always considered a pest. He also began to understand his own behavior; caught in cross currents, he had thrashed about and made a foolish mistake. The setting is convincing, the plot tidy, the most effective aspect of the story being the interaction between the cousins and the slow, lifelike way each changes in his feelings toward the other. Ages 12-15.

Fierce and Gentle Warriors: Three Stories. *By Mikhail Sholokhov. Translated by Miriam Morton. Illustrated by Milton Glaser. Doubleday.* 111 *pp.* $3.95. Smoothly translated and handsomely illustrated, this volume of three short stories does indeed reflect the brutality of the fighter and the humanity that emerges despite it. As in the author's Nobel Prize-winning novel, the setting is the Don country. In the first tale, "The Colt," a tough old soldier is so captivated by the liveliness of a newborn colt that he risks—and loses—his life. In "The Rascal," seven-year-old Mishka, who is branded as a Communist's brat by the village children, rides to a military garrison for help when his father is murdered by bandits. The last story, "The Fate of a Man," is a gem. The narrator, Andrei Sokolov, returns from the wars to find his family has been killed; lonely and aimless, the man finds a new reason for living when an

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orphaned boy turns to him with utter devotion and love. Ages 14 up.

Africa Is People: Firsthand Accounts from Contemporary Africa. *Edited by Barbara Nolen. Dutton.* 270 *pp.* $6.95. "During the last hundred years the greater part of Africa has at long last got beyond the awakening stages after its long slumber and is really stirring into action again," says Dr. Leakey in "The Progress of Man in Africa," one of the selections in this very good and varied anthology. Articles, speeches, interviews, and excerpts from books have been contributed by thirty-four writers. The material is grouped in roughly chronological arrangement, and each selection is prefaced by a brief editorial comment on the author and the work. Some of the contributors are African, some not; the range of topics is wide, including autobiographical excerpts that reflect traditional patterns, descriptions of tribal cultures and of individual leaders, and discussions of educational, political, and cultural facets of contemporary Africa. A section of photographs is bound into the book, and a bibliography and index are appended. For young adults.

One Summer In Between. *By Melissa Mather. Harper & Row.* 213 *pp.* $4.95. Harriet Brown begins the account of her summer in Vermont with a justifiable apprehension. Eighteen years old, she is a Negro who has never been out of the South. Her job as a family helper is part of a college sociology project, and her journal is one of the most endearing and entertaining documents to come along in a good while. The Daleys are a large family, hard-working, intelligent, and boisterously amiable. They accept Harriet as a friend, but for Harriet it isn't as easy to forget that they are white—especially when they entertain Southern house guests. Gradually, very gradually, Harriet permits herself to believe that she has the family's respect and affection; what comes as a stunning and sudden surprise is her realization that she has lost her own prejudice and has come to think of the Daleys not as white people, but as people. The deft and lively writing style is thoroughly enjoyable, the characterization is varied and excellent, and Harriet herself is a darling. More, more. Ages 14 up.

Cecily. *By Isabelle Holland. Lippincott.* 189 *pp.* $3.95. Poor Cecily. The only child of an overbearing father and a nervous, overprotective mother, she is an awkward and untidy thirteen; the other girls at her English boarding school find her unattractive, and Elizabeth Marks, a young and popular teacher, really dislikes her. Miss Marks's easygoing American fiancé, Tim, cannot understand how his proper and earnest Elizabeth can be so intolerant. Feeling like a pariah, the unhappy Cecily runs away. If in the resultant tension Miss Marks loses her suitor, she gains some perspective about herself and the role of a teacher. The characterization is sharply perceptive; Cecily is painfully real. And the author is particularly adept in describing the power structure in the school, both among the girls and the mistresses.

This is a book for adults that teen-aged girls will also enjoy.

What I Have Learned

Continued from page 19

he was not in Class 1. This brings in some comfort. But by and large, we may accept Leonardo's classification as providing the framework for the ideal form for a human society.

I had been led to think, on similar though not identical lines, that one might consider three classes: the aristocrats (in the original sense of the word), the bourgeoisie, and the people; the first, being led by intuition, and working for the future; the second, being ruled by reason and concerned with the present; the third, impersonating the instincts and rooted in the past.

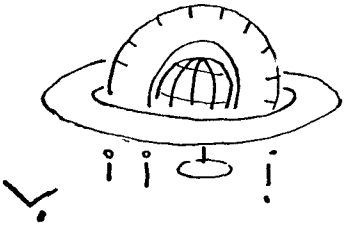
These two classifications are models—paradigms. They are to our societies what a sphere is to a potato. Our political tensions correspond to the distance in shape between our society and its classes, *such as they are*, and the models they tend or long to be. These tensions express the dissatisfaction caused by a double injustice; and it is this double character of the injustice which I deem to be here the important lesson I learned. First, a divine, natural, or prenatal injustice. One is born first, second, or third class in the natural—i.e., Leonardo's—scale. We can do nothing about it. Then, a social injustice: One is born first class by nature, but into a second or third by rank—or any other combination that can be imagined; all of which, except that which combines nature, vocation, and social first class, give rise to a tension.

It is the sum total of these tensions which gives substance and impulse to the claim for equality. I have come to think that it is an unreasonable claim, because it does not conform to the facts of nature. (No one disputes equality before the law. That is another point and an obvious one.) In fact, I have come to think that a society without differences of level would not work; and I suspect that the many difficulties most prosperous societies are encountering are due to the rubbing out of level-differences by a number of causes, but in particular by the machinery of the Welfare State. (Nothing wrong with *Welfare*—everything wrong with *State*.)

I have been enumerating lessons learned through meditation and experience—none of them, it must be owned, of an exhilarating nature. Is there a ray of light somewhere, though? For otherwise, why live? The balance must be positive, somehow, since we do carry on, and the number of suicides is not striking. Our problems do seem to be insoluble, so why try to solve them? Here is the chink through which the ray of light may penetrate. *Our problems are not there for us to solve them but for them to solve us.* Hence, our zest for life. Whether we know it or not, our aim in life is—happiness? No. Not happiness. Shrewd though he was, Jefferson did doze here. We are not in this world in order to flutter about from flower to flower in pursuit of the pollen of happiness, but to find out all about ourselves through thought, passivity, and activity. And for that aim our problems, our insoluble problems, are our best tools.

It is on this thought that I learned to found my liberalism. Liberty is the bread of man's spirit, for the aim of man is to realize himself in experience, and experience without freedom is like that landscape in the night with which I began. It is simply not there. Traveling on this road, I soon came to think that the argument for liberty should not be founded only on the dignity of man but on his indignity as well, or at any rate, his unworthiness. On his dignity, because since Christ died on the cross every man has been shown to possess that spark of divinity which every other man must respect; on his indignity because, since Socrates has shown that the world is so subtle and complex that no man can by himself comprehend more than a tiny corner of it, no man's opinion can be held to be the truth; and that therefore no man can claim to be wise enough to coerce his brother's thoughts.

Thus I learned to see freedom of thought as a necessity, not merely for the citizen as a man but for the community as a collective human being,



since without the free discussion of as many individual views as possible, the community could not know itself.

The form of government is a problem that has long fascinated me. Why should a mere *form* arouse such passions in men? And why, in our old Europe, the politically most successful nations should all be monarchies with the exception of Switzerland? I believe I came to solve this conundrum, in the framework of a psychological picture of Europe. From what I later will say on my *Portrait of a Man Standing*, let me borrow the system of coordinates which I there sketched: a cow and a tree—the cow symbolizing the horizontal, herd-like, collective; the tree, the vertical, individual tendencies in man. Let me also guard against any reproach of exaggeration. I simplify so as to be clear; but, of course, all tendencies live in all men.

The flash, I believe, was a phrase of Bayle which I found in a book on *The*

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Praise of Drunkenness. It put forward the view that the Europeans could be divided into lovers of Venus and lovers of Bacchus; and when Luther and Calvin split the faith of the Continent, the lovers of Venus remained Catholic, while the lovers of Bacchus became Protestant. This revelation led to many more. I then saw why the Protestants locked up their bottles and the Catholics their girls—with equal success or lack thereof. But how could I remain blind to the fact that the political success went also with Protestantism and with the monarchial system (always excepting Switzerland)?

The next step came from my international experience. I shall picture it thus: put Europeans round a table; throw a problem on it; and the Europeans will roughly fall into two groups: Those who ask, *what* is to be done? Those who ask, *Who* is going to do this? Let us describe these two groups as "the peoples-what" and "the peoples-who." The former are interested in the thing. The latter, in the person. Thing, in Latin, *res*. Therefore, by nature, no matter their regimes, the peoples-what are republican; and the peoples-who are monarchist. Hence the solution of my conundrum.

The peoples-what, being interested in the thing, deal with it effectively. Public affairs run a normal and, on the whole, a smooth course. There is, therefore, no need to alter the system. The form of government inherited from the past is allowed to carry on. In most cases it was a monarchy; a monarchy it remains. In one case—that of Switzerland—it was a republic. And it remains a republic.

The peoples-who are interested in the person. They neglect the thing. Public affairs don't work: Ill humor, irritation become general, and make matters worse. Public opinion turns against the regime. It used to be a monarchy. It was thrown overboard. A republic replaced it. It was thrown overboard. And so on.

Conclusion: Only republican peoples can run a monarchy—or a republic.

This success in the handling of their collective affairs may be the cause of the arrogance observable in the Nordics. The corresponding feature in the South is pride. Arrogance is collective, herd-like, "cow." Pride is individual, lone-beast-like, "tree." These then would appear to be the two poles of the European psyche, best incarnated respectively by Britain and by Spain. France oscillates between her Protestant-arrogant "cow" North and her Catholic, proud "tree" South. You will say all Frenchmen are atheists. Well, not all. But many. Yet one can be an atheist in a Protestant and in a Catholic way; the first argues God out of court, the second fights against Him for dear life. So atheists and believers may differ in the substance but not in the form and attitude of their faith or lack of it. At present, France is living on the Catholic side of the pendulum—all pride.

Few men realize nowadays that a number of European ideals, dreams, were day-to-day realities which some of us have known in our lifetime. Until 1914, a European could travel from Lisbon to Stockholm, from Dublin to Athens, with no papers whatever, let alone visas and such things; and in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, the silver and gold coins of the five countries circulated with equal freedom. The period 1871-1914 was in Europe remarkably quiet. Scandals, such as the *affaire Dreyfus* or the shooting of Ferrer, later the Sacco-Vanzetti case, shook the world with indignation. I was present as a schoolboy at the impressive gathering of the Paris Cour de Cassation which finally exonerated Dreyfus. I helped a Paris barrister who led the campaign of European protest against the shooting of Ferrer. I more than once discussed the Sacco-Vanzetti case with Frankfurter (later of the Supreme Court) both before and after I had a window of my car broken, as it stood one night at the parking court of the League of Nations building, by a body of irate pro-Sacco-Vanzetti enthusiasts who, for reasons unknown perhaps even to themselves, made the League of Nations responsible for the execution of the two anarchists.

Let this relative placidity of those days be my excuse for having fallen into the naïveté of feeling that Hitler's invasion of Austria was a monstrous, unimaginable crime. I still remember my astonishment and indignation when the news came through the tape as I stood in Scott Mowrer's room in the Chicago *Daily News* building. We all had to confess that we had forgotten that man carries within all the savagery of animal creation. Hitler and Stalin made us learn bitter lessons. We should never forget them again. The wild beast is there under the civilized citizen of the world community.

This lesson was the most humiliating of all. It raised a host of question marks in the mind. First of all, political. Plebiscites, direct votes—are these crude methods legitimate in a civilized community in order to ascertain the will of, what? The people? The mass? The nation? An avenue which would take too long to explore here. Let me say this only: I came to think that a number of time-honored ways adopted by liberal democracy needed revising, and their under-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

LIKE SPRING

It is reliably reported by Albert W. Dowling of Baltimore that spring is many things to many people. He—and we—invite you to relax on this spring day and just fill in the blanks. If you should draw one, turn the leaves to page 105.

1. According to Tennessee Williams, it was Mrs. Stone's _____ spring.
2. As Pippa passed, the lark was on the wing and the _____ at the spring.
3. Rachel Carson feared that spring might become _____.
4. "Ah, that Spring should vanish with the _____!" sighed Omar.
5. Therefore he invited us to fling the Winter Garment of _____ in the fire of Spring.
6. A late Turgenev and an early Hemingway title noted the _____ of spring.
7. Who but Henry Miller (in a book title) would call spring _____?
8. In "The Chinese Nightingale" Vachel Lindsay saw spring come on _____.
9. With only _____ springs left out of seventy, A. E. Housman decided to go out and enjoy the cherry blossoms.
10. Alan Seeger had a rendezvous with death in Spring when _____ blossoms fill the air.
11. It was Ko-Ko's belief that spring blossoms are totally unrelated to the _____.
12. In Shelley's Ode, O wild West Wind, how is thine _____ sister of the Spring?

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lying ideas needed to be re-thought.

A mass is not worth consulting, for it is a rough, collective female human being which longs for a male. It does not become a people until it is organized into institutions. A nation is a people conscious of itself. Therefore, a nation is not the mere sum total of its individuals, but the integration of its institutions. It follows that direct universal suffrage does not conform to social nature, for it rests on the idea of mass, not of people or of nation. I am fully aware of the unpopular character of these conclusions, but I believe they happen to be right. A powerful draft of the fresh air of liberty must come to strengthen the true basis of democracy, which is the municipal community. The power descending from the top must be checked and balanced by the power rising from below; for otherwise, the absolutist trend of democracy will wipe out liberty from our midst. This lesson I learned from the British before they forgot it themselves.

Then the appalling cruelty of Bolshevism and Nazism drove me to think again over the problem of violence in public affairs. One still reads in books written by honest people that what is wanted in this or that country or in the world is a revolution, preferably with a capital "R" and preferably violent. I believe that this faith in revolution is utter trash. I do not say that faith in the aims or even in the results of revolution is trash. That would depend on which revolution is being discussed. What I am saying is that faith in revolution as a political method is trash. For instance, the French Revolution brought nothing but blood, tears, and delay to an evolution which, without it, would have achieved the same good results much better and much more quickly. Likewise, if the American people had listened to Jefferson's advice on slavery, they would have spared themselves the Civil War.

I am not saying that revolutions and civil wars should not happen. I am not arguing against political earthquakes. Revolutions just turn up. Men prove unable to get on with the work of collective life without enough of them sitting tight on their prejudices and privileges until another set of them loses patience. What I am saying is that we must not glorify revolutions. For a nation to say, "In 1789 (1688, 1784, etc.) I went through a glorious revolution," is just as foolish as for a man to say, "In 1946 I had a glorious appendicitis."

Finally, this dreadful outburst of animal cruelty our generation has witnessed raised again the problem which tortured so many minds, and which Dostoyevsky dramatized in his novels. If God, why evil? I have tried to tackle it in *Portrait of a Man Standing*. This book is mostly a discussion on what happened with the quadruped when he became a biped, and why he chose to do so. While on this trek, I try to "spy on the Creator" in the hope of catching glimpses of His mind at work. I think I have learned a number of things in the process, but I could hardly state them clearly enough at the end of this essay. Needless to say, the problem of evil remains unsolved.

The evening begins to fall. Gray mists begin to soften the outlines of the landscape. Soon the black curtain of the night will fall on the scene and on the play. But one thing will remain as a certitude, the chief lesson of all: The Artist that created the world—nay, the Artist that creates the world—ever at work, directs evolution not merely cow-like, horizontally, from bones to bones, but vertically, like a line of trees, from inspiration to inspiration in His ever active Spirit.

"It's no use hiding, Wotan—I know you're there somewhere."

Do Gun Laws Work?

Continued from page 21

releases, and staged and spoke at countless meetings. At a luncheon attended by the widow of Lieutenant McCann, Ephraim R. Gomberg, executive vice president of the Commission, reminded 150 business and civic leaders that 1965 must "mark the end of apathy, the beginning of genuine public concern, and the start of a positive program to bring crime under more effective control." No possible source of support was overlooked, no matter how small: At one women's club meeting, Commission Director Ira H. Lennox enlisted the support of twenty-five West Philadelphia grandmothers.

As a result, 106 organizations and companies, representing a cross section of the community leadership and speaking for more than 1,000,000 persons, came forward in support of the proposed firearms law. The groups ranged from the Chamber of Commerce and the Federation of Women's Clubs to the Board of Rabbis and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and they included such businesses as the Yellow Cab Company, the Reliance Insurance Company, and Gimbel Brothers. The Commission asked each organization to write letters to City Council President D'Ortona calling for the enactment of the ordinance. "Letters should be sent *immediately*," Gomberg said in a mimeographed memorandum mailed January 6, 1965. "The last time City Council considered firearms regulations more than a thousand letters in opposition to the proposals were received against a handful in support. The people of Philadelphia were silent. If we are to have firearms regulations we need several thousand letters of support."

THE Commission also urged the groups to send representatives to the hearing, which was scheduled for February 9. "What happens at that hearing," said the Gomberg memorandum, "will determine whether or not Philadelphia law enforcement agencies are to be supported in their wish for an ordinance controlling the purchase of firearms. . . ."

Before a standing-room audience of more than 500, the hearing opened at 10 o'clock on February 9 in the City Council chamber of City Hall. The profusion of men present who wore plaid sportshirts made for what was probably the most colorful, folksiest assemblage to be seen in the somber chamber in many a year. The abundance of literature passed around included a freshly issued National Rifle Association legislative bulletin, the fifth to be dispatched to the organization's members in the Philadelphia area since May 1964. There also was material from political-action and other groups, such as the *Dan Smoot News Letter*, which held that gun regis-

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tration laws were part of an unconstitutional and subversive plot to disarm the American populace. "Basically, the only reason for registering privately owned firearms," read a statement from the Pennsylvania State and Fish Game Protection Association, "is to make it possible for the governing authorities, through the police whom they control, to seize such weapons when, in the opinion of those authorities, such seizure is desirable."

However, the hearing—which lasted till 2 o'clock the morning of the following day—was not quite as one-sided as the previous one. Eighty-eight persons were mustered to speak against the ordinance—one a *blind* firearms enthusiast named John Mallon who, after fashioning a zip gun on the spot in 30 seconds, held it aloft and asked: "What legislation is going to stop this? No one is going to register this."

"I don't know what you're trying to prove," responded City Council President D'Ortona.

"Close your mouth and I'll tell you," Mallon shot back, and he went on to compare D'Ortona to Adolf Hitler. Another opponent of the ordinance, to sustained and noisy applause from the gallery, suggested that in its stead the city give thought to establishing gun clubs and shooting ranges—"a far better deterrent to crime than the ordinance."

But on hand to speak for the measure was now a parade of thirty of the city's most illustrious civic, religious, and business leaders, led by Mayor Tate himself. Admonishing the sportsmen for their stand, Tate declared: "Too long have we listened to the sportsmen's point of view and watched the slaughter and the gory statistics. Too many reckless slayings have been committed by people who should never have been allowed to possess a gun in the first place. Too many vicious murders have been committed by persons with prior criminal records who could not legally have obtained a gun here in Philadelphia had this proposed ordinance been in effect."

POINTING to the fact that firearms had figured in many of the city's 188 homicides, 2,753 robberies, and 4,004 aggravated assaults in 1964, Tate said he agreed with Police Commissioner Leary that "if such a law prevents one murder or assault, it would be well worth it." He added that the law was not intended to harass or to interfere with legitimate gun users, but "to protect the decent citizen and help safeguard law-abiding families."

"Though such an ordinance may cause some inconvenience to a small portion of our good citizens," said Archbishop John J. Krol of the Philadelphia Roman Catholic Archdiocese, "the principle of licensing, which we accept in our community life, generally requires some inconveniences to secure the common good of all the citizens."

The proposed ordinance was passed, with only minor modifications, by a vote of 17 to 0. It went into effect in April 1965—the first law ever enacted in the nation to regulate the purchase of rifles and shotguns as well as handguns.

How has the law worked out? Elements of the firearms fraternity have continued to snipe at it—one outdoors magazine, echoing dealer complaints about a loss in local gun sales (to whom?), recently branded the law a "flop" and misquoted a Philadelphia police official to the effect that the law was not doing any of the things it was supposed to do. But all the available evidence indicates it has been a resounding success.

In the first eighteen months of its life, the ordinance prevented 110 convicted criminals from purchasing guns locally. They were among the 139 people who were denied permits out of a total of 5,034 prospective gun purchasers. Among those denied the "right" to purchase guns were twenty-five burglars, thirteen robbers, twenty-two persons with convictions for aggravated assault and battery, five dope addicts, two rapists, two habitual drunks, seven former mental patients, sixteen people with previous records for illegally carrying concealed and deadly weapons, four convicted of intent to kill—and two murderers.

Belying charges that the ordinance has had no effect on the city's incidence of crime, FBI records show that the number of murders in Philadelphia during the first nine months of 1966 dropped 17 per cent below the corresponding figure for 1965, declining from 158 to 131, whereas the number in the nation as a whole *rose* 9 per cent. (The number of murders in Phoenix, Arizona, rose 32 per cent, and those in Houston, Texas—another city without gun controls—rose 59 per cent!) Significantly, only 37 per cent of Philadelphia's murders in 1966 involved guns, compared to 42 per cent the year before. In Texas, guns account for nearly 70 per cent of all murders.

In August 1966 in New Jersey, a unique statewide law, comparable to the Philadelphia ordinance, went into effect, thanks largely to the persistent three-year efforts of a courageous public official, Attorney General Arthur J. Sills. This law, too, has been maligned as ineffective by gun dealers and the NRA, but Attorney General Sills recently reported that 7 per cent of the applicants for permits have been turned down because of criminal records. One, an NRA member who had been convicted of a felony six years before, was found to

". . . Oh, my kid's twenty-three and he don't like to work,
Oh, he don't like to work.
When I was twenty-three I worked very hard.
Oh, I worked very hard. . . ."

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have, in his home, seven guns, a sword with a 31-inch blade, and a large quantity of ammunition. Another applicant, the required fingerprint check revealed, had been convicted of nineteen criminal offenses. The constitutionality of the law was upheld as recently as February 10, 1967. In dismissing a suit brought by a group of gun dealers and sportsmen, the judge said that enactment of the law was entirely within the police powers of the state.

To be sure, the Philadelphia and New Jersey laws are not completely effective, ignoring as they do guns already in criminal or otherwise unsafe hands. More important, the laws suffer because of the absence of equally stringent local or state regulations in surrounding or other jurisdictions (only seven states require a permit for the purchase of handguns; none but New Jersey requires a permit for the purchase of shotguns and rifles), or of a strong federal law controlling the shipment of firearms across state lines.

Do these loopholes really matter?

After Philadelphia adopted its ordinance, an enterprising firearms firm located just outside the city limits advertised that it could "guarantee *all* Philadelphia area residents the handgun of their choice *within* forty-eight hours." The advertisement featured seductive pictures of a six-shooter and an automatic. One impatient Philadelphian, denied a police permit to purchase a pistol, then in fact did obtain a gun outside the city and used it to kill his wife.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1237

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1237 will be found in the next issue.

JFG LXDO ZW JFG HXNZJ XU

YXEG JFG KBKXY ZW JFG GAG;

JFG LZSG YXNFJ AZB KZBS BKZD

XJ, JFG LZSG XJ TXYY VZDJSPVJ.

—Z. T. FZYLGU, MS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1236

The intelligent man finds almost everything ridiculous, the sensible man hardly anything.

—Goethe.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 82

conquer the prior belief that, of possible alternatives, the mezzo voice is apt to be the most satisfactory.

Taken also as a whole, the presentation by Perlea was sometimes persuasive (where fine details, nuance, delicacy were important), sometimes placid (due to partiality to slow tempi and a want of real dramatic thrust). The version advertised as "the Vienna version of 1762" was patently something else, a perversion of 1967 that included the danced episodes created later for Paris, but which omitted sundry other matter of quality. For an audience that plainly came to hear singing rather than an opera, there were satisfactions in abundance, including Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's authoritative Euridice, the lovely sound made by Veronica Tyler in "E quest' asilo ameno," and Lucia Popp's Amore. Quite the most beautiful single effort was the playing by the solo flutist of the D-minor "Melodie."

When Renata Scotto accompanied her singing of a recital program in Philharmonic Hall earlier this season with a copious variety of gestures—arms flung apart and even a finger pointed heavenward in Beethoven's "Ah! perfido"—it seemed a charitable assumption that this was to the *goût Italien*, for Italian opera singers rarely learn recital routine prior to American exposure. However, when Miss Scotto punctuated her first performance at the Metropolitan of Violetta in *La Traviata* with more of the same—a clutch at the heart to suggest the pangs of consumption, eye blinkings at Alfredo to connote romantic interest, and a hysterical little laugh midway in "Sempre libera"—the only reasonable conclusion could be that the disciplined performer admired last season had taken dead aim at the role of operatic "personality" without having the means to make it becoming.

Her Violetta was steadily, surely sung, if with rather too much of a wiry quality at the top and an unwanted cadenza up to a high C. She imposed more than a little on the presence of Jan Behr as conductor to take her own tempi rather than his, and, in general, gave a performance more to the manner of D. W. Griffith than this production's director, A. Lunt. Neither Barry Morell as Alfredo or Mario Sereni as Germont, Sr., provided much competition for Miss Scotto's act. To my taste, the performance of the evening was Marcia Baldwin's Flora Bervoix. —Irving Kolodin.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Roman. 2. Year. 3. Silent. 4. Rose. 5. Repentance. 6. Torrents. 7. Black. 8. Forever. 9. Fifty. 10. Apple. 11. Case. 12. Azure.

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(Continued on page 106)

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(Continued from page 105)

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ESPECIALLY FOR YOU! We create a fragrance to enhance your personality. Request chart. Helene Christina, 102 Cricket Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

TOPICAL HUMOR SERVICE plus forty Joke Books, ideal speakers, emcees. Sample selection, $5.00. Catalogue free. Robert Orben, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

PERSONALS

REGISTERED BURMESE KITTENS for sale. Richard Chambers, R3, B754B, Salem, Oregon.

FREE PRIVATE ROOM in Manhattan townhouse for college girl. Exchange babysitting. Box B-269.

TANGELOS—NAVEL ORANGES. All varieties grapefruit. Florida's finest. Free Brochure. We ship 48 states, Canada, Europe. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

REMINDER SERVICE for busy people. All occasions. Guaranteed. 20¢ each., National, Box A, Kensington, Maryland 20795 for obligation-free details.

OLD KASHMIR SHAWL WANTED—embroidered or woven. Dorothy Radbruch, 1028 Wilmington, Redwood City, California 94062.

ROMANTIC "TAHITIAN" PERFUME! Bewitchingly fragrant sample, 35¢. O'Dell's, Box 1703-SR, Prescott, Arizona 86301.

COLORFUL ART POSTER, 3-color, 20" x 26", by Norman Laliberte, incorporating John F. Kennedy quote: "The life of the arts, far from being an interruption, a distraction, in the life of a nation, is very close to the center of a nation's purpose—and is a test of the quality of a nation's civilization." $1.25 each postpaid, or 6 for $5.00 postpaid. Art Education, Inc., Blauvelt, New York 10913.

TOP DRAWER. Capable, enthusiastic, single female, age 30. Interesting background of extensive travel in the Orient, Europe, Central and South America. Knowledge of languages. Emotionally mature with a keen business and style sense and a flair for living. Seeks challenging and creative position with reputable firm. Human and Public Relations work a specialty. Box A-580.

ABLE SAILOR, swimmer, sitter desires summer job on northeast coast. Box B-233.

TALENTED COUPLE, 4 children, wish summer employment. Ivy league; expert reading, math, bridge, swimming instruction. 201-766-1939.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA JUNIOR desires summer employment, governess/aide with family planning European travel. Box B-264.

EXPERIENCED TELEVISION DIRECTOR desires opportunity to work in ETV and study for B.A. Box B-295.

YALE STUDENT seeks interesting employment with responsibility for summer. Box B-274.

SEMI-LITERATE (Reed drop-out) seeks interesting work. Box B-242.

RESPONSIBLE TEENAGER, 10th grade private school, traveling babysitter, mother's helper, June-August. References. Box B-237.

TUTOR—male, young, experienced. During summer. References. Paul Osowski, 10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 60603.

EXPERIENCED MOTHER'S HELPER, H.S. graduate, seeks summer job, traveling preferred. Senior lifesaver. Drives, speaks French. Barbara Hyland, Box 56, St. Davids, Pennsylvania.

SOPHISTICATED MATURE MALE. Gifted background in humanities as writer, teacher, librarian. Seek responsible position with creative possibilities. Academic, research, private employer. Box B-294.

MR. PRESIDENT—Your company needs more sales . . . proven background as Sales Manager with Blue Chip. My interest is International Sales . . . person of integrity and professional ethical practices only reply. Box B-248.

SOPHOMORE MEDICAL STUDENT seeks stimulating summer employment. Research experienced. Has taught violin; viola; chamber music. Box B-296.

RESPONSIBLE PREP-SCHOOL SENIOR, girl, wishes mother's helper position with family traveling abroad. Excellent references. Box B-257.

WOMAN, LONG TEACHING, varied background, seeks interesting summer employment. Box B-225.

TEACHER, 22, desires to be tutor-governess for family traveling states or abroad. Experience includes retarded children. Box B-291.

(Continued on page 108)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 107)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ADMINISTRATOR—Imaginative, creative and mature for junior and senior high school now in process of formation, Stamford, Connecticut area. Coeducational. Correlated with Ethical-Culture Schools in New York City. Salary open. Please reply: Mel Grupp, 450 West 261st Street, Riverdale, New York. Telephone: 212-KI 3-3571.

SATURDAY REVIEW'S SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE has opening for Gal Friday secretary. Advertising background preferred but not essential. Pleasant working conditions with challenging responsibilities. Contact Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. 415-EX 2-5107.

NOTICE TO RETIRING TEACHERS—Anyone interested in touring the world with a two year stop at International School Bangkok, for professional teaching service, please forward application and credentials to: Superintendent's Office, International School Bangkok, P.O. Box 11/105, Bangkok, Thailand.

COMMUNITY ACTION IN APPALACHIA: Master of Arts in Community Development, Social Science, Social Work, Education. Realistic salaries. Let us put you in touch with these interesting, challenging, and responsible positions. Contact: Talent Bank, Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., College Box 2307, Berea, Kentucky 40403.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED SKILL TEACHING. College and Secondary. Liberal Arts or Education, B.A. minimum. Single, travel. Enjoy working independently. Start June or September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized for 50 years in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

STENOS, TYPISTS EXPERIENCED needed immediately to work temporarily for Manpower Inc. High hourly rate. See telephone directory for address in your city.

TEACHERS AND GRADUATE STUDENTS, upper classmen, fine opportunity to work with young people in summer camp setting in rich cultural area. Boys' Camp (39th year) in Berkshires, Massachusetts, has openings for painting, ceramics, music, photography, general nature, astronomy, birding, tennis. Send full details to Camp Mah-Kee-Nac, 377 Irving Avenue, South Orange, N.J. 07079.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, architect's office, university community, college background required. Position open about June 1st, 1967. Please send resume to P.O. Box 178, Ithaca, New York.

OPPORTUNITY for two administrators on permanent staff. Also openings for teachers with specific skills in school athletics, photography, electronics, printing, camping. CAMP ZAKELO (boys), Harrison, Maine. (Established 1928.) Director, Zak Zarakov, 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts. 617-LO 6-6200; 12 East 86th Street, NYC. 212-BU 8-4000.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES available in the Florida Keys, 1967-'68 in all Elementary and Secondary subjects. Contact: Personnel Department, Monroe County Schools, P.O. Drawer 1430, Key West, Florida 33040.

EXCITING OPPORTUNITY to be Director of new public library, St. Joseph, Michigan. Beautiful location in park overlooking Lake Michigan. Books to be bought; public use all facilities, including auditorium, to be extended; cultural needs to fulfill. John Paul Taylor, Vice President, Library Board, Pleasant Street, St. Joseph, Michigan 49085.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS, kindergarten through 6, Westchester County, 45 minutes from Manhattan. Contact Dr. Sinai Waxman, Greenburgh School District 8, Hartsdale, N.Y. 10530. 914-RO 1-6000.

EXPERIENCED MANAGING EDITOR, reference book department, Columbia University Press, 440 West 110th Street, NYC 10025. Apply only by letter.

DIRECTOR CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, woman, Presbyterian Church 1800, Rochester, New York. Dedication more important than degree. SR Box B-239.

SUMMER TEACHING—Unusual opportunity for 3 young experienced teachers on the elementary level. Spanish-French combination; Music and Folk Guitar; Photography and Journalism. Six-week enrichment program. St. David's School, 12 East 89th Street, NYC 10028.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for bright, aggressive woman. America's largest lecture agency, located Manhattan. Must be well-read, enthusiastic, communicate convincingly by telephone and letter. Mr. Walker, 212-563-0700.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? A special way of living in the Lomond Community of Shaker Heights . . . Nationally recognized schools. Twenty minutes to downtown by rapid transit. Near University Circle, Cleveland's cultural heart. A mature, cosmopolitan community. Fine homes from $20,000 to $35,000 . . . THE LOMOND ASSOCIATION, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-295-1373.

LAKE MOHEGAN, N.Y. ARTIST'S DELIGHT. Sylvan settings. Genuine fieldstone all year round house, large studio. 4 acres—1 lawn, 3 wooded. Artesian well. Aluminum porch with grill. Electric heat. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen. $35,000. Stone, call collect 914-LA 8-5413.

PROVINCETOWN. Cape Cod. Rare offering—established high-income waterfront compound. Glorious scenic vistas. Fourteen apartments, room for more. $180,000 painlessly financed. Others, including rentals, all prices. Roslyn Garfield Real Estate, 64 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Massachusetts. 617-487-1308.

LOWER ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. New 9 room contemporary on hillside forest with magnificent view of Hudson River. $55,000. Box B-282.

MOVING TO CHICAGO? Consider living in Marynook—an integrated community of modern houses near the University of Chicago. Write 8560 Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois, or phone 312-731-9384.

For Sale—Furnished

VERMONT—A Way of Life—National Forest, charming Dutch Colonial. 20 furnished rooms for home, club, school or inn. 3 ski areas, golf, fishing, hunting, trout pond. $55,000. Box 39, Londonderry.

SUMMER COTTAGE—25 steps up the mountain, overlooking lake, Ridgefield Lakes, Connecticut. 2 bedrooms, large porch, furnace, fireplace. SR Box B-293.

For Rent—Furnished

TREMEZZO, LAKE COMO, ITALY, house available September 1st. Call Stefan Schnabel, 203-866-1871.

VERMONT—efficiency apartment, chalet or cottage. 150 acres, pond. Mont Scieur, Chester, Vermont 05143.

SOUTHERN FRANCE—Mediterranean beach 35 minutes. Medieval Gentilhommier, ideal for Sabbatical. 3 buildings, modern conveniences, large artist's studio. Year round monthly rates $150. Box B-228.

SPAIN—Spacious, well equipped villa to let in Mijas Costa del Sol. Lovely situation in olive grove on mountainside with superb views mountains and Mediterranean. Accommodation for 7/8, large swimming pool, maid employed. Write: Gallegos, Huerta Alta, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

For Summer Rental

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in lovely mountain country. Swimming on premises. $125 week, $100 succeeding. Brochure. Robert Hall, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

CATSKILL IDYLL—150 rolling acres of seclusion. 12 bedroom farmhouse plus 2 guest cottages. Large swimming pond. Perfect for friends or families vacationing together. $1,200 month. Box B-197.

LAKE MICHIGAN HOME, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Sandy beach. $1,000. Box B-162.

CUMBERLAND PLATEAU near Crossville, Tennessee. Privately owned chalet in resort area. Lake frontage. Adjacent golf course. 3 bedrooms. Completely furnished. By week or month. Box B-187.

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT. Furnished house from June 23rd through Labor Day. Call 203-866-1871.

BEAUTY, SECLUSION, Rogers Rock Club on Lake George, Ticonderoga, New York. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages, mile and half shoreline. Swimming, Tennis, Casino with pool and pingpong. Children welcome. Box B-134.

CAPE COD—Private beach; cottages; 3, 4 or 5 bedrooms; fireplaces; pianos. Active art center, sailing, tennis, music, theater. Provincetown. Write SR Box B-213.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

4 ROOM COTTAGE—Lake Champlain. Ruth Everest, Vergennes, Vermont.

TOMAHAWK LAKE, N.Y.—charming ranch—2 bedrooms, 1½ baths, fully equipped. Lake rights, tennis. 50 miles NYC. June through Labor Day, $900. Radowski, Blooming Grove, N.Y. 10914.

MAINE, THOMPSON LAKE. Log lodge—4 bedrooms, family room 50 x 20, electric kitchen. Snapshots. Golf near, one hour Portland airport. July $600. SR Box A-866.

UNSURPASSABLE LOCATION: Lincoln, Massachusetts. Contemporary house overlooking reservoir. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. 3 summer months. Telephone 617-CL 9-8404 week nights.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE, barn, stream, 20 wooded acres. $500. 914-LA 8-6125.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Tashmoo. Sleeps 5. 2 bathrooms. New kitchen, oil heat, fireplace. Sailfish, skiff, heavenly view. July $650. SR Box B-247.

HILLTOP N.H. HOME with mountain view; secluded. 8 rooms completely furnished, all conveniences. Concord 7 miles. $1,000 month June through September. Mr. Coffin, 603-224-1926 or Box B-268.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY—HADLYME. Fully furnished Colonial home near Connecticut River. 20 minutes to turnpike. 3 bedrooms, 2 sleeping porches, 3 guest houses. Tennis court, pool, barn. June 1st to October 1st. $1,800. SR Box B-235.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, 20 miles NYC. Converted 3 room barn. Country setting. $450, June-September. 914-356-1997.

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, COTTAGE. One large room with fieldstone fireplace plus kitchen and bath. Secluded 3 acres, 3 miles from village and Tanglewood. July-August, $200 one month, $350 two months. SR Box B-262.

VERMONT. Near Killington Ski Area. 4 bedroom, 2 bath contemporary. Washer, dryer, dishwasher. Walk to swimming. Hiking, riding, golf nearby. $750 July-August or $400 month. References required. SR Box B-256.

ANNISQUAM—Between Gloucester and Rockport, Massachusetts. Living room with 4 French doors, fireplace, books. 4 bedrooms, sleeping porch, 3 baths. 1½ acres. 5 minute drive to beach. $1,000 season, $500 month. SR Box B-259.

ADIRONDACK CABIN and guest house. Small stream, wild flower garden. Write Mrs. LaPine, Keene Valley, N.Y.

NANTUCKET—Artistic 4 bedroom house, 2½ baths, in town surrounded by gardens, 30' living room, fireplace, modern equipment, outdoor living. $1,800. SR Box B-292.

CONNECTICUT BERKSHIRES—5 bedrooms, furnished, stone, mountain view, tennis, swimming, privacy. July $500. 201-568-7969.

MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS. Former professor's summer home. Convenient Cambridge, swimming. July and/or August. SR Box B-227.

SUFFOLK, L.I. Converted boathouse, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, and large deck on water. Seasonal $1,800. Monthly $800. Days 212-983-7558. Evenings 212-MU 3-4329. Weekends 516-878-2158.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—150 year old farmhouse, latest appliances. On 1 acre. Spectacular view. Private beach. Separate studio. July, $1,100. 617-369-3991.

HOUSES WANTED

To Buy

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT vicinity—by retired couple. Excellent location. 2-3 bedrooms, modern conveniences, well landscaped, privacy. Box B-286.

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HOUSES WANTED

Unfurnished

SATURDAY REVIEW CHICAGO MANAGER wants 4-5 bedroom house of pleasing proportions, generous room sizes—Barrington, Lake Forest or Lake Bluff. Phone Dick Sullivan, 312-321-1400, or write Suite 830, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

For Summer Rental

U.S. OR CANADA. Responsible family wants quality house—4 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern conveniences. Near sand beach, good fresh water fishing, shopping. August-Labor Day. Send photographs. Box B-229.

BEACH HOUSE wanted July. N.J. to Massachusetts seaboard. Young couple, baby. Box B-278.

PHYSICIAN AND WIFE seek bugless, secluded August, New England, Canada. Box B-236.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange *between reputable approved people.* Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN—Brownstone, view park. 4 rooms plus studio. Available June, 3½ months. Box B-226.

For Summer Rental

PROVINCETOWN—Cheerful hillside apartment. Bedroom, fireplace, private patio, parking. July-Labor Day, $1,000, three months, $1,200. Bell, Bradford Extension, 617-487-0992.

BEAUTIFUL 4 ROOM APARTMENT. Manhattan. Mid-June to September. Reasonable. Box B-238.

EXPO '67 MONTREAL apartment. 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. July 1st-October 1st. $1,600. SR Box B-275.

ROME—7 rooms, 2 bedrooms, terraces. June 15th-September 15th or part. $450 monthly including maid. References required. SR Box B-261.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

GORGEOUS WOODED 10 ACRES (approximately), abutting stream. Ideal site for single residence. Rural estate area. Limited time $32,000. P.O. Box 118, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

WOODED ACREAGE—*$25 per acre and up—old farms*—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

COUNTRY HILLTOP, 10 acres, Orange County. Ninety minute drive New York. Weekend contemporary house. Spectacular view. Isolated. No brokers. Box B-194.

SENECA LAKE. Beautiful 1-2 acre sites. Excellent fishing, swimming, trees, trails, views, good roads, privacy. Allen Pomeroy, Ovid, N. Y. 14521. Phone 607-869-5964.

AT ASPEN and all western Colorado recreational wonderlands—offering acreages, homes, condominiums, business opportunities, ranches. Tri Aspen Realty, Box 1831, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

PRESEASON OPPORTUNITIES—Summer estates and retirement homes on beautiful Vinalhaven Island, Maine. All sound investments. $5,000 to $35,000. Vinalhaven Realty, 207-863-2231.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 128-A, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

CAMP FOR SALE

CHILDREN'S CAMP, Newfound Lake, Bristol, New Hampshire, $44,000. Contact Bement School, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

CAMPS

GOLDEN ARROW in Sunapee, N.H., offers a personal noncompetitive approach where campers from varied backgrounds use the wilderness setting in creative living *experiences. A balanced program from log-cabin building* to music and photography. Bruce Charpentier, 35-54 88th Street, Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372.

GO NORTH for Fun and Adventure to Woodland in Eagle River, Wisconsin. Girls 6-16. Discover how leadership training can give you new interests, new skills, new confidence. Casual, relaxed, flexible camp life. Name your sport or activity, we have it, from riding to 'rithmetic. (Yes, study, too, if you wish, in Tutorial Center—remedial, enrichment, Elementary and H.S.). Trips, horse shows, water skiing. A great summer. Write Miss C. Hanrahan, Mr. & Mrs. G. Borck, 400 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program provides constructive adventure, boys 13-17. 21st summer. Separate western travel program girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

HIGH/SCOPE—11-16. Arts, science program challenges intellect, talent, initiative. David Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

MEXICO—Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Boys 11-13. 6 weeks. Our summer in Mexico provides a rewarding and cultural experience for only 12 subteens. A creative noncompetitive program geared to age and interests combines a stimulating camp program plus travel in a *foreign country.* Conversational Spanish, Music, Art, Sculpturing, Social Activities. Professional staff of 5. Camp Del Solar, phone or write C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-DE 7-5792.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

CAMP CHOCONUT—Constructive Fun. 50 boys (9 to 14) learn to develop and rely on their own resources while living together. Basic program. Nothing fancy. Camping out, work projects, carpentry, nature, farm animals, private lake, relaxed sports. 17 miles south Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania 19035.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 42nd year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York 13066.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun and knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science for academically talented. Private lake, cabins. Wilderness survival, creative indigenous crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. Professional staff. A.C.A. Phone Nashville 766-2494. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. A nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff. Fun and adventures start with unusual musical, dramatic, and craft activities and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountains. Explorations in mathematics. Wenonah and Michael Powsner, TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont 05262.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. THE ADVISORY SERVICE, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

CAMPS

STEPHENS COLLEGE/PERRY-MANSFIELD CAMP for girls at Steamboat Springs high in Colorado Rockies. 54th season, Juniors, grades 2-6, June 27th-August 7th; Seniors, grades 7-12, June 27th-August 18th. Concentrated training in theater, dance, plus riding, swimming, crafts. Write: Dean Martha Biehle, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri 65201.

MOUNTAIN-RIVER CAMPING. Boys 9-14. Three weeks' learning: camping skills, swimming, tenting, hiking; forest-life conservation and nature study; simplicity and self-reliance. August 9th to 30th. Apply: Director, Mountain-River Camping, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department. Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports, international staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, noncompetitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. 12498. 914-679-6936.

A HEAD START—Boys 6-10. Special program for the younger camper. North Woods adventure. New skills, goals and self-confidence. Single period of 7½ weeks. Summer School. Catalogue. Towering Pines Camp, 242 Bristol Street, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

HAPPY HOLLOW: small, unique, cultural, creative. Teacher supervised program in the Catskills. $575. Box 239, New City, N.Y. 914-EL 2-2861.

FAMILY CAMPING

SKYCROFT CAMPSITES, Chaffey's Lock, Ontario, Canada. Writer-photographer team guide your family to adventure. Space, serenity. Heaven for rockhounds, bird-watchers, fishermen, botanists. 2,000 acres. Rideau Lakes. A.H. Bonwill, 48 Grannis Street, East Haven, Connecticut 06512.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . *near shopping . . . public transportation.* Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Director, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. *Beautiful, safe, tropical* beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BAREFOOT ADVENTURE is yours in casual Driftwood Inn. Poolside dining, bells, wrought iron, oceanfront balconies. In lush Vero Beach, good golf, fishing. Write *The Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. Or call* 305-562-5920.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Inn by the beach. Family atmosphere with 3 meals. Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

(Continued on page 110)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 109)

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME. Sanibel Island, Florida. Private cottage, Gulf beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Rent week, month, season. Brochure. L.I., MAyfair 1-3252. SR Box A-90.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY!), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Box B-68.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-June to mid-October. Write Dept. 4, Palmer Lodge, Keene, N.H. 03431.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

ACAPULCO—Rent 2 bedroom air-conditioned bungalow. Magnificent view. Maid service. Pool. SR Box B-202.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

IN SUNNY BARBADOS—or anywhere in the West Indies—nothing compares with INCHCAPE on southeast coast, small, secluded, ideally situated overlooking coral sand beach, cooled year round by the trade winds (76°-86°), gentle, sparkling surf, limitless sea views from one and two bedroom cottages, tastefully furnished, completely equipped, maid-cook, all utilities. Rates from $125 per week, $450 per month, 40% reduction April-November. Susan Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland. 301-762-3325.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

GO GAUGUIN! Caribbean mountain studios. Congenial atmosphere. Hammond, Naguabo, P.R.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1724

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Nickname for the late Monty Woolley, popular actor, original "Man Who Came to Dinner," etc. (2 wds.)	115 48 41 96 56 125 58 70
B. Not handled, meddled with, "improved," or otherwise had contact with; pristine.	40 107 131 72 121 146 68 85 135
C. Subject to alteration.	132 140 171 46 17 66 100 160 120 3
D. See Word N.	2 102 134 26 21 87
E. Phenomenon of women's fashions especially of the last year.	137 123 105 77 20 30 184 172 1
F. Relics of olden times.	190 129 79 25 39 111 62 151 158 11 174
G. Conceptions; knickknacks (colloq.)	144 153 101 13 176 5 108
H. Blockish; sullen (colloq.)	51 18 60 92 175 166 78 183
I. Figuratively, consequences, esp. when dangerous.	63 73 186 35 81 65 86 83 24
J. Negative understatement, implying many individuals (2 wds.)	53 45 109 57 173 89
K. Followed by Word M, Lamb's description of a solemn friend (in a letter to the Moxons; 2 wds.)	76 133 165 117 32 42
L. Contained within a more remote group than what are at hand (2 wds.)	16 191 50 84 136 94 38
M. See Word K, and followed by a *judge* (2 wds.)	185 80 27 59 75 52 34
N. Followed by Word D, early Amer. colonist who carried this grass seed, later named for him, from N.Y. to Carolina, 1720.	10 44 112 143 98 37 82
O. Protrusion, as of a tongue.	141 93 126 43 55 110 8 178 23
P. Supplementary instruments or performers.	31 127 164 130 90 114 152
Q. A round game in which something is to be guessed by monosyllabic answers to questions (3 wds.)	170 113 15 49 124 61 148 7
R. First three wds. of *Pop Goes the Weasel.*	138 163 104 64 6 149 116 47 142
S. Chief feature of the Lipari Islands.	103 159 188 29 122 169 147 155 33
T. Fit to eat.	161 12 150 180 119 145
U. Darwin's inevitable survivors were first described in this way by Herbert Spencer.	22 106 67 157 97 88 36
V. Engaged in excessive, wild, and loose activity.	91 118 187 95 182 168
W. Kinglake's classic of Eastern travel, 1844.	156 28 19 99 167 177
X. An unguent used for anointing.	4 14 139 54 179 74 154
Y. Game of delicate manipulation, forerunner of the popular yo-yo.	71 189 162 9 128 181 69

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feat shat diag Aut and ster Dic Thi

	1 E	2 D	3 C		4 X	5 G	6 R	7 Q	8 O	9 Y	10 N	11 F	12 T		13 G	14 X	15 Q
16 L	17 C	18 H	19 W	20 E		21 D	22 U		23 O	24 I	25 F	26 D		27 M	28 W	29 S	30 E
	31 P	32 K	33 S	34 M	35 I		36 U	37 N	38 L		39 F	40 B	41 A	42 K	43 O	44 N	45 J
46 C		47 R	48 A	49 Q	50 L		51 H	52 M	53 J		54 X	55 O	56 A		57 J	58 A	59 M
60 H	61 Q	62 F	63 I	64 R		65 I	66 C	67 U	68 B	69 Y	70 A		71 Y	72 B		73 I	74 X
75 M		76 K	77 E	78 H	79 F	80 M	81 I	82 N		83 I	84 L	85 B		86 I	87 D	88 U	89 J
90 P	91 V		92 H	93 O	94 L	95 V		96 A	97 U		98 N	99 W	100 C	101 G		102 D	103 S
	104 R	105 E		106 U	107 B	108 G	109 J	110 O	111 F	112 N	113 Q	114 P	115 A		116 R	117 K	
118 V	119 T	120 C	121 B	122 S	123 E	124 Q	125 A	126 O	127 P	128 Y	129 F		130 P	131 B		132 C	133 K
134 D		135 B	136 L		137 E	138 R	139 X	140 C		141 O	142 R		143 N	144 G	145 T		146 B
147 S	148 Q	149 R	150 T	151 F	152 P	153 G	154 X		155 S	156 W	157 U		158 F	159 S		160 C	161 T
	162 Y	163 R	164 P	165 K	166 H	167 W	168 V		169 S	170 Q		171 C		172 E	173 J	174 F	175 H
					181 Y	182 V		183 H	184 E	185 M	186 I	187 V	188 S	189 Y	190 F	191 L	

week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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